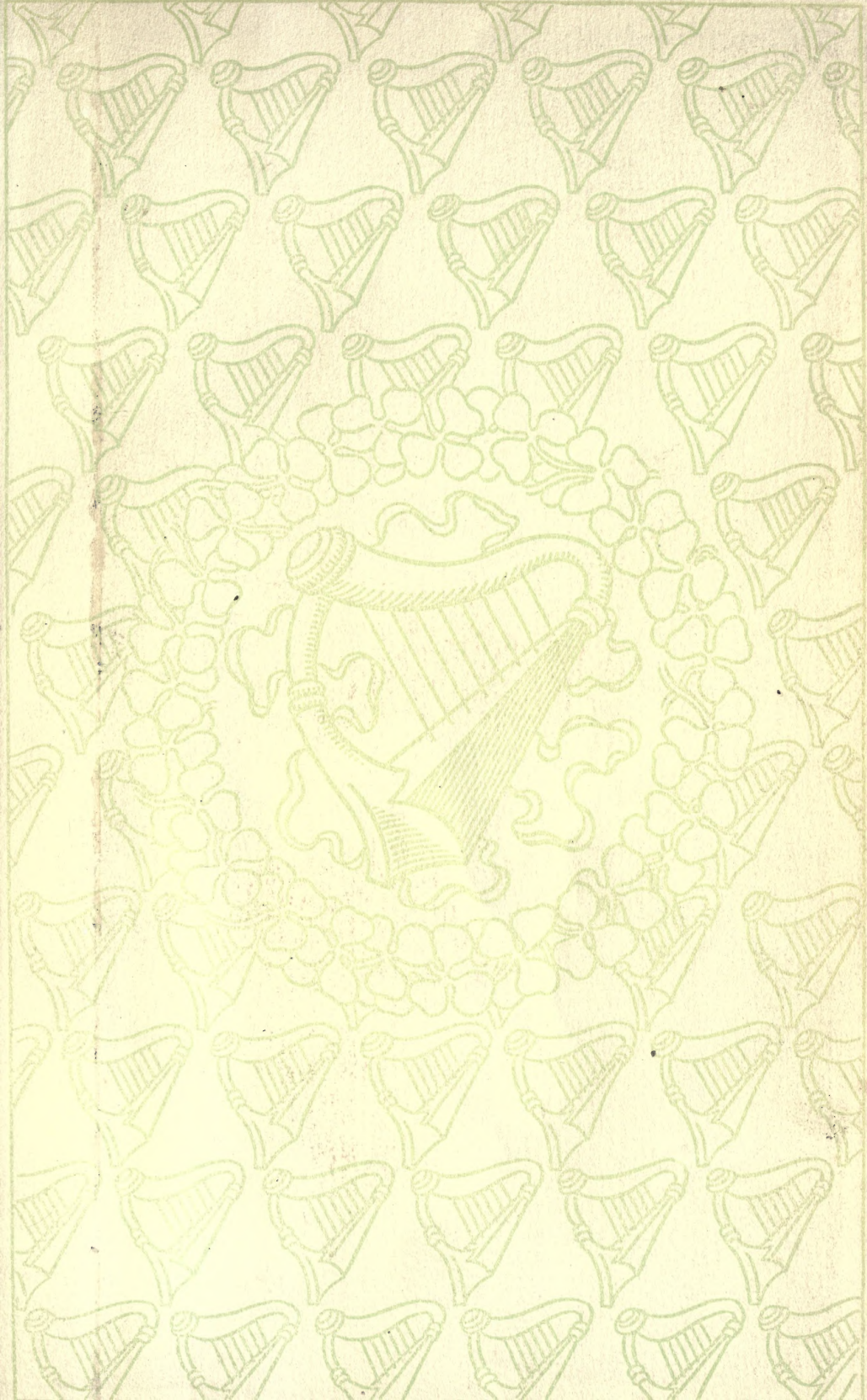
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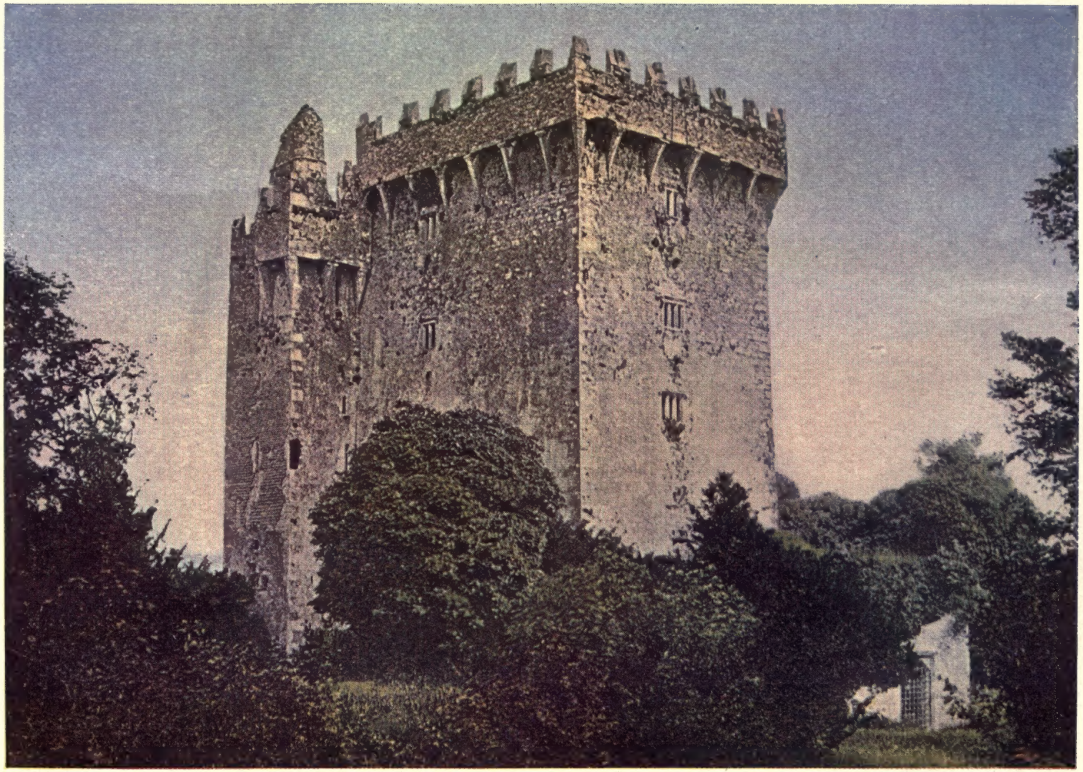
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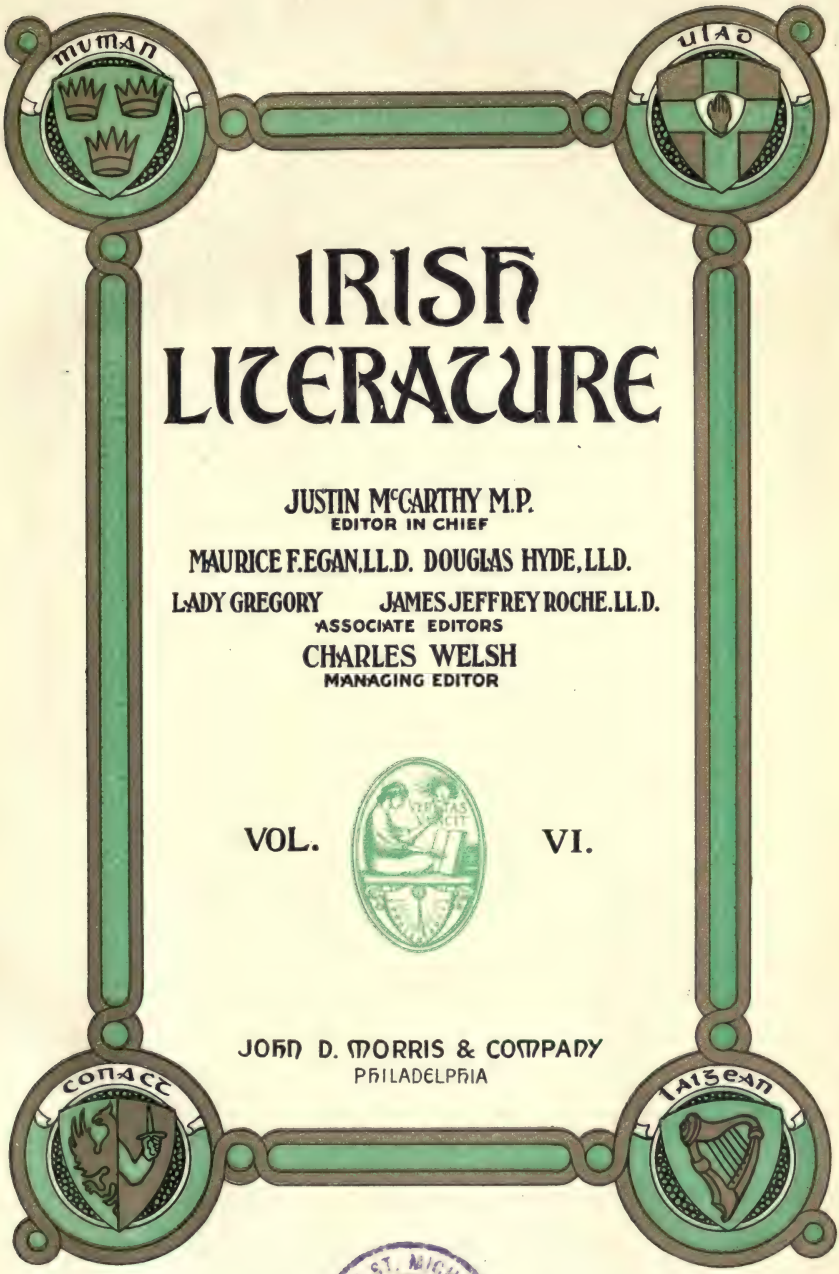


BLARNEY CASTLE

From a photograph

Five or six miles from Cork, embosomed in foliage, is the village of Blarney, which has some little reputation for tweed manufactures, but far more for that wonderful stone "that whoever kisses, oh, he never misses to grow eloquent," especially with the fair sex. There are two claimants to this wonderful power—both part of Blarney Castle, built by the McCarthys in the fifteenth century. The one usually received as the genuine one is in the outer wall of the square tower, twenty feet below the top of the parapet; to reach it, therefore, the pilgrim must be lowered by a rope, a task of some difficulty and danger. The other is inside the building, and is much worn away by the lips of the faithful; for it is a fact that thousands of tourists annually pay their devotion to the magic stone.





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IRISH WIT AND HUMOR.

THE deservedly great reputation of the Irish people for wit and humor is one of the things upon which there is universal agreement. This humor is no recent growth, as may be seen by the folk lore, the proverbs, and the other traditional matter of the country. It is one of Ireland's ancient characteristics, as some of its untranslated early literature conclusively proves. The curious twelfth-century story of 'The Vision of McConglinne' is a sample of this early Celtic humor. The melancholy side of the older Celtic literature having been most often emphasized and referred to, it is usually thought that the most striking feature of that literature is its sadness. Irish proverbs, some of which are very ancient, are characteristic enough to show that the early Irish were, as a primitive people should be, of a naturally joyous turn; for sadness generally comes with civilization and knowledge; and the fragments of folk lore which have been rescued impress us with the idea that its originators were homely, cheerful, and mirthful. The early humor of the Irish Celts is amusing both in conception and in expression, and, when it was soured into satire, was frequently of marvelous power and efficacy.

Those who possessed the gift of saying galling things were much dreaded, and it is not altogether surprising that Aengus O'Daly and other satirists met with a terrible retribution from those whom they had rendered wild with anger. In the early native literature the Saxon of course came in for his share of ridicule and scorn; but there is much less of this racial feeling than might have been fairly expected, and if the bards railed at the invader, they quite as often assailed their own countrymen.

One reason for the undoubted existence of a belief in some quarters that the old Celts had little or no humor is that the reading of Irish history suggests it, and people may perhaps be forgiven for presuming the impossibility of preserving humor under the doleful circumstances recorded by historians. And, indeed, if there was little to laugh at even before the English invasion, there was assuredly less after it. Life suddenly became tragic for the

bards and the jesters. In place of the primitive amusements, the elementary pranks of the first ages, more serious matters were forced upon their attention; but, appearances notwithstanding, the humorist thrived, and probably improved in the gloom overcasting the country; at any rate, the innate good humor of the Irish refused to be completely stifled or restricted. Personalities were not always the most popular subjects for ridicule, and the most detested characters, though often attacked in real earnest, were not the favorite themes with the wits. Cromwell's name suggested a curse rather than a joke, and it is only the modern writers who make a jest of him.

As it is impossible to define humor or wit exactly, it is hardly wise to add another to the many failures. But Irish humor, properly speaking, is, one may venture to say, more imaginative than any other. And it is probably less ill-natured than that of any other nation, though the Irish have a special aptness in the saying of things that wound, and the most illiterate of Irish peasants often puts more scorn into a retort than the most highly educated of another race. There is sometimes a half-pathetic strain in the best Irish humorous writers, and just as in their saddest moments the people are inclined to joke, so in many writings where pathos predominates there gleams forth native humor. If true Irish humor is not easily defined with precision, it is at least easily recognizable—there is so much buoyancy and movement in it, and usually so much expansion of heart. An eminent French writer has described humor as a fusion of smiles and tears, but clearly that defines only one kind, and there are many varieties; almost as many, one might say, as there are humorists.

The distinguishing between wit and humor is not so simple a matter as it looks, but one might hazard the opinion that while the one expresses indifference and irreverence, the other is redolent of feeling and sincerity. Humor and satire are at opposite extremes—the more barbed and keen a shaft, the more malicious and likely to hurt, whereas the genuine quality of humor partakes of tenderness and gentleness. Sheridan is an admirable example of a wit, while Lover represents humor in its most confiding aspect. There are intermediate kinds, however, and

the malice of Curran's repartees is not altogether akin to the rasping personalities of "Father Prout."

Irish humor is mainly a store of merriment pure and simple, without much personal taint, and it does not profess to be philosophical. Human follies or deformities are rarely touched upon, and luckily Irish humorous writers do not attempt the didactic. In political warfare, however, the bitterest taunts are heard, and it is somewhat regrettable that Irish politics should have absorbed so great a part of Irish wit, and turned what might have been pleasant reading into a succession of biting sarcasms.

The Irish political satirists of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries have often put themselves out of court by the ephemeral nature of their gibes no less than by the extra-ferocious tone they adopted. There is no denying the *verve* and point in the writings of Watty Cox, Dr. Brenan, J. W. Croker, and so on, but who can read them to-day with pleasure? Eaton Stannard Barrett's 'All the Talents,' after giving a nickname to a ministry, destroyed it; it served its purpose, and would be out of place if resurrected and placed in a popular collection, where the student of political history—to whom alone it is interesting and amusing—will hardly meet with it. His 'The Heroine,' however, which deals with an evil as familiar in our day as when he wrote, may well be quoted as an example of his style.

Besides what has been wasted from a literary point of view in the way above mentioned, a good deal of the native element of wit has been dissipated as soon as uttered. After fulfilling its mission in enlivening a journey or in circling the festive board, it is forgotten and never appears in print. How many of Lysaght's and Curran's best quips are passed beyond recall? It cannot be that men like these obtained their great fame as wits on the few sample witticisms that have been preserved for us. Their literary remains are so scanty and inconsiderable, and their reputation is so universal, that one can only suppose them to have been continuously coining jokes and squandering them in every direction.

Irish humor has been and is so prevalent, however, that in spite of many losses, there is abundant material for many volumes. Biographies and books of recollections

abound with it, the pages of countless books of travel and descriptions of Irish life are studded with it, and it is imported into almost every incident and detail of Irish life—it overflows in the discussions of the local boards, is bandied about by car men (who have gained a perhaps undeserved repute among tourists), comes down from the theater galleries, is rife in the law courts, and chronic in the clubs, at the bar dinners, and wherever there is dulness to be exorcised. Jokes being really as plentiful as blackberries, no one cares to hoard so common a product.

A proof of the contempt into which the possession of wit or humor has fallen may be observed in the fact that no professedly comic paper has ever been able to survive for long the indifference of the Irish public. There have been some good ones in Dublin—notably *Zoz, Zozimus, Pat,* and *The Jarvey*—but they have pined away in a comparatively short time, the only note of pathos about their brief existence being the invariable obituary announcement in the library catalogues—"No more published." But their lives, if short, were merry ones. It was not their fault if the people did not require such aids to vivacity, being in general able as they are to strike wit off the corners of any topic, no matter how unpromising it might appear.

Naturally enough, the chief themes of the Irish humorist have been courting and drinking, with the occasional relief of a fight. The amativeness of the humorous poets is little short of marvelous. Men like Lover (who has never been surpassed, perhaps, as a comic love-poet) usually confined their humor in that groove; others, like Maginn, held religiously to the tradition that liquor is the chief attraction in life, and the only possible theme for a wit after exhausting his pleasantries about persons. Maginn, however, was very much in earnest and did not respect the tradition simply because it was one, but solely on account of his belief in its excellence. There can be no question, it seems to me, of Ireland's supremacy in the literature devoted to Bacchus. Whether any credit attaches to the distinction is, of course, another matter. All the bards were not so fierce as Maginn in their likes and dislikes when the liquor was on the table. It may indeed be said of them in justice that their enthusiasm for the god of wine was often enough

mere boastfulness. It is difficult to believe Tom Moore's raptures about the joys of the bowl. He was no roysterer, and there is wanting in his Bacchanalian effusions, as in others of his light and graceful school, that reckless abandon of the more bibulous set. The lives of the Irish poets show that a goodly number of them lived up to their professions of attachment to the bottle. The glorification of its joys by so many of our poets, their implication that from no other source is genius to be drawn, suggests that wit was induced by drinking long and deep. Sallies flowed therefrom, and the taciturn man without an idea developed under the genial influence into a delightful conversationalist. The bards all declare of the brown jug that "there 's inspiration in its foaming brim"—and what more natural than that they should devote the result to eulogy of the source? It may be somewhat consoling to reflect that often they were less reckless than they would have us believe. Something else besides poetic inspiration comes from the bowl, which, after all, only brings out the natural qualities.

As a rule, Irish poets have not extracted a pessimistic philosophy from liquor; they are "elevated," not depressed, and do not deem it essential to the production of a poem that its author should be a cynic or an evil prophet. One of the best attributes of Irish poetry is its constant expression of the natural emotions. Previous to the close of the seventeenth century, drunkenness, it is said, was not suggested by the poets as common in Ireland—the popularity of Bacchanalian songs since that date seems to prove that the vice soon became a virtue. Maginn is the noisiest of modern revelers, and easily roars the others down.

Not a small portion of the humor of Ireland is the unconscious variety in the half-educated local poets. Sometimes real wit struggles for adequate expression in English with ludicrous and unlooked-for results. A goodly number of the street ballads are very comic in description, phraseology, or vituperation, and 'Nell Flaherty's Drake' may be taken as a fair specimen of the latter class. Occasionally there is coarseness, usually absent from genuine Irish songs; sometimes a ghastly sort of *grotesquerie,* as in 'The Night Before Larry Was Stretched.' Only a

few examples of such are necessary to form an idea of the whole.

Maginn's great service in exposing the true character of the wretched rubbish often palmed off on the English public as Irish songs deserves to be noticed here. He proved most conclusively that the stuff thus styled Irish, with its unutterable refrains of the "Whack Bubbaboo" kind, was of undoubted English origin; topography, phraseology, rhymes, and everything else being utterly un-Irish. The internal evidence alone convicts their authors. No Irishman would rhyme *O'Reilly* to *bailie,* for instance, and certainly he would never introduce a priest named "Father Quipes" into a song, even if driven to desperation for rhymes to "swipes."

In this connection it may be pointed out that not only in songs, but in many stories and other writings purporting to be Irish, the phraseology is anything but Irish. Irishmen do not, and never did, speak of their spiritual guardian as the *praste.* The Irishman never mispronounces the sound of *ie,* and if he says *tay* for tea and *mate* for meat he is simply conforming to the old and correct English pronunciation, as may be seen by consulting the older English poets, who always rhymed *sea* with *day,* etc. To this hour, the original sound is preserved by English people in *great* and *break.*

To leave the anonymous, the hybrid, and the spurious, it will be well to consider the continuity of the humor of Ireland. The long line of humorous writers who have appeared in our literary history has never been broken, despite many intervals of tribulation. In Anglo-Irish literature they commence practically with Farquhar, whose method of treating the follies of fine ladies and "men of honor" is anticipatory of that of *The Spectator.*

Swift's irony, unsurpassable as it is, is cruel to excess, and has little that is Irish about it. A contemporary and countryman, Dean Smedley, said he was "always in jest, but most so in prayer"; but that is an exaggeration, for Swift was mostly in grim earnest. The charge implies that many of his contemporaries, like several moderns, had a difficulty in satisfying themselves as to when he joked and when he did not. Smedley is also responsible for another poem directed against Swift, which was posted upon

the door of St. Patrick's, Dublin, when the great writer was appointed its Dean, and of which the following is the best stanza:—

> "This place he got by wit and rhyme,
> And many ways most odd,
> And might a bishop be in time,
> Did he believe in God."

The impassive and matter-of-fact way in which Swift, using the deadliest of weapons, ridicule, reformed the abuses of his time, deceived a good many. He never moved a muscle, and his wit shone by contrast with his moody exterior as a lightning-flash illuminates a gloomy sky. It has that element of unexpectedness which goes far to define the nature of wit.

Real drollery in Anglo-Irish literature seems to have begun with Steele. In Steele there is rarely anything to offend modern taste. His tenderness is akin to Goldsmith's, and the natural man is clearly visible in his writings. A direct contrast is seen in Sterne, who was more malicious and sly, full of unreality and misplaced sentiment, and depending chiefly upon his constant supply of *phrases à double entente* and the morbid tastes of his readers.

Writers like Derrick and Bickerstaff were hardly witty in the modern sense, but rather in the original literal meaning of the term. There are many wits, highly popular in their own day, who are no longer readable with any marked degree of pleasure. Wit depends so largely upon the manner of its delivery for the effect produced that the dramatists do not yield so much as might be expected from the special fecundity and excellence of the Irish in that branch of literature. To extract the wit or humor from some of the eighteenth-century plays is no very easy task. In men like Sheridan,

> "Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright,
> Ne'er carried a heart stain away on its blade,"

it is superabundant, over-luxuriant, and easily detachable; but it is difficult to bring to a focus the wit of such men as Kane O'Hara, Hugh Kelly, William O'Brien, James Kenney, and others, whose plays were famous at one time and are not yet forgotten.

There never was a writer, perhaps, concerning whose merits there has been less dispute than Goldsmith. Sheridan, with all his brilliance, has not been so fortunate. Lysaght and Millikin were and are both greatly overrated as poets and wits, if we are to judge by the fragments they have left. Lysaght, however, must have been considered a genuine wit, for we find a number of once popular songs wrongly attributed to him. He most unquestionably did not write 'The Sprig of Shillelagh,' 'Donnybrook Fair,' 'The Rakes of Mallow,' or 'Kitty of Coleraine,' though they have all been put down as his. The first two were written by H. R. Code and Charles O'Flaherty respectively. Millikin's fame is due to one of those literary accidents which now and then occur. Henry Luttrell in his verse had something of the sprightliness and point of Moore.

Of parodists, Maginn may be considered the best. He was a great humorist in every way, and may be claimed as the earliest writer who showed genuine rollicking Irish humor. He could be both coarse and refined; and his boisterous praise of the bottle was not a sham. But his occasional apparent delight in savage personal criticism was really quite foreign to his character, as he was a most amiable man, much loved by those who knew him. It was different with "Father Prout," who was one of the venomous order of wits, and certainly not a personal favorite with his colleagues. His frequent and senseless attacks on O'Connell and other men, dragged into all his essays, are blots on his work. His wit is too often merely abusive, like that of Dr. Kenealy, who, almost as learned as "Prout," was quite as unnecessarily bitter.

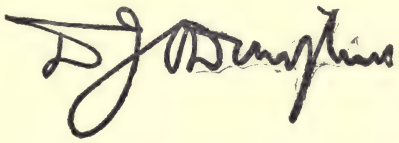
It is from Lover that we get the cream, not the curds, of Irish humor. He is the Irish arch-humorist, and it is difficult to exaggerate the excellence of his love songs. Others may be more classical, more polished, more subtle, but there is no writer more irresistible. Among his earlier contemporaries Ettingsall was his nearest counterpart in one notable story. It must not be forgotten, either, that 'Darby Doyle's Voyage to Quebec' appeared in print before Lover's 'Barny O'Reirdon.' Carleton and Lever were admirable humorists, but only incidentally so; whereas Lover was nothing if not a humorist before all.

There are many excellent comic passages in the novels of both, as also in one or two of Le Fanu's works.

O'Leary and the other Bacchanalians who came after Maginn were worthy followers of the school which devoted all its lyrical enthusiasm to the praise of drink, while Marmion Savage showed rather the sub-acid wit of Moore. Ferguson and Wade are better known by their verse than as humorous story-tellers. We find true Irish humor again in Kickham and Halpine.

The treatment of sacred subjects by Irish wits is similar to that in most Catholic countries. Saint Patrick is hardly regarded by Irish humorists as a conventional saint, and it is curious that Saint Peter is accepted by wits of all nationalities as a legitimate object of pleasantry. If, however, Irish writers occasionally seem to lack reverence for things which in their eyes are holy, "it is only their fun," as Lamb would say. Only those who are in the closest intimacy with sacred objects venture to treat them familiarly, and the Irish peasant often speaks in an offhand manner of that which is dearest to him.

Few nations, it may finally be said, could have produced such a harvest of humor under such depressing and unfavorable influences as Ireland has experienced. And it may be asserted with truth that many countries with far more reason for uninterrupted good-humor, with much less cause for sadness, would be hard put to it to show an equally valuable contribution to the world's lighter literature.



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From a photograph.

Five or six miles from Cork, embosomed in foliage, is the village of Blarney, which has some little reputation for tweed manufactures, but far more for that wonderful stone "that whoever kisses, oh! he never misses to grow eloquent," especially with the fair sex. There are two claimants to this wonderful power—both part of Blarney Castle, built by the McCarthys in the fifteenth century. The one usually received as genuine is in the outer wall of the square tower, twenty feet below the top of the parapet; to reach it, therefore, the pilgrim must be lowered by a rope, a task of some difficulty and danger. The other is inside the building, and is much worn away by the lips of the faithful; for it is a fact that thousands of tourists annually pay their devotion to the magic stone.

A STREET SCENE IN DUBLIN ABOUT 1830. (The Post Office) 2107

After a drawing by George Petrie, R.H.A.

CHURCH RUINS, HOLY ISLAND, LOUGH DERRY . . 2130

From a photograph.

MICHAEL MacDONAGH 2193

From a photograph by Ogden, Liverpool.

CAPE CLEAR 2222

From a photograph.

Ah, dear sailor, say, have we sighted Cape Clear?
Can you see any sign? Is the morning light near?
. . . . . .
Thank God 'tis the Sun that now reddens the sky,
I shall see, I shall see, my own land ere I die.
'Death of the Homeward bound.'

DESERTED CABINS 2267

Oh, the cabins long deserted!—Olden memories awake—
Oh, the pleasant, pleasant places!—Hush the blackbird in the brake!
Oh, the dear and kindly voices!—Now their hearts are fain to ache.
From 'The Passing of the Gael,' By *Mrs. Seumas Macmanus.*

WILLIAM MAGINN 2300

From a pen-and-ink sketch.

THE ROCK AND RUINS OF CASHEL 2334

From a photograph.

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FRANCIS MAHONY (Father Prout) 2337
From an engraving.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN 2350
From the sketch made after his death by Sir Frederick Burton. An idealized portrait in oil by Paul Wood.

The silky blanched hair, which in life hung loosely over the forehead, is here brushed back. The mild blue eye, the alabaster complexion with the slight hectic flush are remarkably vivid in the original from which this reproduction is made. By the courtesy of the Rev. James H. Gavan, Sharon Hill, Pa.

LOUGH SWILLY 2427
From a photograph.

SAMUEL LOVER—(*Continued*).

NEW POTATOES.—AN IRISH MELODY.

Enter Katty with a gray cloak, a dirty cap, and a black eye; a sieve of potatoes on her head, and a trifle o' spe'rts *in* it. Katty meanders down Patrick-street.

KATTY. *My new pittayatees!—My-a-new pittayatees!—My new*—(*Meeting a friend.*) Sally, darlin', is that you?

SALLY. Throth, it 's myself; and what 's the matther?

KATTY. 'Deed my heart 's bruk, cryin'—(*New pittayatees!*)—crying afther that vagabone.

SALLY. Is it Mike?

KATTY. Throth, it 's himself indeed.

SALLY. And what is it he done?

KATTY. Och! he ruined me with his—(*New pittayatees!*)—with his goin-an—the owld thing, my dear—

SALLY. Throwin' up his little finger,[1] I suppose?

KATTY. Yis, my darlint: he kem home th' other night, blazin' blind dhrunk, cryin' out—(*New pittay-a-tees!*)—roarin' and bawlin', that you 'd think he 'd rise the roof.

" Bad luck attend you; bad cess to you, you pot-wallopin' varmint," says he (maynin' me, i' you plaze),—" wait till I ketch you, you sthrap, and it 's I 'll give you your fill iv —(*New pittayatees!*)—your fill iv a lickin', if ever you got it," says he.

So, with that, I knew the villain was *mulvathered;*[2] let alone the heavy fut o' the miscrayint an the stairs, that a child might know he was done for—(*New pittayatees!*)

SALLY. Musha! God help you, Katty.

KATTY. Oh, wait till you hear the ind o' my—(*New pittayatees!*)—o' my troubles, and it 's then you 'll open your eyes—(*My new pittayatees!*)—

SALLY. Oh, bud I pity you.

KATTY. Oh, wait—wait, my jewel—(*My new pittayatees!*)—wait till I tell you the ind of it. Where did I lave aff? Oh, ay, at the stairs.

[1] *Throwing . . . finger*, getting drunk. [2] *Mulvathered*, intoxicated.

Well, as he was comin' upstairs (knowin' how it ud be), I thought it best to take care o' my—(*New pittayatees!*)—to take care o' myself; so with that I put the bowlt an the door, betune me and danger, and kep' listnin' at the key-hole; and sure enough, what should I hear but—(*New pittayatees!*)—but the vagabone gropin' his way round the cruked turn in the stair, and tumblin' afther into the hole in the flure an the landin', and whin he come to himself he gev a thunderin' thump at the door. "Who 's there?" says I: says he—(*New pittayatees!*)—"Let me in," says he, "you vagabone" (swarin' by what I wouldn't mintion), "or by this and that, I 'll *massacray* you," says he, "within an inch o'—(*New pittayatees!*)—within an inch o' your life," says he. "Mikee, darlint," says I, sootherin' him.

SALLY. Why would you call sitch a 'tarnal vagabone, darlint?

KATTY. My jew'l, didn't I tell you I thought it best to soother him with—(*New pittayatees!*)—with a tindher word? So, says I, "Mikee, you villain, you 're disguised," says I, "you 're disguised, dear."

"You lie," says he, "you impident sthrap, I 'm not disguised, but if I 'm disguised itself," says he, "I 'll make you know the differ," says he.

Oh! I thought the life id lave me, when I heerd him say the word; and with that I put my hand an—(*My new pittayatees!*)—an the latch o' the door, to purvint it from slippin'; and he ups and he gives a wicked kick at the door, and says he, "If you don't let me in this minit," says he, "I 'll be the death o' you—(*New pittayatees!*)—o' yourself and your dirty breed," says he. Think o' that, Sally dear, to abuse my relations.

SALLY. Oh, the ruffin.

KATTY. Dirty breed indeed! By my sowkins, they 're as good as his any day in the year, and was never behoulden to—(*New pittayatees!*)—to go a beggin' to the mendicity for their dirty—(*New pittayatees!*)—their dirty washin' o' pots, and sarvints' lavins, and dogs' bones, all as one as that cruked disciple of his mother's cousin's sisther, the owld drunken aper-se-and, as she is.

SALLY. No, in troth, Katty dear.

KATTY. Well, where was I? Oh, ay, I left off at—(*New*

pittayatees!)—I left off at my dirty breed. Well, at the word "dirty breed," I knew full well the bad dhrop was up in him—and, faith it 's soon and suddint he made me sensible av it, for the first word he said was—(*New pittayatees!*)—the first word he said was to put his shoulder to the door, and in he bursted the door, fallin' down in the middle o' the flure, cryin' out—(*New pittayatees!*)—cryin' out, "Bad luck attind you," says he, "how dar' you refuse to lit me into my own house, you sthrap?" says he, "agin the law o' the land," says he, scramblin' up on his pins agin, as well as he could, and as he was risin', says I—(*New pittayatees!*)—says I to him (screeching out loud, that the neighbors in the flure below might hear me), "Mikee, my darlint," says I.

"Keep the pace, you vagabone," says he; and with that, he hits me a lick av a—(*New pittayatees!*)—a lick av a stick he had in his hand, and down I fell (and small blame to me), down I fell on the flure, cryin'—(*New pittayatees!*)—cryin out, "Murther! murther!"

SALLY. Oh, the hangin' bone villian!

KATTY. Oh, that 's not all! As I was risin', my jew'l, he was goin' to sthrek me agin; and with that I cried out—(*New pittayatees!*)—I cried out, "Fair play, Mikee," says I, "don't sthrek a man down;" but he wouldn't listen to rayson, and was goin' to hit me agin, when I put up the child that was in my arms betune me and harm. "Look at your babby, Mikee," says I. "How do I know that, you flag-hoppin' jade?" says he. Think o' that, Sally jew'l—misdoubtin' my vartue, and I an honest woman, as I am. God help me!

SALLY. Oh! bud you 're to be pitied, Katty dear.

KATTY. Well, puttin' up the child betune me and harm, as he was risin' his hand—"Oh!" says I, "Mikee, darlint, don't sthrek the babby;" but, my dear, before the word was out o' my mouth, he sthruk the babby. (I thought the life 'id lave me). And, iv coorse, the poor babby that never spuk a word began to cry—(*New pittayatees!*)—began to cry and roar, and bawl, and no wondher.

SALLY. Oh! the haythen, to go sthrek the child.

KATTY. And, my jew'l, the neighbors in the flure below, hearin' the skrimmage, kem runnin up the stairs, cryin' out—(*New pittayatees!*)—cryin' out "watch, watch!

Mikee M'Evoy," says they, "would you murther your wife, you villian?" "What 's that to you?" says he; "isn't she my own?" says he, "and if I plaze to make her feel the weight o' my—(*New pittayatees!*)—the weight o' my fist, what 's that to you?" says he; "it 's none o' your business, anyhow, so keep your tongue in your jaw, and your toe in your pump, and 't will be betther for your—(*New pittayatees!*)—'t will be betther for your health, I 'm thinkin'," says he; and with that he looked cruked at thim, and squared up to one o' thim—(a poor definceless craythur, a tailor).

"Could you fight your match?" says the poor innocent man.

"Lave my sight," says Mike, "or, by jingo, I 'll put a stitch in your side, my jolly tailor," says he.

"Yiv put a stitch in your wig already," says the tailor "and that 'll do for the present writin'."

And with that, Mikee was goin' to hit him with a—(*New pittayatees!*)—a lift-hander; but he was cotch howld iv before he could let go his blow; and who should stand up forninst him, but—(*My new pittayatees!*)—but the tailor's wife; (and, by my sowl, it 's she that 's the sthrapper, and more 's the pity she 's thrown away upon one o' the sort;) and says she, "Let *me* at him," says she, "it 's I that used to give a man a lickin' every day in the week; you 're bowld an the head now, you vagabone," says she; "but if I had you alone," says she, "no matther if I wouldn't take the consait out o' your—(*New pittayatees!*)—out o' your bragin' heart;" and that 's the way she wint an ballyraggin' him, and by gor, they all tuk patthern afther her, and abused him, my dear, to that degree, that I vow to the Lord, the very dogs in the street wouldn't lick his blood.

SALLY. Oh, my blessin' an thim.

KATTY. And with that, one and all, they began to cry—(*New pittayatees!*)—they began to cry him down; and, at last they all swore out, "Hell 's bells attind your berrin'," says they, "you vagabone," as they just tuk him up by the scruff o' the neck, and threw him down the stairs; every step he 'd take you 'd think he 'd brake his neck (glory be to God!) and so I got rid o' the ruffin; and then they left me cryin'—(*New pittayatees!*)—cryin' afther the vagabone—though the angels knows well he wasn't desarvin' o'

one precious drop that fell from my two good-lookin' eyes: —and, oh! but the condition he left me in.

SALLY. Lord look down an you!

KATTY. And a purty sight it id be, if you could see how I was lyin' in the middle of the flure, cryin'—(*New pittayatees!*)—cryin' and roarin' and the poor child, with his eye knocked out, in the corner cryin'—(*New pittayatees!*) —and, indeed, every one in the place was cryin'—(*New pittayatees!*)

SALLY. And no wondher, Katty dear.

KATTY. Oh, bud that 's not all. If you seen the condition the place was in afther it; it was turned upside down, like a beggar's breeches. Throth, I 'd rather be at a bull-bait than at it—enough to make an honest woman cry—(*New pittayatees!*)—to see the daycent room rack'd and ruin'd, and my cap tore aff my head into tatthers—throth, you might riddle bulldogs through it; and bad luck to the hap'orth he left me, but a few—(*New pittayatees!*)—a few coppers; for the morodin' thief spint all his—(*New pittayatees!*)—all his wages o' the whole week in makin' a baste iv himself; and God knows but that comes aisy to him! and divil a thing had I to put inside my face, nor a dhrop to dhrink, barrin' a few—(*New pittayatees!*)—a few grains o' tay, and the ind iv a quarter o' sugar, and my eyes as big as your fist, and as black as the pot (savin' your presence,) and a beautiful dish iv—(*New pittayatees!*)— dish of delf, that I bought only last week in Templebar, bruk in three halves, in the middle o' the ruction—and the rint o' the room not ped—and I dipindin' only an—(*New pittayatees!*)—an cryin' a sieve-ful o' pratees, or schreechin' a lock o' savoys, or the like.

But I 'll not brake your heart any more, Sally dear;— God 's good, and never opens one door but he shuts another, and that 's the way iv it; an' strinthins the wake with—(*New pittayatees!*)—with his protection—and may the widdy and the orphin's blessin' be an his name, I pray!— And my thrust is in Divine Providence, that was always good to me—and sure I don't despair; but not a night that I kneel down to say my prayers, that I don't pray for—(*New pittayatees!*)—for all manner o' bad luck to attind that vagabone, Mikee M'Evoy. My curse light an him this blessid minit; and—

[*A voice at a distance calls, "Potatoes!"*]

KATTY. Who calls?—(*Perceives her customer.*)—Here, ma'am,—Good bye, Sally darlint—good bye. (*New pit-tay-a-tees!*)

[*Exit Katty by the Cross Poddle.*]

MOLLY CAREW.

Och hone! and what will I do?
Sure my love is all crost
Like a bud in the frost;
And there 's no use at all in my going to bed,
For 't is *dhrames* and not sleep comes into my head,
And 't is all about you,
My sweet Molly Carew—
And indeed 't is a sin and a shame;
You 're complater than Nature
In every feature,
The snow can't compare
With your forehead so fair,
And I rather would see just one blink of your eye
Than the purtiest star that shines out of the sky;
And by this and by that,
For the matter o' that,
You 're more distant by far than that same!
Och hone! *weirasthru!*
I 'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! but why should I spake
Of your forehead and eyes
When your nose it defies
Paddy Blake, the schoolmaster, to put it in rhyme?
Though there 's one Burke, he says, that would call it *snub*lime.
And then for your cheek!
Throth, 't would take him a week
Its beauties to tell, as he 'd rather.
Then your lips! oh, *machree!*
In their beautiful glow,
They patthern might be
For the cherries to grow.
'T was an apple that tempted our mother, we know,
For apples were *scarce*, I suppose long ago;
But at this time o' day,

'Pon my conscience I 'll say
Such cherries might tempt a man's father!
Och hone! *weirasthru!*
I 'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! by the man in the moon,
You *tase* me all ways
That a woman can plaze,
For you dance twice as high with that thief, Pat Magee,
As when you take share of a jig, dear, with me,
Though the piper I bate,
For fear the owld chate
Wouldn't play you your favorite tune;
And when you 're at mass
My devotion you crass,
For 't is thinking of you
I am, Molly Carew,
While you wear, on purpose, a bonnet so deep,
That I can't at your sweet purty face get a peep:—
Oh, lave off that bonnet,
Or else I 'll lave on it
The loss of my wandherin' sowl!
Och hone! *weirasthru!*
Och hone! like an owl,
Day is night, dear, to me, without you!

Och hone! don't provoke me to do it;
For there 's girls by the score
That love me—and more,
And you 'd look very quare if some morning you 'd meet
My weddin' all marchin' in pride down the sthreet;
Throth, you 'd open your eyes,
And you 'd die with surprise,
To think 't wasn't you was come to it!
And faith Katty Naile,
And her cow, I go bail,
Would jump if I 'd say,
"Katty Naile, name the day."
And though you 're fair and fresh as a morning in May,
While she 's short and dark like a cowld winter's day,
Yet if you don't repent
Before Easther, when Lent
Is over I 'll marry for spite!
Och hone! *weirasthru!*
And when I die for you,
My ghost will haunt you every night.

WIDOW MACHREE.

Widow Machree, it 's no wonder you frown,
Och hone! Widow Machree,
Faith it ruins your looks, that same dirty black gown,
Och hone! Widow Machree.
How altered your air
With that close cap you wear,
'T is destroying your hair
That should be flowing free;
Be no longer a churl
Of its black silken curl,
Och hone! Widow Machree.

Widow Machree, now the summer is come,
Och hone! Widow Machree,
When everything smiles, should a beauty look glum?
Och hone! Widow Machree.
See, the birds go in pairs,
And the rabbits and hares—
Why, even the bears
Now in couples agree—
And the mute little fish,
Though they can't spake, they wish—
Och hone! Widow Machree.

Widow Machree, and when winter comes in,
Och hone! Widow Machree,
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,
Och hone! Widow Machree.
Sure the shovel and tongs
To each other belongs,
While the kettle sings songs
Full of family glee!
Yet alone with your cup,
Like a hermit you sup,
Och hone! Widow Machree.

And how do you know, with the comforts I 've towld,
Och hone! Widow Machree,
But you 're keeping some poor fellow out in the cowld?
Och hone! Widow Machree.
With such sins on your head
Sure your peace would be fled,
Could you sleep in your bed

Without thinking to see
Some ghost or some sprite
That would wake you at night,
Crying, "Och hone! Widow Machree!"

Then take my advice, darling Widow Machree,
Och hone! Widow Machree.
And, with my advice, faith, I wish you 'd take me.
Och hone! Widow Machree!
You 'd have me to desire
Then to stir up the fire;
And sure Hope is no liar
In whisp'ring to me
That the ghosts would depart
When you 'd me near your heart,
Och hone! Widow Machree!

THE LOW-BACKED CAR.

When first I met sweet Peggy,
'T was on a market day,
A low-backed car she drove, and sat
Upon a truss of hay.
But when that hay was blooming grass,
And decked with flowers of spring,
No flower was there that could compare
With the blooming girl I sing.
As she sat in the low-backed car,
The man at the turnpike bar
Never asked for the toll,
But just rubbed his owld poll,
And looked after the low-backed car.

In battle's wild commotion,
The proud and mighty Mars
With hostile scythes demands his tithes
Of death—in warlike cars;
While Peggy, peaceful goddess,
Has darts in her right eye,
That knock men down in the market town,
As right and left they fly,—
While she sits in her low-backed car,
Than battle more dangerous far,
For the doctor's art
Cannot cure the heart
That is hit from that low-backed car.

Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters
By far outnumber these,
While she among her poultry sits,
Just like a turtle-dove,
Well worth the cage, I do engage,
Of the blooming god of love!
While she sits in her low-backed car
The lovers come near and far,
And envy the chicken
That Peggy is pickin',
As she sits in the low-backed car.

O, I 'd rather own that car, sir,
With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach and four, and gold galore,
And a lady for my bride.
For the lady would sit fornenst me
On a cushion made with taste,
While Peggy would sit beside me
With my arm around her waist,—
While we drove in the low-backed car
To be married by Father Mahar.
O, my heart would beat high
At her glance and her sigh,
Though it beat in a low-backed car!

BARNEY O'HEA.

Now let me alone, though I know you won't,
Impudent Barney O'Hea!
It makes me outrageous
When you 're so contagious,
And you 'd better look out for the stout Corney Creagh;
For he is the boy
That believes I 'm his joy,
So you 'd better behave yourself, Barney O'Hea!
Impudent Barney,
None of your blarney,
Impudent Barney O'Hea!

I hope you 're not going to Bandon Fair,
For indeed I 'm not wanting to meet you there,

Impudent Barney O'Hea!
For Corney 's at Cork,
And my brother 's at work,
And my mother sits spinning at home all the day,
So no one will be there
Of poor me to take care,
So I hope you won't follow me, Barney O'Hea!
Impudent Barney,
None of your blarney,
Impudent Barney O'Hea!

But as I was walking up Bandon Street,
Just who do you think that myself should meet,
But impudent Barney O'Hea!
He said I looked killin',
I called him a villain,
And bid him that minute get out of the way.
He said I was joking,
And grinned so provoking,
I couldn't help laughing at Barney O'Hea!
Impudent Barney, ,
None of your blarney,
Impudent Barney O'Hea!

He knew 't was all right when he saw me smile,
For he was the rogue up to ev'ry wile,
Impudent Barney O'Hea!
He coaxed me to choose him,
For if I 'd refuse him
He swore he 'd kill Corney the very next day;
So, for fear 't would go further,
And just to save murther,
I think I must marry that madcap, O'Hea!
Bothering Barney,
'T is he has the blarney
To make a girl Mistress O'Hea.

THE WHISTLIN' THIEF.

When Pat came over the hill,
His colleen fair to see,
His whistle low, but shrill,
The signal was to be.
(*Pat whistles.*)

"Mary," the mother said,
"Some one is whistling sure."
Says Mary, "'T is only the wind
Is whistling through the door."
(*Pat whistles "Garryowen."*)

"I 've lived a long time, Mary,
In this wide world, my dear,
But a door to whistle like *that*
I never yet did hear."

"But, mother, you know the fiddle
Hangs close beside the chink,
And the wind upon the strings
Is playing the tune, I think."
(*The pig grunts.*)

"Mary, I hear the pig,
Unaisy in his mind."
"But, mother, you know, they say
The pigs can see the wind."

"That 's true enough *in the day,*
But I think you may remark
That pigs, no more nor we,
Can see anything in the dark."
(*The dog barks.*)

"The dog is barking now,
The fiddle can't play the tune."
"But, mother, the dogs will bark
Whenever they see the moon."

"But how could he see the moon,
When, you know, the dog is blind?
Blind dogs won't bark at the moon,
Nor fiddles be played by the wind.

"I 'm not such a fool as you think,
I know very well it is Pat:—
Shut your mouth, you whistlin' thief,
And go along home out o' that!

"And you be off to your bed,
Don't play upon me your jeers;
For though I have lost my eyes,
I haven't lost my ears!"

I'M NOT MYSELF AT ALL!

O I 'm not myself at all, Molly dear, Molly dear,
I 'm not myself at all!
Nothin' carin', nothin' knowing, 't is after you I 'm goin',
Faith, your shadow 't is I 'm growin', Molly dear,
And I 'm not myself at all!
Th' other day I went confessin', and I asked the father's blessin',
"But," says I, "don't give me one entirely,
For I fretted so last year but the half of me is here,
So give the other half to Molly Brierley."
O I 'm not myself at all!

O I 'm not myself at all, Molly dear, Molly dear,
My appetite 's so small.
I once could pick a goose, but my buttons is no use,
Faith my tightest coat is loose, Molly dear,
And I 'm not myself at all!
If thus it is I waste, you 'd better, dear, make haste,
Before your lover 's gone away entirely;
If you don't soon change your mind, not a bit of me you 'll find—
And what 'ud you think o' that, Molly Brierley?
O I 'm not myself at all!

O my shadow on the wall, Molly dear, Molly dear,
Isn't like myself at all.
For I 've got so very thin, myself says 't isn't him,
But that purty girl so slim, Molly dear,
And I 'm not myself at all!
If thus I smaller grow, all fretting, dear, for you,
'T is you should make me up the deficiency;
So just let Father Taaffe make you my better-half,
And you will not the worse of the addition be—
O I 'm not myself at all!

I 'll be not myself at all, Molly dear, Molly dear,
Till you my own I call!
Since a change o'er me there came, sure you might change your name—
And 't would just come to the same, Molly dear,
'T would just come to the same;
For if you and I were one, all confusion would be gone,
And 't would simplify the matter entirely;

And 't would save us so much bother when we 'd both be one another—
So listen now to reason, Molly Brierley.
O I 'm not myself at all!

RORY O'MORE.

Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen bawn,
He was bold as a hawk, and she soft as the dawn;
He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.
"Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,
Reproof on her lips, but a smile in her eye;
"With your tricks I don't know, in troth, what I 'm about;
Faith, you 've teased till I 've put on my cloak inside out."
"Oh! jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
You 've thrated my heart for this many a day,
And 't is plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
For 't is all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
For I half gave a promise to soothering Mike;
The ground that I walk on he loves, I 'll be bound."
"Faith," says Rory, "I 'd rather love you than the ground."
"Now, Rory, I 'll cry, if you don't let me go;
Sure I dream every night that I 'm hating you so!"
"Oh!" says Rory, "that same I 'm delighted to hear,
For dhrames always go by contrairies, my dear!
Oh! jewel, keep dreaming that same till you die,
And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie;
And 't is plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
Since 't is all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you 've teazed me enough,
Sure I 've thrashed, for your sake, Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff;
And I 've made myself, drinking your health, quite a baste,
So I think, after that, I may talk to the priest."
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck,
And he looked in her eyes that were beaming with light,
And he kissed her sweet lips,—don't you think he was right?
"Now, Rory, leave off, sir; you 'll hug me no more;
That 's eight times to-day that you 've kissed me before."
"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
For there 's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

WHAT WILL YOU DO, LOVE?

"What will you do, love, when I am going,
With white sail flowing,
The seas beyond?—
What will you do, love, when waves divide us,
And friends may chide us
For being fond?"
"Though waves divide us, and friends be chiding,
In faith abiding,
I 'll still be true!
And I 'll pray for thee on the stormy ocean,
In deep devotion—
That 's what I 'll do!"

"What would you do, love, if distant tidings
Thy fond confidings
Should undermine?—
And I, abiding 'neath sultry skies,
Should think other eyes
Were as bright as thine?"
"Oh, name it not!—though guilt and shame
Were on thy name,
I 'd still be true:
But that heart of thine—should another share it—
I could not bear it!
What would I do?"

"What would you do, love, when home returning,
With hopes high-burning,
With wealth for you,
If my bark, which bounded o'er foreign foam,
Should be lost near home—
Ah! what would you do?"
"So thou wert spared—I 'd bless the morrow
In want and sorrow,
That left me you;
And I 'd welcome thee from the wasting billow,
This heart thy pillow—
That 's what I 'd do!"

THE WAR-SHIP OF PEACE.

The Americans exhibited much sympathy toward Ireland when the famine raged there in 1847. A touching instance was then given how the better feelings of our nature may employ even the en-

ginery of destruction to serve the cause of humanity: an American frigate (the Jamestown I believe) was dismantled of all her war-like appliances, and placed at the disposal of the charitable to carry provisions.—*Author.*

Sweet Land of Song! thy harp doth hang
  Upon the willows now,
While famine's blight and fever's pang
  Stamp misery on thy brow;
Yet take thy harp, and raise thy voice,
  Though faint and low it be,
And let thy sinking heart rejoice
  In friends still left to thee!

Look out—look out—across the sea
  That girds thy emerald shore,
A ship of war is bound for thee,
  But with no warlike store;
Her thunder sleeps—'t is Mercy's breath
  That wafts her o'er the sea;
She goes not forth to deal out death,
  But bears new life to thee!

Thy wasted hand can scarcely strike
  The chords of grateful praise;
Thy plaintive tone is now unlike
  Thy voice of former days;
Yet, even in sorrow, tuneful still,
  Let Erin's voice proclaim
In bardic praise, on every hill,
  Columbia's glorious name!

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

A baby was sleeping, its mother was weeping,
  For her husband was far on the wild raging sea,
And the tempest was swelling, round the fisherman's dwelling,
  And she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh! come back to me."

Her beads while she numbered, the baby still slumbered,
  And smiled in her face as she bended her knee;
"Oh! blest be that warning, my child, thy sleep adorning,
  For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

"And while they are keeping bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh! pray to them softly, my baby, with me—
And say thou wouldst rather, they 'd watch o'er thy father,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

The dawn of the morning saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,
And closely caressing her child, with a blessing
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee!"

MY MOTHER DEAR.

There was a place in childhood that I remember well,
And there a voice of sweetest tone bright fairy-tales did tell,
And gentle words and fond embrace were giv'n with joy to me,
When I was in that happy place—upon my mother's knee.

When fairy-tales were ended, "Good-night," she softly said,
And kissed and laid me down to sleep within my tiny bed;
And holy words she taught me there—methinks I yet can see
Her angel eyes, as close I knelt beside my mother's knee.

In the sickness of my childhood—the perils of my prime—
The sorrows of my riper years—the cares of every time—
When doubt and danger weighed me down—then pleading all for me,
It was a fervent prayer to Heaven that bent my mother's knee.

HANNAH LYNCH.

(—— 1904.)

HANNAH LYNCH was born in Dublin. She lived much in Spain, in Greece, and in France, and published many novels, including 'Prince of the Glades,' 'Dr. Vermont's Fantasy,' 'Denys D'Anvrillac,' 'Through Troubled Waters,' 'Daughters of Men,' 'Rosni Harvey,' 'Jinny Blake,' 'An Odd Experiment,' 'Clare Monroe,' and 'The Autobiography of a Child,' which excited great interest when it ran in *Blackwood's*. It has since, in a French dress, appeared in one of the principal French reviews. Miss Lynch was a well-known contributor to the monthly reviews, Paris correspondent of *The Academy*, and wrote 'Toledo' in the series of 'Mediæval Towns' and 'French Life in Town and Country.' She died in Paris, Jan. 9, 1904.

A VILLAGE SOVEREIGN.

Her inches were hardly proportionate to her years, and these measured three. She balanced the deficiency by breadth, and toddled about on the fattest of short legs. She was not pretty after the angelic pattern, and was all the more engaging.

It would be difficult for her biographer to say which were the more adorable; her smile, that raced like a pink radiance from the soft little chin to the crystal blue eyes, or the two perpendicular lines of thought and fearful anxiety that sometimes sprang between the mobile brows, and generally furnished the occasion for stamping her foot at some refractory subject, or were brought into play by an earnest insistence on having the unanswerable answered without delay.

As most of her hours were spent out-of-doors, and hats were antipathetic to her, it followed that few of her subjects enjoyed sight of the carefully combed and curled little poll that left her mother's hands every morning. Instead, they had the more disturbing, if less elegant, picture of fine brown silk rolling and shaking, like the floss of a King Charles, in the dearest confusion imaginable round and about the bright little face. The invasion of curls just permitted the pretty upward play of brown eyelashes against the protruding arch of brow, so that the big blue

eyes looked out from a forest of winter shade. She had the divinest of mouths, an arched rosy bud, formed as a child's mouth rarely is, sweet and perfectly shaped, with an imperious claim upon kisses. Not to wish to kiss her, was to prove yourself inhuman. She was never dirty, though not exactly a precisian in the matter of raiment. It would not be safe to trust her with an orange, if it were intended she should sit upon the chairs of civilization, an emblem of spotless childhood; but she could be relied upon any day to pass a neighborhood where mud-pies were being manufactured and not succumb to the burning temptation to bemire herself.

Such was Norry, the uncrowned queen of a remote little town on the edge of a glorious Irish lake. Like the Oriental philanthropist, she loved her fellow-men. Her existence was based on the first law of Christianity, with such a surprising result that her fellows of all classes, creeds, sexes, and ages worshiped her.

She was not of the order of female infant that is content to stay indoors and play with dolls. Nor were outdoor games the chief delight of her life. What she liked was the making and sustaining of universal acquaintances.

She woke with the dawn preoccupied with the fortunes of Tommy This and Molly That, and chattered about them while she graciously submitted to the encroachments of soap, water, bath-towel, and brush; and she was still discoursing of them in passionate interludes while Marcella fed her upon bread and milk and porridge in the kitchen.

She it was who welcomed all new-comers into the town —tramps, travelers, and visitors. Her formula was as rigid and unchanging as royal etiquette. She drew no line between beggars and noblemen, but simply said to the trousered male: "Man, what's your name?" If there were any geniality in the reply (and there usually was), she as invariably added: "The blessings of Dod on you. Kiss me!" Upon her lips, however, the command took the form of *tish*. The person in petticoats she addressed as "'oman," and if the 'oman happened to be accompanied by a baby, it was an exciting moment for Norry.

Babies, puppies, and kittens constituted the most interesting portion of humanity in her eyes. They were all

doaty, as she called them. She insisted on kissing every baby that crossed her path, even on occasional visits to the thronged city where her grandmother lived, to the dismay and discomfort of her handsome young aunts. Whatever she had in her hand she needs must bestow upon the long-frocked creature, not infrequently to repent her of her generosity five minutes later, and demand restitution of the gift.

When she had, so to speak, conferred the freedom of the town upon the stranger, Norry instantly toddled off with eager intent to acquaint the world that Johnny Murphy or Biddy Magrath had been welcomed to her dominions.

The episode of Norry and the Marquis is a tale in which the town takes much pride. The idlers round the bar still tell it to one another with unabated glee; and Norry's kindness to the big man is one of the reasons why the town has lately begun to look with less open disfavor upon that haughty aristocrat. For the lord of the soil is not a genial person. He is distant, high-handed, and ungenerous. He takes no inconsiderable income from an impoverished land with never so much as a *thank you,* a humane inquiry into the prosperity of his tenants, or a single evidence of thought for their welfare; and he spends it to the last farthing, along with his good manners and smiles, in England. There we hear of him as a delightful type of the Irish gentleman, off-handed, witty, and a capital host; in Norry's town (which ought to be his) he is known as a morose, close-fisted, and overbearing Saxon. So much may a man differ in his attitude toward one race and another.

A wave of universal joy passed over the town the day Kitty Farrell publicly rebuked him for his lack of manners among his own people. Kitty keeps the newspaper-shop, and an Irish daily paper being one of the few things the Marquis could not import from England, it followed that he ran up a small account with Kitty during his last sojourn before Norry was born. Driving through the town on his way to the station, the lord of the soil stopped his carriage and called out from the window to Kitty to know the amount due.

"Half-a-crown, me lord," said Kitty, dropping an ele-

gant curtsy that quite carried off the inelegance of bare feet and tattered skirts.

"There, girl," cried the Marquis, flinging a silver piece on the ground.

Kitty did not move so much as an eyelash in direction of the fallen coin, but as the carriage began to roll on again, my lord lying back as proud as an invader, she ran after it, shrieking at the top of her voice: "Me lord, me lord, I telled ye ye owe me half-a-crown."

"It 's on the ground," the Marquis retorted, frowning. "I threw it out of the window."

"Oh, me lord, I have nothing to do with your throwings. Maybe 't is your divarsion; 't is no affair of mine anyway. What I want is me money paid into me own hand, as between Christian and Christian. Your driver is welcome to the other bit of silver, if he likes, but I must be paid in me own fashion."

It was chanted in the sing-song brogue all over the town that evening, how grand a sight it was to see the Marquis take a half-crown out of his pocket, and submissively place it on Kitty's extended palm.

But a smaller flower of her sex was to subdue the haughty Marquis in quite another way. He had not visited his Irish estates since the appearance of Norry on the scene, and in consequence could not be aware that, in comparison with this pinafored autocrat, he was a personage of no influence or prestige whatever. On the other hand, Norry had never heard of the lord of the soil, and was under the impression that the beautiful park formed, like everything else around her, a suitable environment and background for her own individuality.

While her mother dawdled over the breakfast-table, believing Norry still engaged upon her bread and milk in the kitchen with Marcella, the child was toddling up the main street, hatless, the brown floss on her head blown about in every direction. After her straggled a band of admiring children to whom she discoursed lispingly in her ardent, imperious, and wholly delightful fashion. They obeyed her because they loved her, but they would have had to obey her in any case. Disobedience and dissent were things she neither comprehended nor tolerated. She went towards the park, and at the top of the street commanded

her guard of honor to await her return; not because she yearned to breathe awhile in the fresh morning air the privacy of incognito, for she was unacquainted with shyness as she was with fear; but she said she wanted to see Jacky Molloy's puppy, and Jacky was an invalid living in a cottage close to the park avenue.

Her intention was suddenly diverted as she turned the corner by the sight of an imposing stranger in a shooting-jacket. The park gate had swung behind him, and he was advancing rapidly in her direction. Norry put up a pink finger and laid it against her lovely mouth. With her this signified grave perplexity, and the gesture was rendered still more quaint by the lines of intense mental effort that so deliciously corrugated her forehead, and vested her in a fascinating aspect of worry. Even at so young an age are the cares of sovereignty apparent, and a regal mind is none the less uneasy because the emblem of royalty happens not to be visible. Here was a stranger entering Norry's dominions with an air of command, while she herself was not acquainted with him. She did not puzzle out the situation upon lines quite so clear perhaps, but she eyed the imposing stranger questioningly, and promptly made up her mind. It is possible she had a preference for ragged humanity, but she was quite above such meanness as drawing the line in the matter of tailoring. After all the lonely, unhappy stranger could not help being well dressed, she may have supposed, and it was really no reason why he should not be greeted as well as her favorite tramps and idlers. So she walked unhesitatingly up to him, and barred his way with one of her imperious gestures.

The stranger cast a casual glance upon her. She was not effectively pretty, and you had to look twice until you knew her, to realize how adorable she was. He was moving on in his cold ungenial mood,—for children as mere children did not appeal to him, above all the children of his Irish tenants—when her lisped demand and frown of ecstatic seriousness arrested him. "Man, what's your name?"

The stranger stared at the little creature, at first in something like dismay; then the frown and the imperative glance that revealed a nature not to be trifled with, amused

him, and finally captivated him. He thought it the oddest thing in the world, and smiled almost pleasantly as he answered, "Grandby."

"Dood-morrow, Dandby; I am dad to see you, and the blessings of Dod on you, Dandby."

There was a whiff of royal favor in the greeting on her side, a sense of duty accomplished and a generous feeling that this different kind of man had as much claim upon her goodwill as Murphy the tramp. The Marquis of Grandby, on his side, was convulsed with the comicality of it; for he was not so saturnine that he had no sense of humor. You see, he was born on Irish soil, by which we explain any virtue there might be in him, while the vices we good-naturedly lay to the account of his Saxon training. Anyhow, if he did get out of bed that morning on the wrong side, her Majesty Queen Norry soon set him right. He showed his entertainment in the situation by baring his teeth under a heavy gray mustache; then he drew himself up, lifted his hat, and thanked her with a gravity no less superb than her own.

Norry, I have said, had no salient marks of beauty; there was nothing about her either of princess or fairy, and she wore no more picturesque raiment than a little red woolen frock and a plain pinafore. But she stirred the heart of the Marquis to an unwonted softness. He was about to ask her name when she continued in her broken eagerness of voice: "Have you tum to stay with us, Dandby?"

Norry included the whole town in her definition of family, and the man living at the other end of the street was only a man occupying another room, and apt at any moment to drop into the family circle.

"May I not know your name too, little madam?"

"Norry," she said impatiently, as if in reply to an irrelevant question.

"And Mamma's name?" asked the Marquis.

"Mother's name is O'Neill. She lives down there; we all live down there," she jerked, chopping up in her excitement her lisping syllables upon the click of tiny teeth. "Wouldn't you like to see Jack Molloy's puppy,—a doaty little dog? The Sergeant gave it to him."

"Let us go and look at Jacky Molloy's puppy, by all

means," said the amused Marquis. "But first, Norry, I think you ought to give me a kiss."

Norry held up her rosebud mouth without a smile upon her perplexed and shadowed countenance. This was part of her duty, to kiss mankind, and the moment she felt to be a very serious one. The Marquis lifted her in his arms, and marveled at himself as he did so. When he had kissed her, an irresistible impulse seized him. He did not set her down again on her fat short legs, but just dropped her on his broad shoulder. Norry shrieked with delight. Here was virtue triumphantly rewarded! She had done a good turn by an acquaintance worth making,—a man who could hoist a little girl so easily and jolt her at a swinging pace through the air.

She indicated the direction of Jacky's house with a dimpled hand, and concluded her information with the assurance that she was glad she had met him. At the cottage-door the Marquis rapped, and said to the white-capped woman whom he summoned: "Norry and I have come to see Jacky's puppy." The woman at once curtsied in a flutter of recognition and surprise. "I met this little lady near my gates, and she was kind enough to make acquaintance with me. She proposed to take me here to see a puppy in the light of a favor, and I see she is accustomed to have her way," he explained.

"Sure 't is our own Miss Norry, blessings on her," cried Mrs. Molloy, gazing tenderly after the child, who had already made her way into the inner room, where Jacky lay in bed nursing his puppy. "Sure 't is herself we love, me lord; she 's like sunshine on a wet day."

"Tum in here, Dandby; tum!" Norry shouted imperiously. "Watch me pull the puppy's tail."

Mrs. Molloy's face wrinkled in a frightened smile. It was nothing less than awful to her to hear the great man addressed as *Grandby.*

The Marquis submissively went inside, and satisfied Norry by kissing Jacky Molloy and taking the puppy into his arms. It was one thing to kiss Norry, but he really felt that, had any choice been left to him, he would have preferred not to kiss poor white-cheeked Jacky. He had no sentiment for children, but having accepted Norry's protection, he knew when it was becoming to yield.

Now Norry could not stay long in one place, and when she entered a house she felt it an obligation to visit every living member thereof, so while the Marquis, for mere form's sake, was putting a few casual questions to Jacky and his mother, she raced into the kitchen to greet the tabby.

Mrs. Molloy took the opportunity to follow her, and whispered quickly to her: "You mustn't call that gentleman Grandby, Miss Norry. 'T is he as is himself the Markiss."

Norry caught the word, and, still strangling the tabby in her arms, returned to Jacky's room. "Dandby," she burst out in her passionate way, "Mrs. Molloy she says you isn't Dandby but the Marskiss. Are you the Marskiss or Dandby?"

"Some big people call me a Marskiss, Norry, it is true; but you must please call me Dandby,—unless you fall out with me."

"Norry never falls out with anybody," Jacky cried with enthusiastic emphasis.

"I 'll tum a-morrow and see you adain, Jacky," said Norry, taking his championship as her due. "Now I 'm doing up the town to see lots of people,—my aunt Mary, and the Doctor, and Father Luke, and Biddy Malone's goat. Dood-bye, Jacky; I 'll tum a-morrow, Mrs. Molloy. Tum, Dandby! He isn't the Marskiss, Mrs. Molloy."

The Marquis slipped a silver coin under Jacky's pillow, and went out in obedience to his superior's order.

Outside Norry spied her guard of honor straggling down toward her. She bethought herself that her duty to the stranger was accomplished, and that she had her friends to look after. He, she concluded, might be trusted to find his way about the place. Releasing his hand, she gave him a bright explanatory nod, and shouted out: "I 'm tumin', Kitty and Tommy, pre'ntly. Wait for me, wait for me," and waddled on at a running pace extremely diverting to watch.

The lonely stranger, thus abandoned to his own devices, found occupation for the day; but he remembered to question his agent about Norry. The subsidiary parents were naturally mentioned only to drop into insignificance. Norry's parents might belong to her, and as such receive

some slight attention; but no living soul dreamed of believing that Norry belonged to them. They were excellent people, it was generally affirmed,—he a gentleman in every sense of the word, she a very charming young lady—but their fame rested mainly on the fact that they belonged to Norry. When they traveled up to town and left the child behind them, all the idlers and tramps of the place were constituted her nurses,—Marcella not being regarded as sufficiently ubiquitous to have an eye upon majesty of so vagabond a disposition. When she voyaged out of sight, a group of ruffians, engaged in supporting the town-walls between the pauses of refreshing exhausted nature, would forsake bar and gossip, and dawdle in her wake with their hands in their pockets, whistling as they went along. Like so many big mastiffs, each one felt upon his honor to protect her.

She had a word for all; not the meanest of her subjects went unrewarded. She felt as a princess feels, without any vanity, that she was the center of universal attraction, and that the person who attempted to quarrel with her was bound by this very fact, as by an inevitable natural law, to get the worst of it. This perhaps was the unconscious meaning of her splendid generosity to her playmates, whatever their sex or class might be. If she insisted on their obedience,—and this, I am afraid, she did in no half-hearted way—at least she never told tales of them, or procured them punishment or blame, and always gave more than she received. The result was that there was not one rebel in her train, and I solemnly believe not one was jealous of her. Hers was a very equable and magnanimous disposition; and her reign was pacific, when, such was her power, it might have led to civil war.

The Marquis left the town next morning. From his carriage he caught sight of Norry clutching a slice of bread and jam at which she took bites in the intervals of voluble chatter with the parish priest, who had stopped to talk to her. The jam had made big red blotches on her pinafore, and her face and fingers were in a lamentable state. Nevertheless, this second vision of her revealed her as more bewitching to the Marquis than the first. There was no wind, so her curls were in a more orderly confusion, and as she was less excited, her lisping chatter flowed on

with a quainter fluency. The Marquis pulled the check-string, and the carriage stopped in front of Norry and Father Sullivan. "Good-bye, Norry," he called out.

"Dood-bye, Dandby," Norry cried, remembering his name without any hesitation. "Tum a-morrow adain; I 'se sorry you 're doing away."

Father Sullivan wheeled round in profound amazement and quickly uncovered. The Marquis gave him a curt nod, and before he could recover his wits and make proffer of an elegant greeting, the carriage was rolling down to the broad open road.

"Mrs. Molloy called him the Marskiss," Norry said contemptuously, with as much bitterness as her genial little heart was capable of harboring toward a fellow-creature. The word *Marskiss* being an unknown quantity in her ears, she conceived it as a term of obloquy, and resented its application to the amiable stranger who appeared so properly grateful for her kindness and condescension. Now, if he had been called a Sergeant it would be quite another thing. *That* would have been the highest compliment, for was not the Sergeant of her own town one of her very dearest friends,—Pat Maguire, a splendid specimen of the Irish Constabulary, who was ready any day to risk his life for her?

The story of Norry and the Marquis was round the town before the morning papers from Dublin were distributed. It was told in every shop, at every bar, and recounted in various ways to that bird of passage, the bagman; it was droned over fires in the bewitching sing-song brogue of the country, mellowed and adorned with the people's imaginative art, as it passed from mouth to mouth. Larry Reilly had his version from Father Sullivan; the Doctor had a more detailed and highly colored account from the Marquis's agent, who in turn received it direct from the noble lord himself. The agent, as fine a fellow as ever crossed a bog and rolled the Irish *r,* was the only popular person in the Grandby establishment, and the Marquis lost nothing in his version of the tale. Then there was Mrs. Molloy's account; and here the unpopular person, by his attitude of bland submission to the autocrat of the village and his positively human behavior, quite captivated the rustic heart. He wasn't, you see, such a black-hearted vil-

lain after all, or at least Norry had charmed the fiend out of him; shouldn't wonder if after this he reduced the rents twenty-five per cent all round. The Marquis did not reduce the rents, or accomplish any other act of virtue that we have heard of; but he returned to Ireland after a shorter interval than was yet known of since his marriage with a hard-faced and disagreeable Saxon.

Meanwhile Norry lived her life of *al fresco* sovereignty. Her mother had taken her up to the city once in what Norry described to us afterwards as "the bogey puff-puff," and there she had won hearts and broken them in about equal proportion.

She had a disconcerting habit of stopping every policeman she met, under the impression he must be related to her friend the Sergeant, with a quaint "Dood-morrow, Sergeant; the blessings of Dod on ye, Sergeant." She would insist on darting away from aunt or mother in a crowded street, to kiss the latest baby, or pat a stray dog, or strive gallantly in her enthusiasm to strangle a terrified cat; she wanted to stop and make acquaintance with the horses as well, and greeted every stranger that crossed her path with a reassuring smile, when she was forcibly restrained from asking his or her name. Once there was a fearful accident, outside her grandmother's gate. A mastiff was lying on the path irritable from heat and thirst. In any other mood, I am sure so large an animal would be gifted with sufficient sagacity to recognize a friend; but he panted and glowered in a sullen and angry temper, and when Norry stooped down to place two fat arms round "the doaty dog," the ill-humored brute bit her arm furiously. That was a bad moment for her aunts. The child's arm bled, but Norry herself never cried; she was afraid the dog would be scolded if it were known how much she suffered. In the garden, without waiting to go inside, an aunt knelt down and sucked the arm till the bleeding stopped; and within ten minutes the magnificent dog was shot. An hour afterwards Norry was running about as bright and well as ever, though anxious eyes dwelt upon her for some days.

Her aunts wisely felt that a dead country town, with no traffic to speak of and a prevailing sense of brotherhood, formed a more suitable and picturesque background

for such a disturbing individuality as Norry's, and were not sorry to see her safely ensconced behind the railway carriage window shaking her little fat fist at them, with the smiling assurance that she would "Tum a-morrow adain in the bogey puff-puff to see them."

It was not long after her return that we noticed her bright color beginning to fade, and shadowy blue circles forming under her eyes. Soon it was whispered, as a universal calamity, that Norry was not well. She lay at home on the sofa and cried a good deal, or made her mother hold her in her lap beside the fire. Poor Norry was not an angel, as I have said, and she was a very fretful and exacting little invalid. Her occupation, like Othello's, was gone, and she could not reconcile herself to the dulness of the sick-room. Only the touch of her mother's hand comforted her; that withdrawn, she at once fell upon wild sobbing.

No such fuss would have been made over the Marquis himself, or even the parish priest. Lifelong enemies encountered on their way to inquire for her two or three times a day. People not on speaking terms with her parents sent to ask every morning how she had passed the night. Marcella had to call in the services of a slip of a girl to open the door to the tramps and idlers from the nearest villages who came for news of her. Every morning and evening a bulletin was issued verbally and ran from house to house, from cottage to cottage. On her way to the telegraph office, Marcella was waylaid by a crowd of rough and tattered youths. "Troth an' she 's very bad indeed," the maid replied tearfully. "We don't like to think of it at all, at all."

"Glory be to God, girl, but 't isn't thrue. Sure what 'ud we do at all, at all, without her? 'T is lost the town 'ud be if anything happened her."

"She 's just the drawingest child the Almighty ever sent on earth," one fellow exclaimed, ramming the corner of his sleeve into his eyes.

That night the Marquis's carriage drove through the town, but no one had eyes or thought for it. The agent was summoned late to the Hall, for the Marquis meant to start by the earliest train for his son's estates in a neighboring county.

Business done, gossip was a natural relaxation, and the Marquis had not forgotten his friend Norry, and asked if she still ruled the town. The agent told the dismal tale, and the great man looked really distressed. "What, my little friend! Great heavens, it 's not possible! I 'll go off at once and inquire for her."

The Marquis and the agent walked together as far as the O'Neills' pretty house. Here the agent lifted his hat and departed, and the Marquis rapped loudly. The tremendous peal rang through the whole house, and the parents of the sick child upstairs started angrily. The Marquis, as befits a big man, spoke in a big voice; there was no need to go out of the room to ask who had made such an intolerable noise. The message ascended in the deliverer's own voice up the stairs and into the half-opened door of the room where sick Norry lay in her mother's arms, while the father stood measuring out some nauseous medicine.

"Tell Mrs. O'Neill that the Marquis of Grandby has called to inquire for her little daughter. If possible, he would be grateful for the privilege of seeing his little friend."

Young O'Neill gave the spoon and glass into his wife's hand, and went downstairs. The Marquis greeted him quite cordially. "Ah, Mr. O'Neill—so sorry—can't be true—temporary child's complaint, of course—assure you, quite looked forward to seeing my delightful little friend, Norry—monstrous, 'pon my word, to think of her as sick."

Tears were in the poor father's eyes, and he sobbed out something or other in which *My lord* was just audible. Young parents with an only child ill, perhaps dying, and that child at the age of three already regarded as a public personage! Is it to be expected that they should keep their heads or talk coherently, when even all the outside world was plunged in grief because of their private woe?

The Marquis slipped his arm into the stricken fellow's, and soothingly murmured: "Come, come, Mr. O'Neill, courage! Let 's go up and see her. We must have the best of advice; little girls like her can't be snuffed out like candles."

At the door the Marquis was the first to cross the thresh-

old unbidden. Young O'Neill slipped into his own room to work off a fit of increasing emotion. Norry was gathered against her mother's breast, white and querulous. She moaned ever since she had been forced to swallow her nasty medicine.

"Do you know this friend who has come to see you, Norry?" asked the mother, with a tragic upward glance of greeting for the Marquis.

Norry opened her eyes, and stayed her peevish whimper. She did not recognize him after eight months, and she was too oppressed by the atmosphere of the sick-room to smile. Looking down upon the wan and piteous little visage with the curls brushed back from the protuberant arch of brow and the blue eyes dulled and large and dark, the Marquis himself had some ado to recognize the vivid face with its sunny glance and rosy lips that some months ago had drawn the heart of him as never child had drawn it before. "Norry, don't you remember your friend Grandby, whom you took to see Jacky Molloy's puppy?" he asked, dropping into her father's chair, and taking the white baby hand in his.

Norry stared at him in an effort of memory. To the healthy eye there is a world of difference between daylight and candle-light, and small wonder so little about the stranger struck a reminiscent chord. She frowned crossly and turned to her mother for explanation.

"You remember the gentleman Mrs. Molloy called the Marskiss, Norry?" whispered her mother. And suddenly Norry remembered. Her sick small face wrinkled and quivered in one of the old bright smiles as faint as the echo of a melody. "Oh, yes, Dandby, I remember; and stupid Mrs. Molloy says ever since that he 's the Marskiss."

The mother's heart overflowed with gratitude for that sweet smile. To her it seemed a promise of recovery, a presage of health and merriment, and the dear vagabond days restored. She kissed her child, and held her close to her sobbing breast.

"She 'll get well, Mrs. O'Neill; she must. By heavens, we can't let her go! I 'll send a messenger off this very instant for Sir Martin Bunbury."

The Marquis stooped and kissed the child, and strode

away to post one of the Hall servants up to town by the last train for the great doctor. He broke his appointment with his son, and stayed on, calling every day at the O'Neills'. He was quite a humanized figure for his tenants by this. He was bound to them by a common tie, for he, too, acknowledged their queen and hung upon her whims. Because she spoke of the lake and wished she had a boat, he telegraphed for the loveliest boat that money could buy. She soon grew to know him as well as Father Sullivan, or the Curate, or the Doctor. But she was faithful to old friends, and preferred Murphy the Tramp and Pat Maguire the big Sergeant.

The great man from overseas, summoned at the Marquis's expense, was at first dubious, then convinced that nothing could save the child. His words ran across the town, and knots of rustics and shop-boys gathered to shake their heads and bemoan their fate. The clouds had burst and sent rivers of muddy liquid along the street, and drove a gray pall over the earth sheer to the somber horizon. It was a picture of dense immeasurable gloom; Norry's own town in tears, large hissing tears, tearing at the roots of her friendly trees and splashing into her magnificent lake, till it swelled beneath the sense of universal sorrow.

The Marquis was seen coming down the street from the park avenue, and it was decided to question him after his visit like an ordinary fellow-mortal. His hat was tilted over his eyes, and there was an air of sadness about him that stirred the spectators to a belief in some latent virtue in him. He was a hard landlord, true, but then Norry liked him, and he had grown fond of the child. Surely he might be pardoned not having reduced their rents.

His knock now was not so self-assertive as on the first visit. The young father was downstairs, with his head on the table, shaken by terrible sobs. Sir Martin Bunbury had delivered his appalling opinion. The Marquis silently closed the door and stole upstairs. Outside the sick-room there was no sound. He peeped in, and saw it empty. Much amazed, he wandered down again, and met Marcella crossing the hall with a cup in her hand; the back of the other she held against her eyes. "Where's the child?" asked the astounded Marquis.

"She's down here, sir. She wanted a change, and the

mistress carried her to the drawing-room." As she spoke she opened the door, and the Marquis marched in. Mrs. O'Neill sat near the fire with a bundle of flannels in her arms, and out of this two tired blue eyes gazed at him.

"Dood-morrow, Dandby," said Norry, with a touch of the old spirit. The mother pressed her lips against the brown floss curls and smiled wanly at her landlord. "A-morrow," Norry went on, lifting her head willfully and striking out a thin arm in her eagerness, "I 'll be better, and I 'll take you to the lake, Dandby, with my boat; won't I, mother?"

"Yes, darling," said the courageous young mother.

"And papa 'll tum, too,—won't he, Dandby?"

"If it is fine, Norry; but you know papa and I couldn't go out if it rained. We 'd catch cold," said the Marquis, stroking her head.

She wrinkled her little marble face in a ghost of her sweet pink smile. It had the old light but not the color, and she spoke with some of her quaint ardor and broken lisp. "Little children don't mind the wain, do they, mother? Me and Tommy O'Brien used to wun out in the wain to grow big. But 't isn't the same wif big people, I s'pose."

She had not spoken so much for a long while, and her mother hardly knew whether to hope or be afraid. "Norry mustn't tire herself if she wants to get well," she ventured to suggest.

"Oh, mother, Norry isn't tired a bit. I fink she is better. Mother, do play the piano for Norry."

"What shall mother play?"

"Play 'Polly Perkins;' you know, mother, the fing the Sergeant sings. Do you know 'Polly Perkins,' Dandby?"

"If you like to gratify her, Mrs. O'Neill, I 'll take her," said the Marquis reddening.

With a desperate glance Mrs. O'Neill deposited the whimsical baby in his arms, and after she had complied with her despot's command for a *tish,* half staggered over to the piano, blinded by her tears, to play the wretched vulgar tune just imported from the London music-halls.

Never was 'Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay' played in an atmosphere more tragic. The degraded jingle rose in the astonished silence nothing less discordant and inappropriate

than if it had been played in a church. For Norry alone it was not out of place. She remembered her friend the Sergeant, and made a gallant effort to sing his parody. In a thin hurried voice she quavered, with painful earnestness:

> " Polly Perkins had no sense,
> She bought a fiddle for eighteen pence;
> And all the tunes that she could play
> Was *Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay.*"

She closed her eyes with the violence of her effort to finish the verse, and nestled her little brown head against the Marquis's arm.

Marcella came in with something for her to take, but the mother and Lord Grandby held up an arresting hand. There was a drowsy look upon the child's face that promised slumber. She muttered something vaguely, and the Marquis bent down to catch the words, feeling that he could never forgive the Sergeant if it proved to be " Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay." " He isn't a Marskiss at all," she said. In spite of the heavy feelings of the moment, Lord Grandby involuntarily smiled.

He sat on there in the darkened little drawing-room, holding Norry asleep in his arms, while her parents and Marcella hung over him, sometimes kneeling on either side of him to inspect her and measure their chances of hope. Not for worlds dared he stir so burdened. The scene recalled a nursery episode at the beginning of his own married life. Somehow he had taken it less to heart in those days. A child then, even his own, had not seemed to him so precious a charge; it was the heir of his estates he thought of, not of the matchless sunniness of childhood. Now it seemed to him that the opening and closing of baby lids held all the mystery, the gravity, the import of the universe. And when at last the blue eyes opened, and unfevered sleep had given a faint tinge to the wan cheeks, he instinctively held out his hand to the father, and cried cheerily: " There, Mr. O'Neill, she 's better already! You 'll find she has passed the crisis in that light sleep."

The Marquis proved a prophet. Sir Martin Bunbury stopped on his way to the station, and this time announced the grand news that Nature had accomplished one of her mysteries. By some unaccountable freak the child had

turned the critical point, and there was nothing now to do but to feed her up and keep her amused.

Imagine how she was fed, and how remorselessly amused! She might have emptied the single confectioner's shop daily, and daily have consumed the entire contents of the glass jars at Mrs. Reilly's gratis. Toys poured in upon her in the oddest confusion, and the town throve and sparkled and glowed upon the news that the "drawing-est" child on earth was getting well.

As for the Marquis of Grandby, he was regarded in the light of a public benefactor. Had he not been the means of restoring their sovereign to them, and was he not one of her devoted servants? Who could dare challenge his perfections now? Bother the rents! He might raise them any day if he liked, and be sure he wouldn't be shot. Bless you, there he goes along the street, the best-hearted gentleman in Ireland. Three cheers, boys, for the Marquis of Grandby.

EDWARD LYSAGHT.

(1763—1810.)

EDWARD LYSAGHT was the son of John Lysaght of Brickhill, County Clare, and was born Dec. 21, 1763. The romantic associations that surrounded his father's home made the names of the ancient heroes and princes of his country familiar in his mouth as household words. He went to the academy in Cashel conducted by the Rev. Patrick Hare, where he had for schoolfellow the future Dr. John Lanigan.

He soon began to distinguish himself by his wit and humor as well as by his personal courage, earning for himself the name of "Pleasant Ned Lysaght." In 1779 he entered Trinity College, Dublin. While he was at Trinity his father died, and Lysaght returned home to his mother. With her he remained for some time, and in 1784 he was admitted a student of the Middle Temple, London. Before long he gained some of the best prizes, and in 1797, having taken his degree of M.A. at Oxford, was called to the English and Irish bars.

Though his practice was small, he married while in London. Sir Jonah Barrington says that his father-in-law, whom he had believed to be a wealthy Jew, was a bankrupt Christian. Under financial pressure, Lysaght returned to Dublin, where he was better known as a *bon vivant*, a poet, and a wit, than as a lawyer. His jests and *bon mots* used to set the table in a roar, but there was no Boswell to record them; and many of his verses which delighted those who were privileged to read them have been lost. On the other hand, many good sayings and clever songs were attributed to him which were not his. 'The Sprig of Shillelah,' 'The Rakes of Mallow,' 'Kitty of Coleraine,' and 'Donnybrook Fair' have all been credited to him without any justification. The following specimen of his wit may, however, be considered authentic.

He met Mr. La Touche, the Dublin banker, and, knowing the extreme particularity of this descendant of the Huguenots respecting the character of his bank officials, startled the staid banker by saying that "when a situation among the officers of the house on Corkhill was vacant, he, Mr. Lysaght, would be ready to fill it."

"You, my dear Lysaght," said the banker, "what situation in my establishment could possibly suit you?"

"Not only one, but two," replied the wit.

"Pray, what are they?" asked the banker.

"If you make me cashier for one day, I'll become runner the next," was the wit's reply.

He took a prominent and active part in the Volunteer movement; opposed the Union with all his power, and, though repeatedly tempted, remained to the last unbribable and patriotic. In 1810, when he had come to believe that Ireland would never more take her place among the nations of the earth, he died, regretted by all



A STREET SCENE IN DUBLIN ABOUT 1830 (THE POST OFFICE)

After a drawing by George Petrie, R.H.A.



who knew him, or who had listened to his wit either in the court or at the table.

The respect of the bench and bar in Ireland for Lysaght's memory was shown by their donation of £2,520 ($10,600) for his widow and daughters.

A volume of 'Poems by the late Edward Lysaght, Esq.,' was published in Dublin in 1811.

A PROSPECT.

Air—'Let the Toast Pass.'

In this song Lysaght prefigures, in a vein of bitter mirth, the impending ruin of Dublin by the projected measure of the Union.

How justly alarmed is each Dublin cit
That he 'll soon be transformed to a clown, sir!
By a magical move of that conjurer Pitt,
The country is coming to town, sir!
Give Pitt, and Dundas, and Jenky a glass.
Who 'd ride on John Bull, and make Paddy an ass.

Thro' Capel Street soon as you 'll rurally range,
You 'll scarce recognize it the same street,
Choice turnips shall grow in your Royal Exchange,
And fine cabbages down along Dame Street.[1]
Give Pitt, etc.

Wild oats in the college won't want to be tilled;
And hemp in the Four-Courts may thrive, sir!
Your markets again shall with muttons be filled—
By Saint Patrick, they 'll graze there alive, sir!
Give Pitt, etc.

In the Parliament House, quite alive, shall there be
All the vermin the island e'er gathers;
Full of rooks, as before, Daly's club-house you 'll see,
But the pigeons won't have any feathers.
Give Pitt, etc.

Our Custom House quay, full of weeds, oh, rare sport!
But the Minister's minions, kind elves, sir!
Will give us free leave all our goods to export,[2]
When we 've got none at home for ourselves, sir!
Give Pitt, etc.

[1] Dame Street and Capel Street, two great thoroughfares. The former was then the "Fifth Avenue" of Dublin.

[2] Limitation of exports and imports was a source of great discontent.

Says an alderman—"Corn will soon grow in your shops;
This Union must work our enslavement."
"That 's true," says the Sheriff, "for plenty of crops[1]
Already I 've seen on the pavement."
Give Pitt, etc.

Ye brave loyal yeomen dressed gaily in red,
This Ministers' plan must elate us;
And well may John Bull, when he 's robbed us of bread,
Call poor Ireland "the land of potatoes."
Give Pitt, etc.

KATE OF GARNAVILLA.

Air—'Roy's Wife.'

Have you been at Garnavilla?
Have you seen at Garnavilla
Beauty's train trip o'er the plain
With lovely Kate of Garnavilla?
Oh! she 's pure as virgin snows
Ere they light on woodland hill-O;
Sweet as dew-drop on wild rose
Is lovely Kate of Garnavilla!

Philomel, I 've listened oft
To thy lay, nigh weeping willow:
Oh! the strain more sweet, more soft,
That flows from Kate of Garnavilla.
Have you been, etc.

As a noble ship I 've seen
Sailing o'er the swelling billow,
So I 've marked the graceful mien
Of lovely Kate of Garnavilla.
Have you been, etc.

If poets' prayers can banish cares,
No cares shall come to Garnavilla;
Joy's bright rays shall gild her days,
And dove-like peace perch on her pillow.

[1] Those of the democratic party wore short hair—hence they were called "crops" or "croppies." The Croppy of Ireland was equivalent to the English "Roundhead" of a century and a half before. In both these cases the people cut short their hair and their allegiance together.

Charming maid of Garnavilla!
Lovely maid of Garnavilla!
Beauty, grace, and virtue wait
On lovely Kate of Garnavilla.

SWEET CHLOE.

Sweet Chloe advised me, in accents divine,
The joys of the bowl to surrender;
Nor lose, in the turbid excesses of wine,
Delights more ecstatic and tender;
She bade me no longer in vineyards to bask,
Or stagger, at orgies, the dupe of a flask,
For the sigh of a sot 's but the scent of the cask,
And a bubble the bliss of the bottle.

To a soul that 's exhausted, or sterile, or dry,
The juice of the grape may be wanted;
But mine is revived by a love-beaming eye,
And with fancy's gay flow'rets enchanted.
Oh! who but an owl would a garland entwine
Of Bacchus's ivy—and myrtle resign?
Yield the odors of love, for the vapors of wine,
And Chloe's kind kiss for a bottle!

MY AMBITION.

Ease often visits shepherd-swains,
Nor in the lowly cot disdains
To take a bit of dinner;
But would not for a turtle-treat,
Sit with a miser or a cheat,
Or cankered party sinner.

Ease makes the sons of labor glad,
Ease travels with the merry lad
Who whistles by his wagon;
With me she prattles all day long,
And choruses my simple song,
And shares my foaming flagon.

The lamp of life is soon burnt out;
Then who 'd for riches make a rout,
Except a doating blockhead?

When Charon takes 'em both aboard,
Of equal worth's the miser's hoard
And spendthrift's empty pocket.

In such a scurvy world as this
We must not hope for perfect bliss,
And length of life together;
We have no moral liberty
At will to live, at will to die,
In fair or stormy weather.

Many, I see, have riches plenty—
Fine coaches, livery, servants twenty;—
Yet envy never pains me;
My appetite 's as good as theirs,
I sleep as sound, as free from fears;
I 've only what maintains me!

And while the precious joys I prove
Of Tom's true friendship—and the love
Of bonny black-eyed Jenny,—
Ye gods! my wishes are confined
To—health of body, peace of mind,
Clean linen, and a guinea!

D. A. MAC ALEESE.

(1833 ——)

D. A. Mac Aleese was born in 1833 at Randalstown, County Antrim. He worked for some time at his father's trade—that of a shoemaker—but his taste for letters led him into journalism, and he began his career as a printer's reader on a Belfast paper.

He is now editor and proprietor of *The People's Advocate*, Monaghan, and was returned to Parliament for North Monaghan in 1895. Soon after 1848 he began to contribute verse to *The Nation*, signing himself "Ossian" and "Ruadh." He also wrote for other journals, but has not published any separate volume of verse.

A MEMORY.

Adown the leafy lane we two,
  One brown October eve, together sped;
  The clustered nuts were hanging overhead,
And ever and anon, the deep woods through,
The gray owl piped his weird "Tu whut! tu whoo!"

Adown the leafy lane we two
  Strolled on and on, till sank the setting sun
  In sapphire beauty round Tyleden dun,
And shadows long and longer round us grew;
Had earth a pair so happy as we two?

Adown the leafy lane we two
  Loitered and laughed, and laughed and loitered more,
  And talked of "gentle folk" and fairy lore.
Till, one by one, from out the vaulted blue,
The diamonds stars came softly forth to view.

Adown the leafy lane we two
  Saw figures flitting 'mong the quicken trees,
  Tall Finian forms, holding high revelries,
And dogs, like Bran in sinew and in thew,
Chased shadowy deer the vista'd woodlands through.

Adown the leafy lane we two
  Heard fairy pipes play fairy music sweet,
  And now and then the tramp of fairy feet,
And screams of laughter 'mong the fairy crew—
The elves and fays that haunt old Corradhu.

Adown the leafy lane no more
  We two go loitering in the Autumn eves,
  When merry reapers tie the golden sheaves,
And kine come lowing to the cottage door,
Where ready pails await the milky store.

Astoireen, no, far, far away,
  Secluded lies that golden-memoried lane,
  Where ceaseless flows the bright and sparkling Main
Through scenes of beauty to the storied Neagh—
Here by the Hudson's banks we two grow gray.

WILLIAM B. McBURNEY.

WILLIAM B. McBURNEY, said to have been a doctor in Belfast, was an early contributor to *The Nation*. He is said to have died about 1902 in this country. He wrote under the name of "Caroll Malone," but very little is known of him beyond these meager details. Even his real name is in doubt. Sometimes he is called M. McBurney and at others James McKernie.

THE GOOD SHIP CASTLE DOWN.

A REBEL CHAUNT, A.D. 1776.

Oh, how she plowed the ocean, the good ship Castle Down,
That day we hung our colors out, the Harp without the Crown!
A gallant barque, she topped the wave, and fearless hearts were we,
With guns and pikes and bayonets, a stalwart company.
'T was a sixteen years from THUROT; and sweeping down the bay
The 'Siege of Carrickfergus' so merrily we did play:
And by the old castle's foot we went, with three right hearty cheers,
And waved aloft our green cockades, for we were Volunteers,
Volunteers!
Oh, we were in our prime that day, stout Irish Volunteers.

'T was when we heaved our anchor on the breast of smooth Garmoyle
Our guns spoke out in thunder: "Adieu, sweet Irish soil!"
At Whiteabbey and Greencastle, and Holywood so gay,
Were hundreds waving handkerchiefs and many a loud huzza.
Our voices o'er the water struck the hollow mountains round—
Young Freedom, struggling at her birth, might utter such a sound.
By that green slope beside Belfast, we cheered and cheered it still—
For they had changed its name that year, and they called it Bunker's Hill—
Bunker's Hill!
Oh, were our hands but with our hearts in the trench at Bunker's Hill!

Our ship cleared out for Quebec; but thither little bent,
Up some New England river, to run her keel we meant;

So we took a course due north as round the old Black Head we steered,
Till Ireland bore south-west by south, and Fingal's rock appeared.
Then on the poop stood Webster, while the ship hung fluttering,
About to take her tack across the wide, wide ocean sea—
He pointed to th' Atlantic: "Sure, yon 's no place for slaves:
Haul down these British badges, for Freedom rules the waves—
Rules the waves!"
Three hundred strong men answered, shouting, "Freedom rules the waves!"

Then all together rose and brought the British ensign down,
And up we hauled our Irish Green, without the British Crown.
Emblazoned there a Golden Harp like a maiden undefiled,
A shamrock wreath around her head, looked o'er the sea and smiled.
A hundred days, with adverse wind, we kept our course afar,
On the hundredth day came bearing down a British sloop of war.
When they spied our flag they fired a gun, but as they neared us fast,
Old Andrew Jackson went aloft and nailed it to the mast—
To the mast!
A soldier was old Jackson, and he made our colors fast.

Patrick Henry was our captain, as brave as ever sailed.
"Now we must do or die," said he, "for the Green Flag is nailed."
Silently came the sloop along; and silently we lay
Flat, till with cheers and loud broadside the foe began the fray.
Then the boarders o'er the bulwarks, like shuttlecocks, we cast;
One close discharge from all our guns cut down the tapering mast.
"Now, British tars! St. George's Cross is trailing in the sea—
How d' ye like the greeting and the handsel of the Free?—
Of the Free!
How like you, lads, the greeting of the men who will be free?"

They answered us with cannon, as befitted well their fame;
And to shoot away our Irish flag each gunner took his aim;
They ripped it up in ribbons till it fluttered in the air,
And riddled it with shot-holes till no Golden Harp was there;
But through the ragged holes the sky did glance and gleam in light,

Just as the twinkling stars shine through God's unfurled flag
at night.
With dropping fire we sang, "Good-night, and fare ye well,
brave tars!"
Our Captain looked aloft: "By Heaven! the flag is Stripes and
Stars!"
Stripes and Stars!
So into Boston port we sailed, beneath the Stripes and Stars.

THE CROPPY BOY.

"Good men and true! in this house who dwell,
To a stranger *bouchal*, I pray you tell
Is the Priest at home? or may he be seen?
I would speak a word with Father Green."

"The Priest's at home, boy, and may be seen;
'T is easy speaking with Father Green;
But you must wait, till I go and see
If the holy Father alone may be."

The youth has entered an empty hall—
What a lonely sound has his light foot-fall!
And the gloomy chamber's chill and bare,
With a vested Priest in a lonely chair.

The youth has knelt to tell his sins.
"*Nomine Dei*," the youth begins:
At "*mea culpa*" he beats his breast
And in broken murmurs he speaks the rest.

"At the siege of Ross did my father fall,
And at Gorey my loving brothers all.
I alone am left of my name and race;
I will go to Wexford and take their place.

"I cursed three times since last Easter Day—
At Mass-time once I went to play;
I passed the churchyard one day in haste,
And forgot to pray for my mother's rest.

"I bear no hate against living thing;
But I love my country above my King.
Now, Father! bless me, and let me go
To die, if God has ordained it so."

The Priest said nought, but a rustling noise
Made the youth look above in wild surprise;
The robes were off, and in scarlet there
Sat a yeoman captain with fiery glare.

With fiery glare and with fury hoarse,
Instead of blessing, he breathed a curse:
"'T was a good thought, boy, to come here and shrive;
For one short hour is your time to live.

"Upon yon river three tenders float;
The Priest 's in one, if he isn't shot;
We hold his house for our Lord the King,
And—'Amen' say I—may all traitors swing!"

At Geneva barrack that young man died,
And at Passage they have his body laid.
Good people who live in peace and joy,
Breathe a prayer and a tear for the Croppy boy.

PATRICK J. McCALL.

(1861 ——)

PATRICK J. McCALL was born in Dublin March 6, 1861. His father was a member of an old Tyrone family, driven out by the plantation of Ulster. Mr. McCall was educated at St. Joseph's Monastery, Harold's Cross, and at the Catholic University school in his native city. He has published 'Irish Noinins' (Daisies), a volume of verse, 1894; 'The Fenian Nights' Entertainment,' a volume of stories, 1897; and 'Songs of Erinn,' 1899.

He is a constant and welcome contributor to the Dublin press. His poetry is racy and original, and chiefly descriptive of peasant life in County Wexford. The half-serious, half-mocking love-making of the Irish peasant is faithfully and simply pictured by him. His 'Fenian Nights' Entertainment' is a series of Ossianic legends compiled from various sources,—written in peasant dialect, with a view to making the old pre-Christian legends of Erin known and attractive to the peasants themselves.

FIONN MACCUMHAIL AND THE PRINCESS.

From the 'Fenian Nights' Entertainments.'

Wance upon a time, when things was a great 'le betther in Ireland than they are at present, when a rale king ruled over the counthry wid four others undher him to look afther the craps an' other industhries, there lived a young chief called Fan MaCool. Now, this was long afore we gev up bowin' and scrapin' to the sun an' moon an' sich like *raumash;*[1] an' signs an it, there was a powerful lot ov witches an' Druids, an' enchanted min an' wimen goin' about, that med things quare enough betimes for ivery wan.

Well, Fan, as I sed afore, was a young man when he kem to the command, an' a purty likely lookin' boy, too—there was nothin' too hot or too heavy for him; an' so ye needn't be a bit surprised if I tell ye he was the mischief entirely wid the *colleens.* Nothin' delighted him more than to disguise himself wid an ould *coatamore*[2] threwn over his showlder, a lump ov a *kippeen* in his fist an' he mayanderin' about unknownst, *rings around* the counthry, lookin' for fun an' *foosther*[3] ov all kinds.

Well, one fine mornin', whin he was *on the shaughraun,*

[1] *Raumash*, nonsense. [2] *Coatamore*, coat. [3] *Foosther*, diversion.

he was *waumasin'* [1] about through Leinster, an' near the royal palace ov Glendalough he seen a mighty throng ov grand lords an' ladies, an', my dear, they all dressed up to the nines, wid their jewels shinin' like dewdrops ov a May mornin', and laughin' like the tinkle ov a *deeshy* [2] mountain strame over the white rocks. So he cocked his beaver, an' stole over to see what was the matther.

Lo an' behould ye, what were they at but houldin' a race-meetin' or *faysh* [3]—somethin' like what the quality calls *atalétick*s now! There they were, jumpin', and runnin', and coorsin', an' all soorts ov fun, enough to make the trouts—an' they 're mighty fine leppers enough—die wid envy in the river benaith them.

The fun wint on fast an' furious, an' Fan, consaled betune the *trumauns* [4] an' *brushna,* [5] could hardly keep himself quiet, seein' the thricks they wor at. Peepin' out, he seen, jist forninst him on the other bank, the prencess herself, betune the high-up ladies ov the coort. She was a fine, bouncin' *geersha* [6] with goold hair like the furze an' cheeks like an apple blossom, an' she brakin' her heart laughin' an' clappin' her hands an' turnin' her head this a-way an' that a-way, jokin' wid this wan an' that wan, an' commiseratin', *moryah!* [7] the poor *gossoons* that failed in their leps. Fan liked the looks ov her well, an' whin the boys had run in undher a bame up to their knees an' jumped up over another wan as high as their chins, the great trial ov all kem on. Maybe you 'd guess what that was? But I 'm afeerd you won't if I gev you a hundhered guesses! It was to lep the strame, forty foot wide!

List'nin' to them whisperin' to wan another, Fan heerd them tellin' that whichever ov them could manage it wud be med a great man intirely ov; he wud get the Prencess Maynish in marriage, an' ov coorse wud be med king ov Leinster when the ould king, Garry, her father, cocked his toes an' looked up through the butts ov the daisies at the skhy. Well, whin Fan h'ard this, he was put *to a nonplush* to know what to do! With his ould *duds* on him, he was ashamed ov his life to go out into the open, to have the eyes ov the whole wurruld on him, an' his heart wint down to his big toe as he watched the boys makin' their offers at

[1] *Waumasin'*, strolling. [2] *Deeshy*, small. [3] *Faysh*, festival.
[4] *Trumauns*, elder trees. [5] *Brushna*, furze. [6] *Geersha*, girl.
[7] *Moryah*, forsooth.

the lep. But no wan ov them was soople enough for the job, an' they kep on tumblin', wan afther the other, into the strame; so that the poor prencess began to look sorryful whin her favorite, a big hayro wid a *coolyeen* a yard long—an' more betoken he was a boy o' the Byrnes from Imayle—jist tipped the bank forninst her wid his right fut, an' then twistin', like a crow in the air scratchin' her head with her claw, he spraddled wide open in the wather, and splashed about like a hake in a mudbank! Well, me dear, Fan forgot himself, an' gev a screech like an aigle; an' wid that, the ould king started, the ladies all screamed, an' Fan was surrounded. In less than a minit an' a half they dragged me bould Fan be the collar ov his coat right straight around to the king himself.

"What ould *geochagh*[1] have we now?" sez the king, lookin' very hard at Fan.

"I 'm Fan MaCool!" sez the thief ov the wurruld, as cool as a frog.

"Well, Fan MaCool or not," sez the king, mockin' him, "ye 'll have to jump the sthrame yander for freckenin' the lives clane out ov me ladies," sez he, "an' for disturbin' our spoort ginerally," sez he.

"An' what 'll I get for that same?" sez Fan, *lettin' on* he was afeerd.

"Me daughter, Maynish," sez the king, wid a laugh; for he thought, ye see, Fan would be drownded.

"Me hand on the bargain," sez Fan; but the owld chap gev him a rap on the knuckles wid his *specktre* (scepter) an' towld him to hurry up, or he 'd get the *ollaves*[2] to put him in the Black Dog pres'n or the Marshals—I forgets which—it 's so long gone by!

Well, Fan peeled off his *coatamore,* an' threw away his *bottheen* ov a stick, an' the prencess seein' his big body an' his long arums an' legs like an oaktree, couldn't help remarkin' to her comerade, the craythur—

"Bedad, *Cauth,*" sez she, "but this beggarman is a fine bit ov a *bouchal,*" sez she; "it 's in the arumy he ought to be," sez she, lookin' at him agen, an' admirin' him, like.

So, Fan, purtendin' to be fixin' his shoes be the bank, jist pulled two *lusmores*[3] an put them anunder his heels; for thim wor the fairies' own flowers that works all soort

[1] *Geochagh*, beggar. [2] *Ollaves*, judges. [3] *Lusmores*, foxgloves.

ov inchantment, an' he, ov coorse, knew all about it; for he got the wrinkle from an owld *lenaun*[1] named Cleena, that nursed him when he was a little stand-a-loney.

Well, me dear, ye'd think it was on'y over a little *creepie*[2] stool he was leppin' whin he landed like a thrish jist at the fut ov the prencess; an' his father's son he was, that put his two arums around her, an' gev her a kiss—faith, ye'd hear the smack ov it at the Castle o' Dublin. The ould king groaned like a corncrake, an' pulled out his hair in hatfuls, an' at last he ordhered the bowld beggar-man off to be kilt; but, begorrah, when they tuk off his weskit an' seen the collar ov goold around Fan's neck the ould chap became delighted, for he knew thin he had the commandher ov Airyun for a son-in-law.

"Hello!" sez the king, "who have we now?" sez he, seein' the collar. "Begonnys," sez he, "you're no *boccagh*[3] anyways!"

"I'm Fan MaCool," sez the other, as impident as a cock sparra'; "have you anything to say agen me?" for his name wasn't up, at that time, like afther.

"Ay, lots to say agen you. How dar' you be comin' round this a-way, dressed like a playacthor, takin' us in?" sez the king, lettin' on to be vexed; "an' now," sez he, "to annoy you, you'll have to go an' jump back agen afore you gets me daughter for *puttin' on* us in such a manner."

"Your will is my pleasure," sez Fan; "but I must have a word or two with the girl first," sez he, an' up he goes an' commences talkin' soft to her, an' the king got as mad as a hatther at the way the two were *croosheenin'* an' *colloguin*,[4] an' not mindin' him no more than if he was the man in the moon, when who comes up but the Prence ov Imayle, afther dryin' himself, to put his pike in the hay, too.

"Well, *avochal*,"[5] sez Fan, "are you dry yet?" an' the prencess laughed like a bell round a cat's neck.

"You think yourself a smart lad, I suppose," sez the other; "but there's one thing you can't do wid all your prate!"

"What's that?" sez Fan. "Maybe not," sez he.

[1] *Lenaun*, fairy guardian. [2] *Creepie*, three-legged. [3] *Boccagh*, beggar.
[4] *Croosheenin'* an' *colloguin'*, whispering and talking.
[5] *Avochal*, my boy.

"You couldn't whistle an' chaw oatenmale," sez the Prence ov Imayle, in a pucker. "Are you any good at throwin' a stone?" sez he, then.

"The best!" sez Fan, an' all the coort gother round like to a cock-fight. "Where 'll we throw to?" sez he.

"In to'ards Dublin," sez the Prence ov Imayle; an' be all accounts he was a great hand at *cruistin.*[1] "Here goes pink!" sez he, an' he ups with a stone, as big as a castle, an' sends it flyin' in the air like a cannon ball, and it never stopped till it landed on top ov the Three Rock Mountain.

"I 'm your masther!" sez Fan, pickin' up another *clochaun*[2] an' sendin' it a few perch beyant the first.

"That you 're not," sez the Prence ov Imayle, an' he done his best, an' managed to send another finger stone beyant Fan's throw; an' shure, the three stones are to be seen, be all the world, to this very day.

"Well, me lad," says Fan, stoopin' for another as big as a hill, "I 'm sorry I have to bate you; but I can't help it," sez he, lookin' over at the Prencess Maynish, an' she as mute as a mouse watchin' the two big men, an' the ould king showin' fair play, as delighted as a child. "Watch this," sez he, whirlin' his arm like a windmill, "and now put on your spectacles," sez he; and away he sends the stone, buzzin' through the air like a peggin'-top, over the other three *clochauns,* and then across Dublin Bay, an' scrapin' the nose off ov Howth, it landed with a swish in the say beyant it. That 's the rock they calls Ireland's Eye now!

"Be the so an' so!" sez the king, "I don't know where that went to, at all, at all! What *direct* did you send it?" sez he to Fan. "I had it in view, till it went over the say," sez he.

"I 'm bet!" sez the Prence ov Imayle. "I couldn't pass that, for I can't see where you put it, even—good-bye to yous," sez he, turnin' on his heel an' makin off; "an' may yous two be as happy as I can wish you!" An' back he went to the butt ov Lugnaquilla, an' took to fret, an' I undherstand shortly afther he died ov a broken heart; an' they put a turtle-dove on his tombstone to signify that he died for love; but *I* think he overstrained himself, throwin', though that 's nayther here nor there with me story!

[1] *Cruistin,* throwing. [2] *Clochaun,* stone.

"Are you goin' to lep back agen?" sez ould King Garry, wantin' to see more sport; for he tuk as much delight in seein' the like as if he was a lad ov twenty.

"To be shure I will!" sez Fan, ready enough, "but I 'll have to take the girl over with me this time!" sez he.

"Oh, no, Fan!" sez Maynish, afeerd ov her life he might stumble, an' that he 'd fall in with her; an' then she 'd have to fall out with him—"take me father with you," sez she; an', egonnys, the ould king thought more about himself than any ov them, an' sed he 'd take the will for the deed, like the lawyers. So the weddin' went on; an' maybe that wasn't the grand *blow out.* But I can't stay to tell yous all the fun they had for a fortnit; on'y, me dear, they all went into *kinks* ov laughin', when the ould king, who tuk more than was good for him, stood up to drink Fan's health, an' forgot himself.

"Here 's to'ards your good health, Fan MaCool!" sez he, as grand as you like—"an' a long life to you, an' a happy wife to you—an' a great many ov them!" sez he, like he 'd forgot somethin'.

Well, me dear, every one was splittin' their sides like the p'yates, unless the prencess, an' *she* got as red in the face as if she was churnin' in the winther an' the frost keepin' the crame from crackin'; but she got over it like the maisles.

But I suppose you can guess the remainder, an' as the evenin 's gettin' forrad I 'll stop; so put down the kittle an' make tay, an' if Fan and the Prencess Maynish didn't live happy together—that we may!

OLD PEDHAR CARTHY FROM CLONMORE.

If you searched the county o' Carlow, ay, and back again,
Wicklow too, and Wexford, for that matter you might try,
Never the equal of Old Pedhar would you crack again'—
Never such another would delight your Irish eye!
Mirth, mime, and mystery, all were close combined in him,
Divelment and drollery right to the very core,
As many tricks and turns as a two-year-old you 'd find in him—
In Old Pedhar Carthy from Clonmore!
Old Pedhar, Old Pedhar, Old Pedhar Carthy!
Old Pedhar Carthy from Clonmore!

Shure, whene'er the *bouchals* used to have a game o' "Forty-five,"
Pedhar was the master who could teach them how to play;
Bring a half-crown—though you lost it, yet, as I 'm alive,
You 'd be a famous player to your distant dying day.
Scornful grew his look if they chanced to hang your king or queen;
Better for your peace o' mind you 'd never crossed his door.
"You to play cards!" would he mutter in sarcasm keen—
Old Pedhar Carthy from Clonmore!
Old Pedhar, Old Pedhar, Old Pedhar Carthy!
Old Pedhar Carthy from Clonmore!

Politics he knew better than the men in Parliament,
And the wars in Europe for the past half-century;
If you were to hear him with Cornelius Keogh in argument,
Arranging every matter that was wrong in history!
Ah! but if the talking ever traveled back to "Ninety-eight,"
Then our Pedhar's diatribes grew vehement and sore.
Rebel in his heart, how he hated to have long to wait!—
Old Pedhar Carthy from Clonmore!
Old Pedhar, Old Pedhar, Old Pedhar Carthy!
Old Pedhar Carthy from Clonmore!

The mischief for tricks, he was never done inventing them;
Once he yoked Dan Donohoe's best milker to the plow—
At the Fair of Hacketstown there was no circumventing him;
He 'd clear a crowd of *salachs*,[1] and you never could tell how!
The Ryans and the Briens and their factions were afraid of him;
For Pedhar's fighting kippeen could command a ready score.
Woe to the boys that spoke *cruked*, undismayed of him—
Of Old Pedhar Carthy from Clonmore!
Old Pedhar, Old Pedhar, Old Pedhar Carthy!
Old Pedhar Carthy from Clonmore!

But the times grew bad, and the people talked so well and wise,
Fighting left poor Ireland, and mad mischief had its head;
Pedhar, left alone, began to muse and to soliloquize,
Until the dear old fellow couldn't bear to leave the bed.
But when dead and buried all the neighbors felt his bitter loss—
The place in Pedhar's absence such a look of sorrow wore—
They sighed and cried in turn from great Eagle Hill to Cameross

[1] *Salachs*, untidy people, tinkers, etc.

For Old Pedhar Carthy from Clonmore!
Old Pedhar, Old Pedhar, Old Pedhar Carthy!
Old Pedhar Carthy from Clonmore!

Old Pedhar, Old Pedhar, Old Pedhar Carthy!
Old Pedhar Carthy from Clonmore!

LIGHT O' THE WORLD.

"Love, will you come with me into the tomb?" spake from his coffin the dead young man.
"Yea, I will go with you, whither you will, wheresoever a maiden can."
"Open, open, Grave," he cried, "and let the Light o' the Meadows through."
"Ay," said the girl, with a loving sigh, "and let the Fair Maid too."

Long was the way till they reached the hills—"Still will you go?" said the dead young man.
"Yea, I will go with you, whither you will, wheresoever a maiden can."
"Open wide, Green Hills," he cried, "and let the Light o' the Green Hill through."
"Ay," said the girl, with a weary sigh, "and let the Fair Maid too."

Cold was the way till they reached the sea—"Still will you go?" said the dead young man.
"Yea, I will go with you, whither you will, wheresoever a maiden can."
"Open, open, Sea," he cried, "and let the Light o' the Waters through."
"Ay," said the girl, with a piteous sigh, "and let the Fair Maid too."

Dark was the way till they reached the sun—"Still will you go?" said the dead young man.
"Yea, I will go with you, whither you will, wheresoever a maiden can."
"Open, open, Sun," he cried, "and let the Light o' the World a-through."
"Ay," said the girl, with a joyful cry, "and let the Fair Maid too."

HERSELF AND MYSELF.

AN OLD MAN'S SONG.

'T was beyond at Macreddin, at Owen Doyle's weddin',
The boys got the pair of us out for a reel.
Says I: "Boys, excuse us." Says they: "Don't refuse us."
"I 'll play nice and aisy," says Larry O'Neil.
So off we went trippin' it, up an' down steppin' it—
Herself and Myself on the back of the doore;
Till Molly—God bless her!—fell into the dresser,
An' I tumbled over a child on the floore.

Says Herself to Myself: "We 're as good as the best of them."
Says Myself to Herself: "Sure, we 're betther than gold."
Says Herself to Myself: "We 're as young as the rest o' them."
Says Myself to Herself: "Troth, we 'll never grow old."

As down the lane goin', I felt my heart growin'
As young as it was forty-five years ago.
'T was here in this *bóreen* I first kissed my *stóireen*—
A sweet little colleen with skin like the snow.
I looked at my woman—a song she was hummin'
As old as the hills, so I gave her a *pogue;*
'T was like our old courtin', half sarious, half sportin',
When Molly was young, an' when hoops were in vogue.

When she 'd say to Myself: "You can court with the best o' them."
When I 'd say to Herself: "Sure, I 'm betther than gold."
When she 'd say to Myself: "You 're as wild as the rest o' them."
And I 'd say to Herself: "Troth, I 'm time enough old."

MICHAEL JOSEPH McCANN.

(1824—1883.)

M. J. McCann was born in Galway in 1824. His early education was a good one, for he was appointed to a professorship in St. Jarlath's College, Tuam, when quite a young man.

The poem which made him famous, 'O'Donnell Aboo,' was written while he held that position, and appeared in *The Nation* in January, 1843. It has been translated into several languages.

He edited two short-lived periodicals, *The Harp* and *The Irish Harp*, and among the contributors were many whose names have since become famous— Dr. Sigerson, Dr. Joyce, Dr. Campion, Red John O'Hanlon, and others. He visited this country during the sixties and afterward was a journalist in London, where he died, Jan. 31, 1883.

O'DONNELL ABOO.

Proudly the note of the trumpet is sounding,
Loudly the war-cries arise on the gale;
Fleetly the steed by Lough Swilly is bounding,
To join the thick squadrons in Saimear's green vale.
On, ev'ry mountaineer,
Strangers to flight and fear!
Rush to the standard of dauntless Red Hugh!
Bonnaught and gallowglass,
Throng from each mountain pass;
On for old Erin, "O'Donnell Aboo!"

Princely O'Neill to our aid is advancing
With many a chieftain and warrior clan,
A thousand proud steeds in his vanguard are prancing
'Neath the borderers brave from the banks of the Bann;
Many a heart shall quail
Under its coat of mail;
Deeply the merciless foeman shall rue,
When on his ear shall ring,
Borne on the breezes' wing,
Tir Connell's dread war-cry, "O'Donnell Aboo!"

Wildly o'er Desmond the war-wolf is howling;
Fearless the eagle sweeps over the plain;
The fox in the streets of the city is prowling;
All, all who would scare them are banished or slain.
Grasp every stalwart hand

Hackbut and battle brand,
Pay them all back the debt so long due;
Norris and Clifford well
Can of Tir Connell tell;
Onward to glory, "O'Donnell Aboo!"

Sacred the cause of Clan Connaill's defending,
The altars we kneel at, the homes of our sires;
Ruthless the ruin the foe is extending,
Midnight is red with the plunderers' fires.
On with O'Donnell, then,
Fight the old fight again,
Sons of Tir Connell, all valiant and true.
Make the false Saxon feel
Erin's avenging steel!
Strike for your country, "O'Donnell Aboo!"

DENIS FLORENCE MacCARTHY.

(1817—1882.)

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY was born in 1817. He is a descendant of the great Clan of MacCaura, whose glories he has celebrated in verse. He was trained for the law, but never practiced. Mr. MacCarthy was a constant contributor to *The Nation* in its early days, and some of his finest and best poems belong to that period. In 1850 the first collected edition of his works appeared, under the title 'Ballads, Poems, and Lyrics,' which contained, besides the original pieces, translations from most of the European languages, Mr. MacCarthy, like Mangan, Lady Wilde, and several other Irish singers, being a student of other literatures than his own.

In 1853 he gave further proof of both poetic talents and linguistic attainments by publishing translations of Calderon's dramas, a work which has had high praise. In 1857 appeared a second collection of poems, under the title 'Under-Glimpses and other Poems,' and in the same year was also published the 'Bell-Founder and other Poems.' 'Shelley's Early Life from Original Sources' (1872) brought out some highly interesting facts in reference to the great English poet, especially as to that period of his youth when he for a while threw himself into the struggles of Ireland for the amelioration of her laws. In the centenary of Moore he was naturally chosen to take a leading part, and composed an ode which was fully worthy of the great occasion. Mr. MacCarthy has also edited an excellent 'Book of Irish Ballads' and 'The Poets and Dramatists of Ireland.' He was appointed professor of English literature in the Catholic University of Dublin, and died April 7, 1882.

CEASE TO DO EVIL—LEARN TO DO WELL.[1]

O thou whom sacred duty hither calls,
  Some glorious hours in freedom's cause to dwell,
Read the mute lesson on thy prison walls—
  "Cease to do evil—learn to do well!"

If haply thou art one of genius vast,
  Of generous heart, of mind sublime and grand,
Who all the spring-time of thy life hast passed
  Battling with tyrants for thy native land—
If thou hast spent thy summer, as thy prime,
  The serpent brood of bigotry to quell,
Repent, repent thee of thy hideous crime—
  "Cease to do evil—learn to do well!"

[1] Inscription on the prison where O'Connell, his son John, T. M. Ray, Thomas Steele, Richard Barrett, John Gray, and Charles Gavan Duffy were imprisoned on the verdict for conspiracy, afterward quashed by the House of Lords.

If thy great heart beat warmly in the cause
Of outraged man, whate'er his race might be—
If thou hast preached the Christian's equal laws,
And stayed the lash beyond the Indian sea—
If at thy call a nation rose sublime—
If at thy voice seven million fetters fell,
Repent, repent thee of thy hideous crime—
"Cease to do evil—learn to do well!"

If thou hast seen thy country's quick decay,
And, like a prophet, raised thy saving hand,
And pointed out the only certain way
To stop the plague, that ravaged o'er the land—
If thou hast summoned from an alien clime
Her banished senate here at home to dwell,
Repent, repent thee of thy hideous crime—
"Cease to do evil—learn to do well!"

Or if, perchance, a younger man thou art,
Whose ardent soul in throbbings doth aspire,
Come weal, come woe, to play the patriot's part
In the bright footsteps of thy glorious sire!
If all the pleasures of life's youthful time
Thou hast abandoned for the martyr's cell,
Do thou repent thee of thy hideous crime—
"Cease to do evil—learn to do well!"

Or art thou one [1] whom early science led
To walk with Newton through the immense of heaven,
Who soared with Milton and with Mina bled,
And all thou hadst in Freedom's cause hast given?
Oh! fond enthusiast—in the after-time
Our children's children of your worth shall tell!
England proclaims thy honesty a crime—
"Cease to do evil—learn to do well!"

Or art thou one [2] whose strong and fearless pen
Roused the young isle, and bade it dry its tears,
And gathered round thee ardent, gifted men,
The hope of Ireland in the coming years—
Who dares in prose and heart-awakening rhyme
Bright hopes to breathe, and bitter truths to tell?
Oh! dangerous criminal, repent thy crime—
"Cease to do evil—learn to do well!"

[1] Thomas Steele, a "young Protestant of Cromwellian descent, whose enthusiasm for liberty led him to volunteer among the Spanish revolutionists under Mina." [2] C. G. Duffy.

"Cease to do evil"—aye! ye madmen, cease!
Cease to love Ireland, cease to serve her well,
Make with her foes a foul and fatal peace,
And quick will ope your darkest, dreariest cell.
"Learn to do well"—aye! learn to betray—
Learn to revile the land in which you dwell;
England will bless you on your altered way—
"Cease to do evil—learn to do well!"

THE PILLAR TOWERS OF IRELAND.

The pillar towers of Ireland, how wondrously they stand
By the lakes and rushing rivers, through the valleys of our land!
In mystic file, through the isle, they lift their heads sublime,
These gray old pillar temples—these conquerors of time!

Beside these gray old pillars, how perishing and weak
The Roman's arch of triumph, and the temple of the Greek,
And the gold domes of Byzantium, and the pointed Gothic spires:
All are gone, one by one, but the temples of our sires!

The column, with its capital, is level with the dust,
And the proud halls of the mighty, and the calm homes of the just;
For the proudest works of man, as certainly, but slower,
Pass like the grass at the sharp scythe of the mower!

But the grass grows again, when, in majesty and mirth,
On the wing of the Spring comes the goddess of the Earth;
But for man, in this world, no spring-tide e'er returns
To the labors of his hands or the ashes of his urns!

Two favorites hath Time—the pyramids of Nile,
And the old mystic temples of our own dear isle;
As the breeze o'er the seas, where the halcyon has its nest,
Thus Time o'er Egypt's tombs and the temples of the West!

The names of their founders have vanished in the gloom,
Like the dry branch in the fire or the body in the tomb;
But to-day, in the ray, their shadows still they cast—
These temples of forgotten gods—these relics of the past!

CHURCH RUINS, HOLY ISLAND, LOUGH DERG

From a photograph



Around these walls have wandered the Briton and the Dane—
The captives of Armorica, the cavaliers of Spain—
Phœnician and Milesian, and the plundering Norman peers—
And the swordsmen of brave Brian, and the chiefs of later years.

How many different rites have these gray old temples known!
To the mind, what dreams are written in these chronicles of stone!
What terror and what error, what gleams of love and truth,
Have flashed from these walls since the world was in its youth!

Here blazed the sacred fire, and when the sun was gone,
As a star from afar to the traveler it shone;
And the warm blood of the victim have these gray old temples drunk,
And the death-song of the Druid, and the matin of the Monk.

Here was placed the holy chalice that held the sacred wine,
And the gold cross from the altar, and the relics from the shrine,
And the mitre shining brighter with its diamonds than the East,
And the crozier of the Pontiff, and the vestments of the Priest!

Where blazed the sacred fire, rung out the vesper bell,—
Where the fugitive found shelter, became the hermit's cell;
And hope hung out its symbol to the innocent and good,
For the Cross o'er the moss of the pointed summit stood!

There may it stand for ever, while this symbol doth impart
To the mind one glorious vision, or one proud throb to the heart;
While the breast needeth rest may these gray old temples last,
Bright prophets of the future, as preachers of the past!

LINES FROM THE CENTENARY ODE TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS MOORE.

And as not only by the Calton Mountain,
Is Scotland's bard remembered and revered,
But wheresoe'er, like some o'erflowing fountain,
Its hardy race a prosperous path has cleared,

There, 'mid the roar of newly rising cities,
His glorious name is heard on every tongue,
There, to the music of immortal ditties,
His lays of love, his patriot songs are sung.

So not alone beside that Bay of beauty
That guards the portals of his native town,
Where, like two watchful sentinels on duty,
Howth and Killiney from their heights look down,—

But wheresoe'er the exiled race hath drifted,
By what far sea, what mighty stream beside,
There shall to-day the poet's name be lifted,
And Moore proclaimed its glory and its pride.

There shall his name be held in fond memento,
There shall his songs resound for evermore,
Whether beside the golden Sacramento,
Or where Niagara's thunder shakes the shore;—

For all that 's bright indeed must fade and perish,
And all that 's sweet when sweetest not endure,
Before the world shall cease to love and cherish
The wit and song, the name and fame of MOORE.

JUSTIN McCARTHY.

(1830 ——)

JUSTIN MCCARTHY was born in Cork in November, 1830. He was educated there privately ; at that time no Roman Catholic in the British Islands could receive an academic degree. He was first of all a journalist in Cork. In 1853 he went to Liverpool, which was then—perhaps owing to the fact that an Irishman was the owner of a leading paper in the city—a favorite hunting-ground of Irish journalists, and retained his connection with one of the newspapers till 1860.

He then obtained a London engagement, being employed by *The Morning Star* as a member of its reporting staff. In the autumn of the same year he was appointed foreign editor, and in 1864 he became editor-in-chief. In 1868 he resigned his post and came to the United States. Here he found a public ready to welcome him ; for he was well known, both through his own writings and as the conductor of a journal that had been unswerving in its friendship to this country. Though he wrote a good deal while here, he chiefly employed himself in lecturing, and performed the remarkable feat of visiting nearly every town in the Union. On his return to England, Mr. McCarthy was offered an engagement as a leader-writer on *The Daily News*.

Mr. McCarthy has found time to write a number of works which have made his name familiar throughout the whole English-speaking world. His first novel, 'The Waterdale Neighbors,' was published in 1867. To this have succeeded 'My Enemy's Daughter,' 1869 ; 'Lady Judith,' 1871 ; 'A Fair Saxon,' 1873—a work in which, we may mention *en passant*, the Anglo-Irish difficulty is discussed in a very good-tempered, and, indeed, it may be said, charming fashion, for the disputants are a beautiful English woman and an Irish lover ; 'Linley Rochford,' 1874 ; 'Dear Lady Disdain,' 1875; 'Miss Misanthrope,' 1877; 'Donna Quixote,' 1880; 'Maid of Athens'; and 'Red Diamonds.' The qualities which distinguish all these works are a graceful, elegant, transparent style ; keen insight into character, especially female character ; and a satire which is never absolutely cruel, though it can occasionally be sharp.

His most successful work, and that perhaps on which he would prefer his reputation to rest, is, however, in quite another line. As a historian he takes high rank. His 'History of Our Own Times,' written in lucid and vigorous English, free from party spirit and abounding in picturesque description and striking portraits, is already a standard book, and he has also made the following contributions to historical literature : 'A History of the Four Georges,' 'An Epoch of Reform,' 'The Life of Sir Robert Peel,' 'Life of Pope Leo XIII.,' 'The Story of Mr. Gladstone's Life,' 1898; 'Modern England,' 1898; and 'Reminiscences,' 1899. Mr. McCarthy is also the author of a volume of essays entitled 'Con Amore' and of 'Ireland's Cause in England's Parliament.'

In 1879 he stood for County Longford and was returned without opposition. He was again returned for this county at the general election in 1880. From 1886 to 1892 he represented Derry City. He was for six years Chairman of that section of the Irish Parliamentary party which seceded from Mr. Parnell in 1890.

NATHANIEL P. CRAMP.

From 'Dear Lady Disdain.'

The genius of young liberty had indeed not yet proved propitious to Natty Cramp. He landed at Hoboken, on the New Jersey shore of the North River at New York, one sunny and lovely morning, and he gazed across at the somewhat confused and unalluring river front of the great city, with the air of a conqueror. The fresh breath of freedom, he proudly said to himself, was already filling him with new manhood. But New York is in some ways a discouraging place to land at. There are no cabs; and there are no street porters; and to hire a "hack" carriage is expensive; and to track out one's way in the street cars and the stages is almost hopeless work for the new comer. Then the examination at the Custom-house was long and vexatious; and yet, when Natty got through the Custom-house, he felt as if he were thrown adrift on the world without any one more to care about him. As Melisander in Thomson's poem declares that, bad as were the wretches who deserted him, he never heard a sound more dismal than that of their parting oars, so, little as Nathaniel Cramp liked the brusque ways of the Custom-house officers, he felt a sort of regret when they had released him and his baggage, and he found himself absolutely turned loose upon the world and his own resources.

This small preliminary disappointment was ominous. Natty had come out with a little money and a great faith in himself and his destiny. He had the usual notion that New York and the United States in general are waiting eagerly to be instructed in anything by Europeans, and especially by Englishmen. Having failed utterly in London, he thought he must be qualified to succeed in New York. His idea was to give lectures and write books—poems especially. He soon found that every second person in America delivers lectures, and that every village has at

least three poets—two women and one man. He had brought a few letters of introduction from some members of the church of the future in London, to congenial spirits in New York, and he made thereby the acquaintance of the editor of a spiritualist journal, of a German confectioner and baker who had a small shop on Fourth avenue (and Fourth avenue is to Fifth avenue as Knightsbridge is to Park Lane or Piccadilly), and of a lady who wore trousers and called herself the Rev. Theodosia Judd.

The influence of these persons over New York, however, was limited, and although they endeavored to get an audience for one of Natty's lectures at a very little hall in a cross street far up town, the public did not rush in, and Nat delivered his lecture so feebly that a few of the few who were in went boldly out again, and one elderly man produced from his pocket a copy of the New York *Evening Mail,* and read it steadily through. Yet the spiritualist journal had had several little notices preliminary of Natty, whom it described variously as Professor Cramp and Doctor Cramp, the celebrated author and lecturer, from London, England; and this was a secret delight to Nathaniel, for the blind fury with abhorred shears might slit away his audiences, but not the printed and published praise. It cheered him for a little while to be thus publicly complimented, and he said to himself, with great pride, that that came of being in a land of equality, and that he would have been long in London before the hireling and subservient press of that city would thus have spoken of him.

Still New York as a community was absolutely unawakened to any recognition or even knowledge of Natty's existence, and his money was melting away. He "boarded" very modestly in a quiet little cross street, where he paid but a few dollars a week, but he was earning nothing. There were awful moments when, as he passed some of the showy hairdressing shops in Broadway, and saw the richly dressed ladies going in and out, he began to wonder whether he had not better take at once to the single craft and mystery whereof he was really possessed, and do for the curls and chignons of Broadway what he had done in other days for those of Wigmore street. But his pride would not as yet suffer this. He went home to his bed-

room in the boarding-house and read over again the paragraph in the spiritualist paper which spoke of his literary gifts, and he vowed that he would never stoop to curl heads of hair again—never.

Suddenly another chance opened up for him. His friend the editor of the spiritualist journal came to him one day with the grand news that he had procured him an appointment to deliver a lecture in the Lyceum course of Acroceraunia, one of the rising cities on the northwestern confines of New York State. Acroceraunia was beginning now to hold its head pretty high in the world. It had already celebrated the twentieth anniversary of its foundation, and as its neighbor and rival, Pancorusky City, had long been having its Lyceum winter course of lectures, Acroceraunia had at last made up its mind for a winter course of lectures as well. All the leading citizens had come forward most spiritedly, and so liberal were the promises of assistance that Acroceraunia put itself in communication at once with the American Literary Bureau of New York, to engage a certain limited number of "star" lecturers, the other nights of the course to be filled up with local and volunteer talent, and any rising young lecturers who might be known to private members of the committee, and might be willing to offer their lecture for a modest sum in consideration of the opening thus afforded. Now the brother of the spiritualist editor was one of the most important men in all Acroceraunia. He edited the Republican journal of that city. He wrote to his brother in New York requesting him to recommend some promising young lecturer who would not object to take twenty-five dollars and his expenses. The "stars" would not any of them shine for an hour on Acroceraunia under a hundred dollars, and many of them could not even be tempted out of their ordinary spheres by such a sum as that; and some again were so heavily engaged in advance that Acroceraunia would not have a chance of getting them on any terms for many seasons to come. In fact, Acroceraunia had only engaged two genuine stars for her course, one to open and one to close it. There seemed a great deal too much local talent and singing society in between, and therefore some padding of a less familiar kind had to be sought out. Hence the offer to Natty Cramp.

Nathaniel jumped at it. He was beginning to fear that he never again should have a chance of testing his rhetorical skill; and besides twenty-five dollars, look you, are equivalent to five pounds, and would be a substantial gain to Nathaniel Cramp. It so happened, too, that Nathaniel suited the conditions of the Lyceum course of Acroceraunia very well. That season, and indeed for some seasons back, all the Lyceums had had some lecturer from London, England, in their course. But when Acroceraunia had secured, and with immense difficulty, its two American stars, there was not nearly enough of money still in prospect or possibility to enable them to get one of the British luminaries as well. Therefore Nathaniel Cramp was positively a godsend. "The celebrated English orator, Professor Nathaniel P. Cramp, from London, England," would look very well on the placards and advertisements. The people of Acroceraunia were in general a steady-going, home-keeping community. They rose early, they worked hard, and when the gentlemen of a family came home in the evening they generally went to sleep on the lounge after supper, and were awakened by their wives in time to go to bed at a proper hour. They never dreamed of trips to Europe in the summer, and they did not take in the British journals. For half of them, then, the name of Natty Cramp would do just as well as that of any of the more distinguished Britons who were stumping the States that fall.

So Nathaniel accepted the offer, and when the time came he took the train for Acroceraunia. He traveled all night and arrived at Acroceraunia about eleven o'clock next morning. He was straining his eyes anxiously for the spires and domes of the city where he was to make what he really held to be his *début* as a lecturer in the States; but when the train stopped he could see no spires, no domes, no city. The land wherever his eye could reach was covered with snow; he saw nothing but snow. Natty was beginning to think this could not be the right station at all, when the brakesman at the upper end of the car, who had been madly straining and tugging at his piece of mechanism like a sailor set all alone to work at a capstan, suddenly dashed open the door and shouted "Acroceraunу!" and Nat had to bundle himself out,

portmanteau and all, as quickly as he could, on the wooden platform of the station. He stood hesitatingly a few moments, expecting to find some one to receive him. But there was clearly no one there to escort him, and the train had gone its way.

He took up his portmanteau and walked slowly, doubtfully out of the station, wondering what he should do next. Outside the station he saw two staggery and ramshackle looking omnibuses waiting. One had in its day been a Fulton ferry omnibus in New York, and bore on its side the well-known pictorial ornamentations, a little faded, which distinguish that conveyance as it rumbles up and down Broadway and Fulton street. This omnibus now belonged to the "Acroceraunia House." The other was in the service of the "American Hotel." Natty thought as he had to choose he ought to give the preference to the hostelry which assumed the name of the city which had honored him with its invitation, and so he got into the carriage of the Acroceraunia House, feeling very much out of spirits, and divided mentally between an anxiety to know where Acroceraunia was and a feeble wish that the moment of his arrival might be postponed as long as possible.

There was no other passenger in the omnibus as it jolted away. Nat was rather glad of that. He was rattled along white road after white road until he began to wonder whether the town had any right to consider itself as in any manner connected with the railway station which bore its name. At last a few houses appeared, each standing separately in its piece of ground. Most of the houses were built of wood, and had bright green shutters and little Grecian porticoes, and every house had a clothes-line. Natty must apparently have passed in review the "pantalettes" of the whole female population of Acroceraunia as he drove along. At last the omnibus turned into something which bore resemblance to a street, or at least was like a high-road with houses at each side. But Natty saw a little placard on a wall as they were turning into this street or road which for the moment withdrew his attention from everything else, and made him blush and feel shy, proud, terrified, and delighted. For he could see on it the words "Lyceum Lecture Course," "This Night,"

and "Professor Nathaniel P. Cramp, of London, England." Natty positively drew himself into a corner of the omnibus as if every eye must have been looking out for him, or as if he were Lady Godiva riding through Coventry and had just been seized with a suspicion of the craft of Peeping Tom. But pride soon came to Natty's rescue again, and he felt that at last he was coming to be somebody; that this was the beginning of fame, and that the world comes to him who waits. He delivered to himself in a proud undertone the closing sentences of his lecture.

The omnibus stopped at last in front of a house of dark brick, with a sign swinging above, and after a good deal of clattering and stamping on the part of the horses, and cries of "Git up" on the part of the driver, it backed up to the porch and Professor Nathaniel P. Cramp got out. He made his way into the office of the hotel, a gaunt, bare room with a stove in the midst, a counter at one side, and a grave man behind the counter. When Nathaniel walked up to the counter the grave man turned round a huge ledger or register which lay before him, pushed it toward Nat, and handed him a pen without saying a word. Natty knew the ways of the new world well enough now to know what this meant. He inscribed himself in the book, Nathaniel Cramp, London, England. The grave man marked a number in the book opposite to Nat's name, and handed a key with a corresponding number to an Irish porter, who took Nat's portmanteau and preceded him upstairs. The porter opened the door of a small bare bedroom in a gusty corridor, and showed Natty in.

"Guess you 'll want a fire built?" said the porter.

"I should like a fire," Nat mildly answered.

The attendant put down the key of the room on the table, and Nat observed that the key was stuck or set in a large triangular piece of metal like the huge and ill-shaped hilt of a dagger.

"What do you have that thing on the keys for?" Nat asked.

"To keep the guests from putting 'em in their pockets —don't ye see?"

"And what matter if they did put them in their pockets?"

"Then they forgot 'em there, don't you see? When a

guest is in a hurry he never rec'lects to give up his key. Last fall every key in the Acrocerauny House was carr'd right off one morning. Now we fix 'em that way, don't you see? They can't put 'em in their pockets anyhow."

And the porter took himself off, loudly whistling as he went 'The Wearing of the Green.'

Presently he came back with wood and lit the stove. Natty was too dispirited to talk. He looked out of the window at the one long street white in the snow. Opposite was a "dry goods" store with a liberal display of red and white "clouds" (light soft shawls of fleecy worsted or some such material) for women, and with some spectral crinolines dangling at the door. Next was a shop where "rubbers"—india-rubber overshoes—were sold; next was a hardware shop; next a grocery store; then a blank wall, ornamented with a huge announcement of some sort of pill, and a small, square bill, which Natty knew to be the placard of his own lecture. It was now barely noon. Dinner, he had been informed, was at two; supper at six. What was he to do in the meantime?

A tap at the door. Natty called "Come in," and two men—one young, bright-eyed, handsome, and awkward; the other tall, hard-featured, and of middle age—came in. Nat bowed.

"Professor Cramp, I presume?" the elder visitor said.

Nat intimated that his name was Cramp, but he did not make it clear that he had no claim to the title of professor.

"Professor Cramp," the younger man struck in, "I have the pleasure of making you acquainted with the president of our society, Mr. Fullager."

Mr. Fullager and Nat solemnly shook hands.

"Professor Cramp," said Mr. Fullager, "I have the pleasure to make you acquainted with our secretary, Mr. Plummer, junior."

Nathaniel and Mr. Plummer shook hands. "There was a little mistake with regard to our meeting you at the depot," Mr. Fullager explained; and Nat luckily remembered that "depot," in Mr. Fullager's sense, corresponded with "station" in Nat's. "The train was on time to-day, which it usually is not, and when Mr. Plummer and I got to the depot you were gone, sir."

Nat affirmed that it didn't matter at all, and that he

was much obliged. His visitors were now seated, and were waiting calmly in silence, evidently understanding that the responsibility of the conversation rested on him. He felt that he must rise to the dignity of the situation somehow. A sudden inspiration possessed him, and he said—

"Yours is a very charming town, Mr. Fullager. It seems to grow very fast."

"It is quite a place, sir—quite a place."

"What population, now, have you?" And the wily Nat crossed one foot over the other knee, nursed the foot with his hand, put his head sideways, and waited for an answer with the air of one who had studied populations a good deal.

"Well, sir," Mr. Fullager said, after some grave deliberation, "we have forty-five hundred persons in this city."

"Forty-seven hundred," Mr. Plummer said.

"I guess not, sir—not quite so many."

"Not if you take in the houses on the other side of Colonel Twentyman's lot, Mr. Fullager?"

"Ah, well; yes—perhaps if you do that we should figure up to forty-seven hundred."

"That is a remarkable population," Mr. Cramp said patronizingly, "for so young a town." Nat hardly knew one population from another.

"We are only twenty years old, sir."

"Twenty years only! Wonderful!" Nat observed, with an air of dreamy enthusiasm.

Then there was another pause. The two visitors were perfectly composed. They gazed at the stove, and did not feel that they were called upon to say anything. They had come to pay their respects to the foreign lecturer as a matter of courtesy and politeness, and when they considered that they had remained long enough they would rise and go away. There are plenty of talkative Americans, no doubt, but the calm self-possession of silence is nowhere so manifest as among the men of some of the States.

But Nathaniel was much discomposed, and racked his brain for a topic.

"What kind of audiences do you have here, Mr. Fullager?" he asked, in another rush of inspiration.

"Well, sir (after some deliberation), I should say a

remarkably intelligent audience. You would say so, Mr. Plummer?"

"Decidedly so," said Mr. Plummer with a start, for he had been thinking of nothing in particular at the time. "Decidedly so, Mr. Fullager. Several gentlemen have told me that our audience is far more intelligent than that of Pancorusky City."

"Oh, yes. I should certainly have expected that," said Nat, with the air of one who was rather surprised to hear the comparison made, and who would not on any terms have consented to bring himself down to an audience such as that of Pancorusky City. Nat was really developing a considerable aptitude for playing the part of distinguished foreign visitor.

"Would you like to see some of our institutions, sir?" Mr. Fullager asked—"the City Hall, the ward schools, our water power, Deacon Rensselaer's sawmills?"

Nat said he should like it of all things; and he remembered that he must call on the editor of the Republican journal, to whom indirectly he owed his renewed chances of fame.

"We 'll call on them both, sir," said Mr. Fullager—"we 'll call on the editors of both our journals—the Democrat and the Republican. We have no politics, sir, in our association, and they both, sir, have said kind words about your visit and your lecture."

Nat professed himself delighted to have the chance of being presented to both the editors, and felt indeed a great deal more proud than he would have cared to tell. If the people at home could only see him thus treated like a distinguished stranger and made a regular lion of, what would they say?

So Natty was conducted over the town, and had all its growing wonders pointed out to him, and was presented to the editors of the rival journals, and was not invited to "liquor up," or, by any form of phraseology, to drink anything. This latter fact we mention with some hesitation to English readers, being aware of their preconceived opinions on the subject of American usages. It is an article of faith in England that every conversation in America opens with an invitation to drink. Nathaniel had already discovered that, outside the great cities where

the foreigners abound and diffuse their customs, nine out of ten Americans rarely taste any liquid stronger than tea.

The day thus wore away pleasantly enough for Nat, who found it more and more agreeable to be allowed to play the part of distinguished stranger. But when he returned to his room in the hotel, and the evening came on bringing the hour of his public appearance terribly near, his spirits sank dismally. When the gong sounded at six o'clock for supper, and he went down to the lighted room where the guests were refreshing themselves on tea, hot "biscuit," and preserves, he had a nervous consciousness that every eye was turned upon him and that he was looking awkward. He thought it a very objectionable institution which obliged the lecturer to take his meals in public and to be seen swallowing hot dough, denominated biscuit, immediately before his appearance on the platform. He would have liked so much better to burst upon Acroceraunia all at once, and for the first time, when stepping forward to deliver his harangue. He nearly choked over his biscuit with blended nervousness and self-conceit.

Opposite to him at the same narrow table Nat saw a handsome man with soft blue eyes, a bald head, and a full fair beard and mustache, who was evidently regarding the distinguished lecturer with interest. When Nat looked toward him the blue-eyed man said—

"I think, sir, I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. Cramp."

Nat started and awkwardly admitted the fact.

"I have heard you lecture already—in the Avenir Hall, isn't it called?—in London."

"Oh, indeed," Nat replied, with an effort to be calm and dignified, which was combated by three emotions rushing upon him at once: a pang of home-sickness at the sound of the word "London," a distressing consciousness that the stranger must have heard him make a sad mess of it, and a sickening dread that the stranger must have also learned that he was once a hairdresser.

"I was on a visit to Europe for some years," the new acquaintance said, "and I spent a considerable time in London, and I went into Avenir Hall one Sunday and heard you lecture."

"I didn't do very well that day," said Nat.

"You were evidently not used to public speaking, and you were nervous, but I shouldn't think the worse of your chances for that. If a man has anything in him, he is sure to be nervous."

Nat was glad to hear that anyhow, although there was an easy patronizing way about his friend which, as a distinguished lecturer, he hardly relished.

"You live here, I presume?" Nathaniel said, anxious to turn the conversation from his oratorical deficiencies.

"In Acroceraunia? No; I live further westward," and he mentioned the name of a town which Nat had heard of, and where there was a large and well-known State college. "I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you there." And presently the blue-eyed man, having finished his supper, rose from the table, bowed to Nat, and left the room.

If Nat had been a little less deeply engrossed in the thought of his lecture, he might have been struck with the strange and picturesque sights which met his eyes as he proceeded with his friends Mr. Fullager and Mr. Plummer to the hall where he was to confront his audience. The earth was white all around with the crackling and glittering snow. The "red-litten windows" of the hall seemed to have an unearthly color as they shone between the white of the ground and the blue of the moon-lighted sky. The street and the houses were but sharp black lines and cubes against the snow. The dark belt of a pine wood from whose depths, much thinned lately, the bear had more than once made his way into Acroceraunian streets in Acroceraunia's earlier days, girdled the valley all around, and then above and behind it rose the hills, through the clefts of which a melancholy wind swept down along the frozen roads. The sleighs came rattling up to the hall from outlying farms and villages, and the sleigh bells tinkled merrily, and the lights in the carriages sparkled like fireflies out of season. Never had Nat seen such a waste of brilliant white as that upon the earth, such a profound blue as that in the sky; for the sky was not black with the hue of the night, even low down on the horizon where the moon least lighted it, but a deep purpling blue. It was strange to turn one's eyes up to what seemed the awful solitude of the hills, and the belt of pine

woods and the horizon, and then to drop one's gaze suddenly to the little luminous and bustling space just around the hall. As Nat stood on the steps of the hall, which was on the side of a slightly ascending street, the town was lost, swallowed up in shadow and darkness, and outside the sphere of light which radiated from the windows of the hall there seemed nothing but the hills, the pine woods, and the snow. Where did they come from—that cluster of people with their sleighs and sleigh-bells, and lights and furs, and rapid feet, and pleasant talk? From the drear waste of snow around, from the black pine woods, from the cold far hills? There was something strange, unearthly, uncanny in the sudden crowd and the twinkling lights thus starting up out of shadow, out of darkness, out of nothing. At a breath one might have thought the whole vision would disappear, the lights would go out, the bright-eyed lasses and tall sinewy lads, the sober elders with the set faces, the stamping horses with the rattling bells—all would vanish and leave the stranger alone with the drear hills and the moaning pines.

But Nat Cramp did not give many thoughts to these things. His may be called a subjective mind, and he only saw a hall where he was to give a lecture and a little crowd of people, whom he thought with a certain terror he should presently have to address. He had chosen a theme which he considered must especially appeal to the sympathies of a republican audience. His subject was "The Worn-out Aristocracies of Europe."

The hall was tolerably well filled, for people in Acroceraunia went to every lecture in their winter course regularly as a matter of duty. But they were to Nat's thinking sadly undemonstrative. American audiences, especially in country places, hardly ever applaud. They listen, as if they were really interested, with a motionless and an awful interest. Nat kept his manuscript open before him, but tried to speak as far as possible without consulting the paper. But he soon began to feel afraid of facing the grave and silent audience. The echo of his own words alarmed him. He lashed the weakness and excesses of the effete aristocracies of Europe, and the calm audience betrayed no fervor of republican enthusiasm. He narrated what he held to be a very good story,

and *on ne rit pas,* as the French reporters used to say sometimes when an orator's joke failed to draw fire. He paused for a moment in one or two places for the expected applause, but it did not come, and he had to hurry on again abashed. He became cowed and demoralized. He forgot his task, and he hid his face in his manuscript and read, conscious that he was reading a great deal too fast, and yet thirsting to get done with the now hopeless effort. The essay was awfully long. Several persons quietly got up and glided out of the hall, the soft fall of their india-rubber-covered feet having in Nat's ears a spectral sound. There was a pretty girl with beaming eyes whom Nat had noticed as she leaped from a sleigh at the door when he was entering the hall before the battle. He saw her too when he began his lecture, and the beaming eyes were turned upon him. Alas! the beaming eyes were now covered with their heavy lids, and the pretty girl was asleep. To add to his confusion and distress, Nathaniel saw that his friend of the supper was among the audience, and was broad awake.

At last the final word of the discourse was pronounced, and the released audience began to melt away as rapidly as possible. Nat sat upon the platform with downcast eyes, utterly miserable.

"Our audiences, sir," Mr. Fullager explained with grave politeness, "are accustomed to lectures of about three quarters of an hour in length. You have occupied an hour and a half. They are early people here, and they make arrangements accordingly. You will therefore not attribute the premature departure of some of our citizens to any want of respect for you. I have no doubt they all enjoyed the lecture very much."

"It was remarkably instructive," said Mr. Plummer.

Instructive! Nat had intended it for a burst of brilliant and impassioned eloquence, blended with scathing sarcasm.

As they came out Nat heard a young lady say—

"It didn't interest me at all; just not one bit."

"English orators don't amount to anything, I guess," was another commentary which Nat caught in passing. For him the sky seemed to have turned from blue to black, and the moon to have withdrawn her light.

He was sitting in his bedroom cold and wretched. He had got rid of his friends of the committee, and the fire in the stove had got rid of itself, when a tap was heard at the door, and his bald and blue-eyed acquaintance of the supper table came in. For some unaccountable reason Nat particularly detested this man.

"Come," said his visitor cheerily, and going to the very heart of the subject at once, "you must not be cast down. You are not used to this sort of thing, and you don't understand our people here. In places like this they have forgotten all about the effete aristocracies of Europe, and don't care, as they would say, a snap one way or the other. I suppose an English village audience wouldn't care much for a lecture on the dangers of our Third Term system. Half our Acroceraunian folks have no other notion attaching to England than the thought that your Queen is an excellent woman and a pattern mother. Are you going to try again?"

"No," said poor Nat bluntly; "I 'm not."

"Well, you know, it isn't every one who can hold an audience. I 'm a wretched speaker myself, although I 'm a professor. The mistake you English people make—excuse me if I say it—is in thinking that anything will do for us here in the States. Now I am a blunt man, as you see. Can I serve you in any way? I see you have got on a wrong track, but I think there 's something in you, and I love London; so what can I do for you?"

"You are very kind—but there is nothing."

"Oh, yes, there is. Let me see. I am Professor Clinton, of the University of New Padua; and I am going home to-morrow—a few hours in the cars. Come and pass a few days at my house, and we 'll talk things over. We want all sorts of clever young fellows about our university—and who knows? Come with me to-morrow."

He clapped Nat on the shoulder: Nat burst into tears.

THE IRISH CHURCH.

From 'A History of Our Own Times.

'The Irish Peasant to his Mistress' is the name of one of Moore's finest songs. The Irish peasant tells his mistress of his undying fidelity to her. "Through grief and through danger," her smile has cheered his way. "The darker our fortunes the purer thy bright love burned;" it turned shame into glory; fear into zeal. Slave as he was, with her to guide him he felt free. She had a rival; and the rival was honored, "while thou wert mocked and scorned." The rival wore a crown of gold; the other's brows were girt with thorns. The rival wooed him to temples, while the loved one lay hid in caves. "Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas, are slaves!" "Yet," he declares, "cold in the earth at thy feet I would rather be than wed one I love not, or turn one thought from thee."

The reader already understands the meaning of this poetic allegory. If he failed to appreciate its feeling it would be hardly possible for him to understand the modern history of Ireland. The Irish peasant's mistress is the Catholic church. The rival is the state church set up by English authority. The worshipers in the Catholic faith had long to lie hid in caves, while the followers of the state church worshiped in temples. The Irish peasant remained through centuries of persecution devotedly faithful to the Catholic church. Nothing could win or wean him from it. The Irish population of Ireland—there is meaning in the words—were made apparently by nature for the Catholic faith. Hardly any influence on earth could make the genuine Celtic Irishman a materialist, or what is called in France a Voltairean. For him, as for Schiller's immortal heroine, the kingdom of the spirits is easily opened. Half his thoughts, half his life, belong to a world other than the material world around him.

The supernatural becomes almost the natural for him. The stream, the valleys, the hills of his native country are peopled by mystic forms and melancholy legends, which are all but living things for him. Even the railway has not banished from the land his familiar fancies and dreams.

The " good people " still linger around the raths and glens. The banshee even yet laments, in dirge-like wailings, the death of the representative of each ancient house. The very superstitions of the Irish peasant take a devotional form. They are never degrading. His piety is not merely sincere; it is even practical. It sustains him against many hard trials, and enables him to bear in cheerful patience, a life-long trouble. He praises God for everything; not as an act of mere devotional formality, but as by instinct; the praise naturally rising to his lips. Old men and women in Ireland who seem, to the observer, to have lived lives of nothing but privation and suffering, are heard to murmur with their latest breath the fervent declaration that the Lord was good to them always. Assuredly this genuine piety does not always prevent the wild Celtic nature from breaking forth into fierce excesses. Stormy outbursts of passion, gusts of savage revenge, too often sweep away the soul of the Irish peasant from the quiet moorings in which his natural piety and the teachings of his church would hold it. But deep down in his nature is that faith in the other world and its visible connection and intercourse with this; his reverence for the teaching which shows him a clear title to immortality. For this very reason, when the Irish peasant throws off altogether the guidance of religion, he is apt to rush into worse extravagances and excesses than most other men. He is not made to be a rationalist, he is made to be a believer.

The Irishman was bound by ties of indescribable strength and complication to his own church. It was the teacher of that faith which especially commended itself to his nature and his temperament. It was made to be the symbol and the synonym of patriotism and nationality. Centuries of the cruel, futile attempt to force another religion on him in the name of his English conquerors had made him regard any effort to change his faith, even by argument, as the attempt of a spy to persuade a soldier to forsake his flag. To abandon the Catholic Church was, for the Irishman, not merely to renounce his religion, but to betray his country. It seemed to him that he could not become a Protestant without also becoming a renegade to the national cause. The state church set up in Ireland was to him a symbol of oppression. It was Gessler's hat

stuck up in the market-place; only a slave would bow down to it. It was idle to tell him of the free spirit of Protestantism; Protestantism stood represented for him by the authority which had oppressed his fellow-countrymen and fellow-Catholics for generations; which had hunted men to the caves and the mountains for being Catholic, and had hanged and disembowled them for being Irish.

Almost every page of the history of the two countries was read with a different interpretation by the Irishman and the Englishman. To the English student Spenser was a patriot as well as a poet; to the Irish scholar he was the bitterest and most unthinking enemy of Ireland. To the Englishman of modern days Cromwell was a great statesman and patriot; the Irishman thought of him only as the remorseless oppressor of Ireland and the author of the massacre of Drogheda. The Englishman hated James II. because he fought against England at the Boyne; the Irishman despised him because he gave up the fight so soon. Chesterfield was to Englishmen a fribble and a fop; he was to Irishmen of education the one English lord lieutenant who ever seemed to have any comprehension of the real needs of Ireland. Fox was denounced in England and adored in Ireland because he made himself the champion of the principle of governing Ireland according to Irish ideas.

One of Byron's chief offenses in the eyes of English Conservatives was that his enthusiasm for Ireland was almost equal to his enthusiasm for Greece. Again and again, in every generation, the object of admiration to Englishmen was the object of distrust or dislike, or both, to all Irishmen who professed to have in them anything of the sentiment of nationality. All this feeling of antagonism was undoubtedly strengthened and sharpened by the existence of the state church. There was not one rational word to be said on principle for the maintenance of such an institution. Sydney Smith said, in his humorous way: "There is no abuse like it in all Europe, in all Asia, in all the discovered parts of Africa, and in all we have heard of Timbuctoo." No foreign statesman probably ever admired English institutions more than Count Cavour did. Yet Cavour wrote that the state church in Ireland "remains to the Catholics a representative of the

cause of their miseries, a sign of defeat and oppression. It exasperates their sufferings and makes their humiliation more keenly felt." Every argument in favor of the state church in England was an argument against the state church in Ireland. The English church, as an institution, is defended on the ground that it represents the religious convictions of the great majority of the English people and that it is qualified to take welcome charge of those who would otherwise be left without any religious care or teaching in England. The Catholics in Ireland were, to all other denominations together, as five to one; the state church represented only a small proportion of a very small minority. There was not the slightest pretext for affecting to believe that it could become the mother and the guardian of orphans and waifs among the Irish people. In many places the Protestant clergyman preached to a dozen listeners; in some places he thought himself lucky when he could get half a dozen. There were places with a Protestant clergyman and Protestant church and absolutely no Protestant worshipers. There had not of late years been much positive hostility to the state church among the Irish people. Since the abolition of the system of tithes, since the dues of the parson were no longer collected by an armed military force with occasional accompaniment of bloodshed, the bitterness of popular feeling had very much mitigated. The Irish people grew to be almost indifferent on the subject.

"With Henry II.," says Sydney Smith, "came in tithes, to which, in all probability, about one million of lives may have been sacrificed in Ireland." All that was changed at last. So long as the clergyman was content to live quietly and mind his own flock, where he had any to mind, his Catholic neighbors were not disposed to trouble themselves much about him. If, indeed, he attempted to do that which, by all strict logical reasoning he must have regarded himself as appointed to do—if he attempted any work of conversion, then he aroused such a storm of anger that he generally found it prudent to withdraw from the odious and hopeless enterprise. If he was a sensible man he was usually content to minister to his own people and meddle no further with others. In the large towns he generally had his considerable congregation, and was busy

enough. In some of the country places of the south and west he preached every Sunday to his little flock of five or six, while the congregation of the Catholic chapel a short distance off were covering a great part of the hillside around the chapel door, because their numbers were many times too great to allow them to find room within the building itself. Sydney Smith has described, in a few words, the condition of things as it existed in his time: "On an Irish Sabbath the bell of a neat parish church often summons to church only the parson and an occasionally conforming clerk; while two hundred yards off a thousand Catholics are huddled together in a miserable hovel and pelted by all the storms of heaven."

In days nearer to our own the miserable hovel had for the most part given place to a large and handsome church; in many places to a vast and stately cathedral. Nothing could be more remarkable than the manner in which the voluntary offerings of the Irish Catholics covered the face of the country with churches dedicated to the uses of their faith. Often the contributions came in liberal measure from Irishmen settled in far-off countries who were not likely ever again to see their native fields. Irish Catholic priests crossed the Atlantic, crossed even the Pacific, to ask for help to maintain their churches; and there came from Quebec and Ontario, from New York, New Orleans, and Chicago, from Melbourne and Sydney, from Tasmania and New Zealand, the money which put up churches and spires on the Irish mountain-sides. The proportion between the Protestants and the Catholics began to tell more and more disadvantageously for the state church as years went on. Of late the influx of the Catholic working population into the northern province threatens to overthrow the supremacy of Protestantism in Protestantism's own stronghold.

It has often been said that if England had not persecuted the Catholics, if she had not thrust her state church on them under circumstances which made it an insolent badge of conquest, the Irish people might have been gradually won over to the religion of England. To us nothing seems more unlikely than any such change. The Irish people, we are convinced, would under any circumstances whatever have remained faithful to the Catholic Church. As we have already endeavored to show, it is the church

which seems specially appointed to be the guide of their feelings and their nature. But it is certain that if there had been no persecution and no state church the feelings of the Irish people toward England would have been very different from what they actually are even at this day. There would have been no rebellion of 1798. There would have been no hatred of Protestant to Catholic, Catholic to Protestant. All this is obvious; every one says as much now. But there is another view of the question; there is another harmful effect of the state church and its surroundings, which is not so often considered nor so commonly admitted. This is the indirect harm which was done by the setting up in Ireland of a "British party," to employ a phrase once familiar in politics, a party supposed to represent the interests of the English government, and indeed to be, as it was commonly called, the Protestant garrison in Ireland. Naturally the government always acted on the advice of that party, and as a matter of course they were frequently deceived. The British party had no way of getting at the real feelings of the Irish people; they were among them, but not of them. They kept on continually assuring the government that there was no real cause of dissatisfaction in Ireland; that the objection to this or that odious institution or measure came only from a few agitators, and not from the whole population.

It will not be forgotten that down to the very outbreak of the American War of Independence there were the remnants of a British party in the northern states, who assured the English government that there was no real dissatisfaction among the American colonists, and no idea whatever of severing the connection with England. The same sort of counsel was given, the same fatal service was rendered, on almost all important occasions by the British party in Ireland. It was probably from observing this condition of things that Mr. Gladstone came to the conclusion that the Fenian outbreak, the Manchester rescue, and the Clerkenwell explosion furnished a proper opportunity for a new system of legislation in Ireland. Few actions on the part of a public man have been more persistently misrepresented or more obstinately misunderstood than the course taken by Mr. Gladstone. It has been constantly

asserted that he declared himself impelled to propose new legislation for Ireland by the violence of the Fenian enterprises, and that he thus held out a premium to political agitation of the most audacious kind by offering an assurance to the agitator that if he would only be daring and lawless enough he might have full gratification of his demands. Yet Mr. Gladstone's meaning was surely plain.

He saw that one great difficulty in the way of substantial legislation for Irish grievances had always been found in the fact that the English parliament and public did not believe in the reality of the grievance. Englishmen put aside every claim made on behalf of Ireland with the assurance that the Irish people were entirely indifferent on the subject; that the Irish people felt no grievance, and therefore had not complained of any. The Fenian movement was in Mr. Gladstone's eyes the most substantial refutation of this comfortable belief. The most easy-going and self-complacent Philistine could not feel satisfied that there was no grievance pressing on the minds of the Irish people when he found rebellion going on under his very eyes, and Fenian devotees braving death for their cause and its captains in his very streets. Mr. Gladstone was right. One of the sad defects of our parliamentary system is that no remedy is likely to be tried for any evil until the evil has made its presence felt in some startling way. The Clerkenwell explosion was but one illustration of a common condition of things. We seldom have any political reform without a previous explosion.

On March 16, 1868, a remarkable debate took place in the House of Commons. It had for its subject the condition of Ireland, and it was introduced by a series of resolutions which Mr. John Francis Maguire, an Irish member, proposed. Mr. Maguire was a man of high character and great ability and earnestness. He was a newspaper proprietor and an author; he knew Ireland well, but he also knew England and the temper of the English people. He was ardent in his national sympathies; but he was opposed to any movement of a seditious or a violent character. He had more than once risked his popularity among his countrymen by the resolute stand which he made against any agitation that tended toward rebellion. Mr. Maguire always held that the geographical situation of England and

Ireland rendered a separation of the two countries impossible.

He had often expressed his belief that even in the event of a war between England and some foreign state—the American republic, for instance—and even in the event of England's losing temporary possession of Ireland, one of the conditions of peace which the foreign power would most freely accept would be the handing back of Ireland to Great Britain. To his mind, then, separation was a result not to be seriously thought of. But he accepted cordially the saying of Grattan that if the ocean forbade separation, the sea denied union. He was in favor of a domestic legislature for Ireland, and he was convinced that such a measure would be found the means of establishing a true and genial union of feeling, a friendly partnership between the two countries. Mr. Maguire was looked on with respect and confidence by all parties in England as well as in his own country. Even the Fenians, whose schemes he condemned as he had condemned the Young Ireland movement of 1848, were willing to admit his honesty and his courage, for they found that there was no stancher advocate in parliament for a generous dealing with the Fenian prisoners. A speaker of remarkable power and earnestness, although occasionally too vehement of words and gesture, he was always listened to with attention in the House of Commons. It was well known that he had declined tenders of office from both of the great English parties; and it was known too that he had done this at a time when his personal interests made his refusal a considerable sacrifice. When therefore he invited the attention of the House of Commons to the condition of Ireland, the house knew that it was likely to have a fair and trustworthy exposition of the subject. In the course of his speech, Mr. Maguire laid great stress upon the evil effect wrought upon Ireland by the existence of the Irish church. He described it as "a scandalous and monstrous anomaly."

During the debate Lord Mayo, then Irish secretary, made a speech in which he threw out some hint about a policy of equalizing all religious denominations in Ireland without sacrificing the Irish church. He talked in a mysterious way of "leveling up, and not leveling down." It

has never since been known for certain whether he was giving a hint of a scheme actually in the mind of the government; whether he was speaking as one set up to feel his way into the opinion of the House of Commons and the public; or whether he was only following out some sudden and irresponsible speculations of his own. The words, however, produced a great effect on the House of Commons. It became evident at once that the question of the Irish church was making itself at last a subject for the practical politician. Mr. Bright in the course of the debate strongly denounced the Irish establishment, and enjoined the government and all the great English parties to rise to the occasion and resolve to deal in some serious way with the condition of Ireland. Difficulties of the gravest nature he fully admitted were yet in the way, but he reminded the house in tones of solemn and penetrating earnestness that, "to the upright there ariseth light in the darkness." But it was on the fourth night of the debate that the importance of the occasion became fully manifest. Then it was that Mr. Gladstone spoke, and declared that in his opinion the time had come when the Irish church as a state institution must cease to exist. Then every man in the house knew that the end was near. Mr. Maguire withdrew his resolutions. The cause he had to serve was now in the hands of one who, though not surely more earnest for its success, had incomparably greater power to serve it. The Protestant garrison in Ireland was doomed. There was probably not a single Englishman capable of forming an opinion who did not know that from the moment when Mr. Gladstone made his declaration, the fall of the Irish state church had become merely a question of time. Men only waited to see how Mr. Gladstone would proceed to procure its fall.

Public expectation was not long kept in suspense. A few days after the debate on Mr. Maguire's motion, Mr. Gladstone gave notice of a series of resolutions on the subject of the Irish state church. The resolutions were three in number. The first declared that in the opinion of the House of Commons it was necessary that the established church of Ireland should cease to exist as an establishment, due regard being had to all personal interests and to all individual rights of property. The second reso-

lution pronounced it expedient to prevent the creation of new personal interests by the exercise of any public patronage; and the third asked for an address to the queen, praying that her majesty would place at the disposal of parliament her interest in the temporalities of the Irish church. The object of these resolutions was simply to prepare for the actual disestablishment of the church by providing that no further appointments should be made, and that the action of patronage should be stayed, until parliament should decide the fate of the whole institution. On March 30, 1868, Mr. Gladstone proposed his resolutions. Not many persons could have had much doubt as to the results of the debate.

But if there were any such their doubts must have begun to vanish when they read the notice of amendment to the resolutions which was given by Lord Stanley. The amendment proclaimed even more surely than the resolutions the impending fall of the Irish church. Lord Stanley must have been supposed to speak in the name of the government and the Conservative party; and his amendment merely declared that the house, while admitting that considerable modifications in the temporalities of the church in Ireland might appear to be expedient, was of opinion "that any proposition tending to the disestablishment or disendowment of that church ought to be reserved for the decision of the new parliament." Mr. Gladstone seized on the evidence offered by the terms of such an amendment. He observed that before the hour at which notice was given of that amendment, he had thought the thread of the remaining life of the Irish established church was short, but since the notice was given he thought it shorter still. For, as Mr. Gladstone put it, suppose his resolutions had been declarations calling for the abolition of the House of Lords, was it possible to conceive that the government would have met them by an amendment admitting that the constitution of the upper house might appear to stand in need of considerable modification, but offering the opinion that any proposal tending to the abolition of that house ought to be left to the decision of a new parliament? If such an amendment were offered by the government, the whole country would at once understand that it was not intended to defend the existence of the House of Lords.

So the country now understood with regard to the Irish church. Lord Stanley's amendment asked only for delay. It did not plead that to-morrow would be sudden; it only asked that the stroke of doom should not be allowed to fall on the Irish church to-day.

The debate was one of great power and interest. Some of the speakers were heard at their very best. Mr. Bright made a speech which was well worthy of the occasion and the orator. Mr. Gathorne Hardy was in his very element. He flung aside all consideration of amendment, compromise, or delay, and went in for a vehement defense of the Irish church. He spoke in the spirit of M. Rouher's famous *Jamais!* Mr. Hardy was not a debater of keen logical power nor an orator of genuine inspiration, but he always could rattle a defiant drum with excellent effect. He beat the war-drum this time with tremendous energy. On the other hand Mr. Lowe threw an intensity of bitterness remarkable even for him into the unsparing logic with which he assailed the Irish church. That church, he said, was "like an exotic brought from a far country, tended with infinite pains and useless trouble. It is kept alive with the greatest difficulty and at great expense in an ungenial climate and an ungrateful soil. The curse of barrenness is upon it. It has no leaves, puts forth no blossom, and yields no fruit. Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?" Not the least remarkable speech of the debate was that made by Lord Cranbourne, who denounced the government of which he was not long since a member with an energy of hatred almost like ferocity. He accused his late colleagues of having in every possible way betrayed the cause of Conservatism, and he assailed Mr. Disraeli personally in a manner which made older members think of the days when Mr. Disraeli was denouncing Sir Robert Peel.

No eloquence and no invective however could stay the movement begun by Mr. Gladstone. When the division was called there were three hundred and thirty-one votes for the resolutions and only two hundred and seventy against them. The doom of the Irish church was pronounced by a majority of sixty-one. Mr. Disraeli made a wild effort by speech and by letter to get up an alarm in the country on the score of some imaginary alliance or

conspiracy between "High Church Ritualists" and "Irish Romanists." The attempt was a complete failure; there was only a little flash; no explosion came. The country did not show the slightest alarm. An interval was afforded for agitation on both sides. The House of Commons had only decided against Lord Stanley's amendment. Mr. Gladstone's resolutions had yet to be discussed.

Lord Russell presided at a great meeting held in St. James' Hall for the purpose of expressing public sympathy with the movement to disestablish the Irish church. Many meetings were held by those on the other side of the question as well; but it was obvious to every one that there was no great force in the attempt at a defense of the Irish church. That institution had in truth a position which only became less and less defensible the more it was studied. Every example and argument drawn from the history of the church of England was but another condemnation of the church of Ireland. During one of the subsequent debates in the House of Lords, Lord Derby introduced with remarkable effect an appropriate quotation from Scott's 'Guy Mannering.' He was warning his listeners that if they helped the enemies of the Irish church to pull it down, they would be preparing the way for the destruction of the English church as well.

He turned to that striking passage in 'Guy Mannering,' where Meg Merrilies confronts the laird of Ellangowan after the eviction of the gypsies, and warns him that "this day have ye quenched seven smoking hearths; see if the fire in your ain parlor burn the blyther for that; ye have riven the thack off seven cottar houses—look if your ain roof-tree stand the faster." Nothing could be more apt as a political appeal or more effective in a rhetorical sense than this quotation. But it did not illustrate the relations between the English and the Irish church. The real danger to the English church would have been a protracted and obstinate maintenance of the church of Ireland.

It is not necessary here to enter upon any of the general arguments for or against the principle of a state church. But it will be admitted by every one that the claim made on behalf of the church of England is that it is the church of the great majority of the English people, and that it has a spiritual work to do which the majority of the nation

admit to be its appropriate task. To maintain the church of England on that ground is only to condemn the church of Ireland. The more strongly an Englishman was inclined to support his own church, the more anxious he ought to have been to repudiate the claim of the Irish church to a similar position. The state church in Ireland was like a mildewed ear blasting its wholesome brother. If the two institutions had to stand or fall together, there could be but one end to the difficulty; both must fall.

Mr. Gladstone's first resolution came to a division about a month after the defeat of Lord Stanley's amendment. It was carried by a majority somewhat larger than that which had rejected the amendment. Three hundred and thirty votes were given for the resolution; two hundred and sixty-five against it. The majority for the resolution was therefore sixty-five. Mr. Disraeli quietly observed that the government must take some decisive step in consequence of that vote; and a few days afterward it was announced that as soon as the necessary business could be got through, parliament would be dissolved and an appeal made to the country. On the last day of July the dissolution took place, and the elections came on in November. Not for many years had there been so important a general election. The keenest anxiety prevailed as to its results. The new constituencies created by the reform bill were to give their votes for the first time. The question at issue was not merely the existence of the Irish state church. It was a general struggle of advanced Liberalism against Toryism. No one could doubt that Mr. Gladstone, if he came into power, would enter on a policy of more decided Liberalism than had ever been put into action since the days of the reform bill of Lord Grey and Lord John Russell. The result of the elections was on the whole what might have been expected. The Liberals had a great majority.

HOW IRELAND LOST HER PARLIAMENT.

From ' Ireland's Cause in England's Parliament.'

How, then, did Ireland come to lose her national parliament? What was the crime, or series of crimes, which that Parliament committed, and which rendered necessary its sudden extinction? The story is an old one now. It has often been told, yet it will bear telling once again. Perhaps it cannot be told too often for the purpose of impressing on the minds of stranger readers the full force and meaning of the claim which Ireland has upon England for the restoration of her national Parliament. The British Philistine idea is just this: "Ireland had a Parliament for a few, a very few, years; and the Irish Parliament managed things so badly,—getting up frightful rebellions among its other fantasies of wickedness,—that, for the sake of Ireland itself, the wicked Irish Parliament had to be abolished, and Ireland brought under the saving shelter of the imperial Parliament at Westminster." Let me, in a few words, now tell the story as authentic history tells it. We shall see then whether it was through any fault of her own, that Ireland lost her national Parliament. We shall see whether the cause of her losing it does not strengthen immensely her claim for its restoration. We shall see whether the Irish Parliament, with all its faults, was not fighting the battle of religious liberty, the battle of civilization, against the English sovereign and his minister. The Irish Parliament was extinguished because its leaders were men more enlightened than George the Third; because they, Protestant as well as he, stood up for that cause of Catholic emancipation which he was determined to crush.

The Irish Parliament, as I have said, was not an independent Parliament in our modern sense of the word. It was not, even after the repeal of Poynings' Act, independent in that modern sense. Neither was it representative, according to our ideas of representation. It made laws for a country five-sixths of whose population then, as now, belonged to the Roman Catholic Church. But a Catholic could not be a member of the Irish Parliament; more than that, a Catholic could not give a vote for the election of

a member of the Irish Parliament. The Irish Parliament, therefore, could no more be said to represent the Irish people than a South Carolina Legislature in the days before the civil war could be said to represent the slave population of the State. Yet so national in spirit were the leaders and the best men of that Irish Parliament, that, although responsible to no single Catholic voter,—for there was no Catholic voter,—the first use these Protestant gentlemen made of the increased independence of the Parliament was to endeavor to carry legislative measures for the emancipation of their Catholic fellow-subjects. The leaders of the movement had a hard struggle for a while. The Irish Parliament was made up for the most part of landlords and lawyers, and the majority represented the ascendency of race and of creed. Still Grattan and his friends were able to accomplish a reform which at least enabled Catholics to vote for the election of members of the House of Commons.

This was not enough for Grattan. He and his friends were determined that the chains of the Catholic should not "clank o'er his rags."

In the mean time an association had been formed in Ireland which afterwards became famous in Ireland's history, and the original objects of which have been more constantly and systematically misrepresented than those of any other political organization of which I have read. I am speaking of the Society of United Irishmen. The Society of United Irishmen was founded in 1791 by Theobald Wolfe Tone. Wolf Tone was a Protestant patriot, a man of genius and indomitable spirit and rich mental resource. He founded the Society of United Irishmen for the purpose of obtaining Catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform in Ireland. Tone's great grievance was that there was no national government in Ireland; that the country was ruled "by Englishmen and the servants of Englishmen," whose sole object was to advance the interests of England at the expense of those in Ireland. The Irish Parliament was mainly elected by a number of pocket boroughs, and rotten boroughs, and constituencies dependent on some great peer or other territorial magnate. Tone's policy was to unite all true Irishmen against this system; and it was by his urgent advice that the new association

took no account in its title of anything sectarian, and merely styled itself a Society of United Irishmen. Tone became secretary of a Catholic association, for the purpose of obtaining relief from penal disqualification for the Catholics. He had worked so gallantly and zealously in the Catholic cause, that the Catholics were only too glad to make him, a Protestant, secretary of their distinctive association.

The Society of United Irishmen was composed mainly of young Protestants,—men, for the most part, of talents, education, and social position. Men like Thomas Addis Emmet and Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Hamilton Rowan belonged to it. Many wealthy merchants and bankers belonged to it. We know all about it now. We can study its proceedings and its records, its resolutions, its appeals to the Sovereign, its petitions to Parliament. We know that its objects were peaceful, loyal, patriotic, constitutional. We know that its aim was, as set out in its own pledge, to "endeavor to promote a brotherhood of affection and union among Irishmen of every religious persuasion," with the object of procuring "a full, equal, and adequate representation of all the people of Ireland in Parliament." For this full and equal and adequate representation, the first thing needful was the abolition of religious disqualification; the next thing, a comprehensive measure of parliamentary reform.

Such was the object of the Society of United Irishmen at the beginning, and for many years of its subsequent existence. It was a constitutional association altogether;—peaceful in its professions, peaceful in its alms. I hasten to anticipate a possible criticism by at once admitting that there were writers even then who denounced the United Irishmen as men of treasonable purpose. For these critics argued, as George the Third argued: "You must be disloyal to the Constitution and to the Sovereign, if you seek to have the Catholics emancipated. You must contemplate civil war; because you must know that England will never consent to grant Catholic emancipation unless you can conquer her in a civil war. Therefore, no matter what your protestations of loyalty, you must be disloyal. If you were to swear yourself black in the face, that you are only for measures of peace, you must, all the same, be conspiring

for war." We hear this sort of argument in England just now, a good deal; and we can appreciate it. Those who employed it at that time employed it not only against Wolfe Tone, but against Grattan as well. "Henry Grattan must know," they said, "that he is allying himself with men whose policy will conduct them to a civil war, to rebellion; therefore he is a rebel." Grattan never, as a matter of fact, was a member of the Society of United Irishmen; but that did not count for much with his opponents. Gladstone was never a member of the National League.

The unquestionable fact, however,—unquestionable by any one who knows anything of the history of the times,—is that the Society of United Irishmen was in the beginning, and through all its existence down to a certain event of which I shall presently tell, a peaceful, constitutional association, laboring for noble objects by pacific means. In truth, the United Irishmen were fully convinced that they were walking the straight way to a complete and peaceful success. All the patriotism of Ireland was with them; the best and loftiest intellect of England was with them. Their cause was making illustrious converts every day. Grattan himself,—what was he but a convert to the principle of Catholic emancipation? He entered public life as its opponent, he soon became its warmest and most powerful friend. In January, 1795, the hopes of the United Irishmen seemed confirmed to the full; their success seemed to be proclaimed by the appointment of Lord Fitzwilliam as viceroy of Ireland.

I am anxious that my American readers should fix their eyes closely on this event in Irish history. The viceroyalty of Lord Fitzwilliam is a turning point. Fitzwilliam was a man of generous, beneficent, and noble life. He had been a friend and follower of Fox; but he had quitted Fox, as Burke did, in the controversy about the French Revolution. He retained, however, his devotion to those principles of civil and religious liberty which Fox had always proclaimed. He came over to Ireland, as he understood, with full powers to satisfy the demands of the country, both as to Catholic emancipation, and the purifying of the administrative and the representative system. He threw himself heart and soul into Grattan's plans. He assisted Grattan with his own hand to draw up some of the meas-

ures of religious and political reform; and he gave it to be publicly understood that he intended nothing short of a complete emancipation of the Catholics of Ireland. What was the consequence? King George took fright. King George's conscience was awakened. King George's Protestant zeal began once again to eat him up. Lord Fitzwilliam was recalled. He was summoned back to England under conditions of humiliation and disgrace. He was hurried back like some criminal about to be brought before some bar of public justice. For what? Because he had promised to assist the Irish National Parliament in obtaining political emancipation for five-sixths of the population of Ireland.

The effect upon the Irish people was like the effect upon the Northern States of the Union when the flag at Fort Sumter was fired on. The Irish people saw that under such a king there was no hope of any peaceful settlement of the national demand. On the very threshold of the temple of hope they had been flung back into the cavern of despair. What was the effect more especially on the leaders of the Society of United Irishmen? These leaders were men of high spirit, brave men. Most of them were at that generous time of life when the loss of mere existence seems nothing, if compared with the surrender of a great principle and the tame sacrifice of a great cause. Despairing of a peaceful settlement of the national demands, they did what all true hearts must feel that they had a right to do: they flung themselves and the country into rebellion against the government of King George. I need hardly remind my American readers, that this was the same King George whose perversity and obstinacy compelled their forefathers to fly to arms against him.

Let us mark once more the difference between success and failure. The American rebels succeeded, and ceased to be rebels. Even contemporary history and public opinion justified their uprising and glorified their leaders. Our forefathers failed; and down to this very day, there has hardly been an English historian of mark who has done anything like justice to the motives of the uprising or of the men who took part in it, or to the many chances it had of success. Had this, that, and the other thing happened, or happened otherwise, had the winds not blown

this way, had that man not died at the wrong time,—the Irish insurrection might have been a success. As it is, English historians, when they have condescended to notice the leaders of the Irish insurrection at all, have treated them usually as fools or miscreants. I know of hardly anything in historical literature so utterly perverse as Mr. Froude's picture of Wolf Tone. The whole description is simply ignoble, a scandal and a shame to its author. Yet, Mr. Froude himself told me once, in private conversation, that he rather admired Wolfe Tone.

A deluge of blood swept over the country, and then the rebellion was put down. Sir Ralph Abercromby, the humane, high-minded soldier, who once said that his victories made him melancholy, was for a time commander-in-chief of the English forces in Ireland, and has left it on record, that crimes of bloodshed and savagery were committed by the soldiers under his command, which he was utterly powerless to prevent. "Every crime, every cruelty, that could be committed by Cossacks or Calmucs, has been committed here." Abercromby soon left the work of repression to other and less humane hands. The rebellion was over; and not one of the gallant young Protestant gentlemen who had taken part in it ever again appeared at an Irish meeting or in an Irish council-room to give his countrymen the benefit of his advice. The battlefield had dealt with some; the scaffold had disposed of others; mysterious midnight deaths in prison-cells, seming very like convenient assassinations to avoid the trouble of public trial, had disposed of others yet; and those who survived had fled across the seas to find a home in foreign lands. There is to this day a monument conspicuous on Broadway, in the city of New York, which testifies to the manner in which the citizens of that great community appreciated the public services of Thomas Addis Emmet, one of the refugees of Ninety-eight. "Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight?" Not surely any of the descendants of the men who flung their souls into that gallant cause, and gave to it their generous blood, not surely any of the descendants of those Englishmen whose wise and noble policy would have prevented Ninety-eight, by conceding to justice and right those national claims which King George and his ministers rejected with scorn.

Ireland was now, once again, as a corpse on the dissect-

ing-table,—to use an expression that more lately became famous. The king and his minister could do with her, as they well knew, pretty well what they pleased. The idea had for some time been afloat in ministerial circles in England, and Ireland too, that the only way of making Ireland manageable would be by the destruction of her separate Parliament, and by absorbing her representation into the English assemblies at Westminster. King George would seem to have made up his mind to this, from the moment when it became evident that the Irish Parliament would end by accepting the principle of Catholic emancipation. The outbreak of the rebellion gave, unfortunately, an opportunity to the King and his ministers to carry out the scheme of absorption,—"the union of the shark and his prey," as Byron called it. Pitt determined at once to bring up the scheme on which the King had set his heart. It was resolved that the Irish Parliament must be extinguished. A new viceroy was sent over especially for this purpose. Lord Camden had succeeded Lord Fitzwilliam. Lord Camden was now succeeded by a soldier; but a soldier whose name is not associated, at least on the American side of the Atlantic, with any very splendid military achievement. The new viceroy of Ireland was that Lord Cornwallis whose name will be remembered in American history, chiefly in connection with a certain famous capitulation at Yorktown. It was doubtless the idea of the good King George, that, although Lord Cornwallis might not have proved quite the sort of man to deal with George Washington and his followers, he was good enough to manage the population of Ireland, exhausted as Ireland was after her fierce and unsuccessful struggle. Lord Cornwallis was sent over with a commission to extinguish the National Parliament of Ireland, by whatever process, and at whatever cost.

By whatever process? Well, to be sure, the words must not to be taken too literally. Even in those days, even George the Third could not simply abolish the Irish Parliament, and bid his will avouch it. The King had to put on some show of respect for constitutional and legal right. The thing to be done was to get the Irish Parliament to abolish itself; the problem for Lord Cornwallis was, in fact, how to persuade or prevail upon the Irish House of

Commons, to vote away the legislative independence of the country. There was an Irish House of Lords, of course, but the Irish House of Lords was—very much like other Houses of Lords. No one expected, from the majority in the Irish House of Lords, any very heroic resistance to the will of the King, or patriotic deference to the will of the people. Therefore, the problem was, how to get at the House of Commons; how to get over the House of Commons; how, as we should say in modern English slang, to "nobble" the House of Commons. Lord Cornwallis went to work to nobble the House of Commons. He had three agencies at his command,—terrorism, fraud, and bribery. He made ample use of all his powers. He threatened, he deceived, he bribed and corrupted. Ample funds were placed at his disposal. He spent millions of pounds sterling in buying up some of the pocket boroughs from the peers and other territorial magnates who owned them, and who counted on their right to sell them just as they did on their right to sell their cattle and their sheep. The viceroy filled all the vacated places with creatures of his own. It was a familiar practice with him, when he got hold of a constituency in this way, to send for election the commandant of the nearest English garrison,—some garrison just employed in putting down the rebellion—and have this English soldier returned for the Irish House of Commons, and commissioned to vote away Ireland's national life.

The practical working of the schemes to get the Act of Union passed was in the hands of Lord Castlereagh, the Irish Secretary, the man whom Byron spoke of as "a wretch never named but with curses and jeers." Cornwallis, Castlereagh, and Clare,—Lord Clare, the Irish lord chancellor,—were the triumvirate intrusted with the odious task. Let us do Lord Cornwallis the justice to admit that the task to him was odious. He was a soldier of the old-fashioned order, who would carry out every instruction given by his master, no matter how base and detestable it might be. But he had enough of the spirit of a soldier, and enough of the heart of a man, to loathe the task to which he was now set. His own letters contain reiterated descriptions of the work he had to do, and of the disgust with which it inspired him. He tells again and again of the manner in which the wretched castle gang and

their associates were continually crying out for more and more severity in Ireland; more imprisonments, more torture, more blood. He gives examples of the sort of conversation which used to go on at his own dinner table, among the creatures whom he was compelled to court and to entertain. He declares that he could go back to England with a conscience comparatively light, if he were only allowed "to kick those whom my public duties oblige me to court."

So far as one may judge, Lord Castlereagh and Lord Clare had no such qualms of conscience. They appear to have found the work congenial, and gone into it heart and soul. Lord Castlereagh made a public announcement that every nobleman who returned members to Parliament should be paid in cash fifteen thousand pounds for every member so returned, provided of course that the member voted the right way; next, that every member who had bought his own seat should be paid back the money he had given for it; and, thirdly, that all members of Parliament and others who were losers by the union should be compensated for their loss, and that a sum of one million and a half sterling should be voted for this latter purpose.

An absurd attempt, founded, I suppose, on some imperfect knowledge of this latter transaction, has lately been made in England, to persuade the public that Castlereagh's alleged bribery was not bribery at all, but only compensation for injured interests. The contention would be absurd in any case, for much of the money given away as compensation was really only the reward of corruption; but, besides that, the so-called compensation money represents only a small part of the money spent in carrying the Act of Union, and by far the larger part of this money was spent merely in the buying-up of votes. About five millions sterling were spent in all. Much of the bribery, too, consisted in the giving-away of offices, and the creating of new offices to give away. Bishoprics, judgeships, one chief-justiceship, rank in the navy, rank in the army,—all these were bribes freely given. Forty new peerages were created. If a man was too public-spirited to sell his country for a mere payment in money, and preferred a peerage, or insisted on a peerage as well, the obliging minister granted his demand; and to this day the phrase "a Union peer" is

used in Ireland as a stigma, as describing a man whose ancestors sold the legislative independence of his country for a coronet and a seat in the English House of Lords.

Of course there were men at that time, as there are at every great crisis in the history of every state,—men who were, as the old Scottish saying puts it, "ower good for banning, and ower bad for blessing;" men who had not the moral courage to stand up in the face of day for their country's right, nor the immoral courage to stand up in the face of day against it. Such men commonly sought refuge in retirement and obscurity; and every vacancy made in that way was, of course, a new opportunity to Castlereagh to buy some creature of his own into the House of Commons. Another sort of policy also was pursued. Any man who held any manner of public office or benefice under the Crown, and who refused to pledge himself to Castlereagh's policy, was remorselessly stripped of any rank or emolument he might have possessed. Under such conditions, the wonder is that the minister did not succeed in getting much larger majorities for his proposals in the Irish House of Commons. The plain fact was, that any one who chose to sell his vote could get any price he liked for it. Any one who would not sell his vote had to brave the wrath of an unscrupulous minister, and, if he could be hurt by the Government, he most assuredly would be hurt. The wonder is that so many men held out; that such a large proportion of the Irish House of Commons fought against the union to the last. Grattan, who had gone out of parliamentary life, made hopeless by the outbreak of armed rebellion, came back to the House of Commons to lead the fight against the Act of Union. One of his stanchest comrades in the noble work of resistance was a man whose family name comes out again at a somewhat later period in Irish history,—Sir John Parnell. The Parnell of that day fought as bravely for the maintenance of Ireland's legislative independence as his descendant, the Parnell of our day, is fighting for its restoration. All that was best in English public life and English intelligence was opposed to the policy of Pitt.

Of course Pitt's policy prevailed. The Act of Union was passed, and the national Parliament of Ireland was extinguished—for a time. The first article of the Act of Union

declares that "The Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland shall upon the first day of January, 1801, and forever after be united into one kingdom." Forever after! We are already beginning to see signs enough of the worthlessness of a statutory "forever" in the suppression of a nation's right. No doubt, the hope and firm belief of Pitt and Castlereagh was, that with the extinction of the Irish national Parliament, would be extinguished also the Irish national sentiment. Plunket, then still a patriot, warned the ministry that as well might the miserable maniac imagine that by the suicidal act which destroyed his perishable body, he could extinguish also his immortal soul. Time has even already shown that Plunket was right. The national sentiment is not extinguished. It burns now, at this very hour, more brightly and strongly than it did even in the day when Plunket gave out, all in vain, his eloquence and impassioned warning to a stupid king and an unscrupulous minister. There is one way, and only one, by which the opponents of Ireland's demand can get rid of Irish national sentiment; and that one way is the extinction of the Irish race. Until the last man, woman, and child of Irish birth, or Irish descent, be got rid of from off the earth,—until that great and final act of eviction can be accomplished, the sentiment of Irish nationality will be a trouble to Tory statesmanship. There does not at present seem any immediate prospect of this complete extinction of the Irish race. The Irish race is growing everywhere but in Ireland. The time is not far distant when it will be allowed a chance of growing in Ireland too.

Something was needed to give the last touch of fraud and cruelty to the policy which was consummated in the Union. The something needed was given, and it was this: Numbers of the weaker-kneed among the Catholics had been cajoled into supporting, or at all events not opposing, the Union, by the assurance of Castlereagh and his colleagues, that, the moment the Act was passed, the imperial Parliament would emancipate the Catholics in England and in Ireland. Lord Cornwallis, who no doubt believed what he said, had gone so far as to declare that Catholic emancipation would be made a cabinet measure in the first days of the imperial Parliament. The imperial Parliament, the Union Parliament, had hardly come into exis-

tence, when Pitt and his colleagues resigned office. This step it was loudly told to the public, had been taken because the King would not consent to Catholic emancipation. It was taken, in reality, because a peace had to be made with France, as the English people were growing sick of the long war,—the war which, as it afterwards turned out, was then only beginning; and Pitt, who did not believe in the possibility of any abiding peace, and did not want peace, would not have anything to do with the arrangements. He went out of office, a sham peace was made, which was very soon after unmade; and Pitt came back, master of the situation. He made no stipulation or even suggestion about the emancipation of the Catholics; nor did he ever again distress the conscience and disturb the nerves of his august sovereign by saying one single word to him on the subject of the Catholic claims.

TO MY BURIED RIFLE.

From 'Monomia.'

Deep, deep in the earth you must lie, my old friend,
  Though I once fondly hoped for a test of your worth.
But alas for our hopes! they are all at an end,
  All gone like the smoke you so often sent forth.
Your barrel will soon grow all yellow with rust,—
  That barrel whose radiance I used to admire;
But be not ashamed, though down in the dust;
  'T was not my old rifle, but we who hung fire.

Yet call us not cowards: the spirit was strong,
  But famine our weakness too sorely had tried;
And our arms had been cramped by the shackles so long
  They could only hang powerless down by our side.
It may have but needed one brave upward bound,—
  Our limbs were too feeble to compass it then;
For you know that to lie very long on the ground,
  Corrodes the best metal in rifles or men.

Yet our masters, all crushed as we are, should beware!
  They have tried us too long; we may rally at length;

There are wrongs that man's patience could never yet bear;
  There are insults that change the slave's weakness to strength;
I know by experience your barrel is strong;
  One might overcharge you with safety at first;
But, should he continue to try you too long,
  Why, tough as you are, you 'd infallibly burst!

A bright day is coming, old rifle of mine,
  And trust me its morning ere long will have birth!
God never made nations in serfdom to pine,
  Men never made rifles to lie in the earth.
The summons will come, we shall answer its call,
  Prepared for our country to do or to die.
So till that bright moment, for you and for all,
  Dear trusty old rifle, I bid you good-bye.

JUSTIN HUNTLEY McCARTHY.

(1860 ——)

Justin Huntley McCarthy was born in 1860. He is the son of the distinguished historian and novelist. He began writing for *Belgravia* when quite a boy, contributing some clever stories at the expense of the esthetic movement of the times. He was educated at University College School and University College, London. He sat in Parliament from 1884 to 1892.

He has been very active as a journalist, and has traveled much in Europe, Egypt, and the Holy Land, and in this country. He married Miss Cissie Loftus, the clever mimic, who is also a writer of verses and short stories. His books include, in verse, 'Serapion,' 'Hafiz in London,' 'Harlequinade'; stories, 'Dolly,' 'Doom,' 'Lily Lass,' 'A London Legend,' 'The Royal Christopher'; history, 'Outline of Irish History,' 'England under Gladstone,' 'Ireland since the Union,' 'The French Revolution, 1789–91'; translations, 'Omar Khayyám,' 'Hafiz,' 'Thousand and One Days'; plays, 'The Candidate,' 'The White Carnation,' 'The Highwayman,' 'The Wife of Socrates,' 'His Little Dodge,' 'My Friend the Prince,' 'If I Were King,' etc.

THE BEGINNINGS OF HOME RULE.

From 'Outline of Irish History.'

For some years after the failure of the Fenian insurrection there was no political agitation in Ireland; but in 1873 a new national movement began to make itself felt; this was the Home Rule movement. It had been gradually formed since 1870 by one or two leading Irishmen, who thought the time was ripe for a new constitutional effort; chief among them was Mr. Isaac Butt, a Protestant, an eminent lawyer and an earnest politician. The movement spread rapidly, and took a firm hold of the popular mind. After the general election of 1874, some sixty Irish members were returned, who had stood before their constituencies as Home Rulers. The Home Rule demand is clear and simple enough; it asks for Ireland a separate government, still allied with the imperial government, on the principles which regulate the alliance between the United States of America. The proposed Irish Parliament in College Green would bear just the same relation to the Parliament at

Westminster that the Legislature and Senate of every American state bear to the head authority of the Congress in the Capitol at Washington. All that relates to local business it was proposed to delegate to the Irish Assembly; all questions of imperial policy were still to be left to the imperial government. There was nothing very startling, very daringly innovating, in the scheme. In most of the dependencies of Great Britain, Home Rule systems of some kind were already established. In Canada, in the Australasian colonies, the principle might be seen at work upon a large scale; upon a small scale it was to be studied nearer home in the neighboring Island of Man. One of the chief objections raised to the new proposal by those who thought it really worth while to raise any objections at all, was that it would be practically impossible to decide the border line between local affairs and imperial affairs. The answer to this is, of course, that what has not been found impossible, or indeed exceedingly difficult, in the case of the American republic and its component states, or in the case of England and her American and Australasian colonies, need not be found to present unsurpassable difficulties in the case of Great Britain and Ireland.

"If the Home Rule theory," says Mr. Lecky, "brings with it much embarrassment to English statesmen, it is at least a theory which is within the limits of the constitution, which is supported by means that are perfectly loyal and legitimate, and which, like every other theory, must be discussed and judged upon its merits." This is exactly what English statesmen and politicians generally have refused to do. They will have none of the Home Rule theory; they will not admit that it comes within the limits of a constitutional question; Home Rule never could and never shall be granted, and so what is the use of discussing it?

This was certainly the temper in which Home Rule was at first received in and out of Parliament. Of late days, politicians who have come to concede the possibility, if not the practicability, of some system of local government for Ireland, still fight off the consideration of the question by saying, "What is the use of discussing Home Rule until you who support it present us with a clear and defined plan for our consideration?" This form of argument is no less unreasonable than the other. The supporters of Home

Rule very fairly say, "We maintain the necessity for establishing a system of local government in Ireland. That cannot be done without the government; till, therefore, the government is willing to admit that Home Rule is a question to be entertained at all, it is no use bringing forward any particular plan; when it is once admitted that some system of Home Rule must be established in Ireland, then will be the time for bringing forward legislative schemes and plans, and out of the multiplicity of ideas and suggestions creating a complete and cohesive whole."

The principle of Home Rule obtains in every state of the American Union, though the plan of Home Rule in each particular state is widely different. The principle of Home Rule obtains in every great colony of the crown, but the plan pursued by each colony is of a very different kind. When the people of the two countries have agreed together to allow Ireland to manage for herself her own local affairs, it will be very easy to bring forward some scheme exactly deciding the form which the conceded Home Rule is to take. But to bring forward the completed scheme before a common basis of negotiation has been established would be more the duty of a new Abbé Sieyès, with a new "theory of irregular verbs," than of a practical and serious politician.

At first the Home Rule party was not very active. Mr. Butt used to have a regular Home Rule debate once every session, when he and his followers stated their views, and a division was taken and the Home Rulers were, of course, defeated. Yet, while the English House of Commons was thus steadily rejecting, year after year, the demand made for Home Rule by the large majority of the Irish members, it was affording a strong argument in favor of some system of local government, by consistently outvoting every proposition brought forward by the bulk of the Irish members relating to Irish questions. In 1874 it threw out the Irish Municipal Franchise Bill, the Irish Municipal Privileges Bill, and the bill for the purchase of Irish railways. In 1875 it threw out the motion for inquiry into the working of the Land Act, the Grand Jury Reform Bill, the Irish Municipal Corporation Bill, the Municipal Franchise Bill. In 1876 it threw out the Irish Fisheries Bill, the Irish Borough Franchise Bill, the Irish Registration of Voters Bill,

and the Irish Land Bill. These were all measures purely relating to Irish affairs, which, had they been left to the decision of the Irish members alone, would have been carried by overwhelming majorities. The Irish vote in favor of these measures was seldom less than twice as great as the opposing vote; in some cases it was three times as great, in some cases it was four, seven, and eight times greater.

Mr. Butt and his followers had proved the force of the desire for some sort of national government in Ireland, but the strength of the movement they had created now called for stronger leaders. A new man was coming into Irish political life, who was destined to be the most remarkable Irish leader since O'Connell.

Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, who entered the House of Commons in 1875 as member for Meath, was a descendant of the English poet Parnell, and of the two Parnells, father and son, John and Henry, who stood by Grattan to the last in the struggle against the Union. He was a grand-nephew of Sir Henry Parnell, the first Lord Congleton, the advanced reformer, and friend of Lord Grey and Lord Melbourne. He was Protestant, and a member of the Protestant Synod. Mr. Parnell set himself to form a party of Irishmen in the House of Commons who should be absolutely independent of any English political party, and who would go their own way, with only the cause of Ireland to influence them. Mr. Parnell had all the qualities that go to make a good political leader, and he succeeded in his purpose. The more advanced men in and out of Parliament began to look up to him as the real representative of the popular voice. In 1878 Mr. Butt died. He had done good service in his life; he had called the Irish Home Rule party into existence, and he had done his best to form a cohesive parliamentary party. If his ways were not the ways most in keeping with the political needs of the hour, he was an honest and able politician, he was a sincere Irishman, and his name deserves grateful recollection in Ireland. The leadership of the Irish parliamentary party was given to Mr. William Shaw, member for Cork County, an able, intelligent man, who proved himself in many ways a good leader. In quieter times his authority might

have remained unquestioned, but these were unquiet times. The decorous and demure attitude of the early Home Rule party was to be changed into a more aggressive action, and Mr. Parnell was the champion of the change. It was soon obvious that he was the real leader recognized by the majority of the Irish Home Rule members, and by the country behind them.

Mr. Parnell and his following have been bitterly denounced for pursuing an obstructive policy. They are often written about as if they had invented obstruction: as if obstruction of the most audacious kind had never been practiced in the House of Commons before Mr. Parnell entered it. It may, perhaps, be admitted that the Irish members made more use of obstruction than had been done before their time; yet it should be remembered that the early Irish obstruction was on English measures, and was carried on with the active advice and assistance of English members. The Tory party was then in power and the advanced Liberals were found often enough voting with the Obstructionists in their fiercest obstruction to the existing government. The Irish party fought a good fight on the famous South African Bill, a fight which not a few Englishmen now would heartily wish had proved successful. It should also be remembered that Mr. Parnell did some good service to English legislation; he worked hard to reform the Factories and Workshops Bill of 1878, the prison Code, and the Army and Navy Mutiny Bills. Many of his amendments were admitted to be of value; many, in the end, were accepted. His earnest efforts contributed in no small degree to the abolition of flogging in the army.

The times undoubtedly were unquiet; the policy which was called in England obstructive and in Ireland active was obviously popular with the vast majority of the Irish people. The Land Question, too, was coming up again, and in a stronger form than ever. Mr. Butt, not very long before his death, had warned the House of Commons that the old land war was going to break out anew, and he was laughed at for his vivid fancy by the English press and by English public opinion; but he proved a true prophet. Mr. Parnell had carefully studied the condition of the Irish tenant, and he saw that the Land Act of 1870 was not the last word of legislation on his behalf. Mr. Parnell was at

first an ardent advocate of what came to be known as the three F's—fair rent, fixity of tenure, and free sale.

But the three F's were soon to be put aside in favor of more advanced ideas. Outside parliament a strenuous and earnest man was preparing to inaugurate the greatest land agitation ever seen in Ireland. Mr. Michael Davitt was the son of an evicted tenant; his earliest youthful impressions had been the misery of the Irish peasant and the tyranny of the Irish landlord. The evicted tenant and his family came to England, to Lancashire. The boy Michael was put to work in a mill, where he lost his right arm by a machine accident. When he grew to be a young man he joined the Fenians, and in 1870, on evidence of an informer, he was arrested and sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude; seven years later he was let out on ticket-of-leave. In his long imprisonment he had thought deeply upon the political and social condition of Ireland and the best means of improving it. When he came out he had abandoned his dreams of armed rebellion, and he went in for constitutional agitation to reform the Irish land system.

THE PENAL LAWS.

From 'Outline of Irish History.'

Under these laws Catholics could not sit in the Irish Parliament or vote members to it. They were excluded from the army, and navy, the magistracy, and the bar, the benches, the grand juries, and the vestries. They could not be sheriffs, or soldiers, game-keepers, or constables. They were forbidden to own any arms, and any two justices or sheriffs might at any time issue a search warrant for arms. The discovery of any kind of weapons rendered their Catholic owner liable to fines, imprisonment, whipping, or the pillory. They could not own a horse worth more than five pounds, and any Protestant tendering that sum could compel his Catholic neighbor to sell his steed. No education whatever was allowed to Catholics. A Catholic could not go to the university; he might not be the guardian of

a child; he might not keep a school, or send his children to be educated abroad, or teach himself.

No Catholic might buy land, or inherit or receive it as a gift from Protestants, or hold life annuities, or lease it for more than thirty-one years, or any lease on such terms as that the profits of the land exceeded one-third the value of the land. If a Catholic purchased an estate, the first Protestant who informed against him became its proprietor. The eldest son of a Catholic, upon apostatizing, became heir-at-law to the whole estate of his father, and reduced his father to the position of a mere life tenant. A wife who apostatized was immediately freed from her husband's control, and assigned a certain portion of her husband's property. Any child, however young, who professed to be a Protestant, was at once taken from his father's care, and a certain proportion of his father's property assigned to him. In fact, the Catholics were excluded, in their own country, from every profession, from every Government office from the highest to the lowest, and from almost every duty or privilege of a citizen.

A YOUNG IRELAND MEETING.

From 'Lily Lass.'

So it was settled, and a little before eight all three quitted the Crown, and crossed the street towards the open doors of the Desmond Confederate Club, into which already a number of persons were making their way.

Mr. Geraldine's tickets were for a few reserved seats in the front of the rest, and in a few minutes Lilias found herself seated between Mr. Geraldine and Lord Mountmarvel in the front row, quite close to the platform, and surveying with keen interest the strangely unfamiliar scene.

Although it still wanted some time of the hour for which the meeting was summoned, the body of the hall was beginning to be thronged with people. The hall itself was a bare, bleak, barrack-like place; the cold monotony of its whitewashed walls only slightly relieved by a few green flags bearing the uncrowned harp.

At the far end was a platform with chairs and a table also covered with green cloth. A few persons were sitting on the platform, surveying the body of the hall with that curiously constrained air of assumed indifference which the earliest occupants of a platform invariably put on pending the arrival of the orators of the occasion.

Lord Mountmarvel was whispering some contemptuous comment on the place and its people into the ear of Lilias, when her attention, diverted for a moment from the platform, was rapidly recalled to it by the loud applause of those who occupied it, applause which was taken up and echoed in deafening volume by the great crowd that now thronged the hall and filled its every available inch of sitting or standing room.

Murrough MacMurchad had just made his appearance on the platform, accompanied by Brian Fermanagh and half a dozen friends. He bowed slightly to the plaudits of the hall, and sat down near the table. His dark eyes, wandering over the audience, smiled recognition as they met Mr. Geraldine's gaze, and flashed for a moment angrily as they saw Lord Mountmarvel. Then they rested on Lilias, and a look of sudden interest quickened them into unusual brightness. The next instant they surveyed the whole audience with the calm, impassive, far-away look which was most familiar to them.

The routine proceedings incidental to all meetings were meantime being hurried through, little heeded by Lilias, whose interest in the novel scene was entirely absorbed in the attraction of the Young Irelander's dark, melancholy face.

Brian Fermanagh was moved into the chair; some letters, to which nobody paid much attention, were read over by the secretary of the Desmond Confederate Club; the minutes of a preceding meeting were mumbled over, and solemnly signed by the chairman.

There was a moment's pause, and then Brian Fermanagh, rising to his feet, said that it would be needless for him to waste the time of the assembly with any preliminary utterances, and that he would at once call upon Murrough MacMurchad to address them.

At the mention of MacMurchad's name a storm of applause broke from every part of the hall, growing louder

and wilder as MacMurchad got up, and moving towards the table stood facing his supporters with his right hand resting lightly on the green flag with the uncrowned harp of gold which covered it.

Every man in the assemblage sprang to his feet waving his hat and shouting himself hoarse. Lilias, half startled by the sudden tumult, looked for a moment away from the platform and glanced round upon the crowd about her.

In that glance she saw one thing, and one thing only, out of all the medley of moving, shouting, shrieking humanity—a girl's face gazing up intently at the Young Irelander with a look which the quick eyes of another woman were able to read only too easily.

The girl was young and beautiful, with the antique beauty of the Celt. The pale proud face, the dark passionate eyes, the braids of blacker hair than midnight, were all characteristics of an ancient Irish type. Women of that type trod the old paths between the Athenian olive-trees, and moved amid the arbutus groves of Eryx. Women of that type are to be found to-day on the slopes of Pentelicus, in the valleys of the Parnes range, and beneath the orange-trees of Parthenope, to prove the common bond of Grecian blood among the Irish race and the dwellers by the Tyrrhene Sea.

Lilias as she looked could scarcely restrain an involuntary cry of admiration at the girl's beauty; a moment more and she resented the vague pang with which she followed the direction of those dark eyes and saw them rest on MacMurchad.

MacMurchad appeared to be wholly unaware of that fixed gaze. His eyes were looking across the audience far into the distant corner of the hall.

The pang which had annoyed Lilias was succeeded by a yet more unreasonable throb of pleasure as she perceived the indifference of the Young Irelander to the bright eyes that shone so ardently upon him. Then the throb of pleasure was followed by a thrill of pity as Lilias saw how eagerly the face of Fermanagh was turned in the direction of the girl, and the pained lines about his mouth and eyes as he noted how her eyes were riveted on the face of his friend.

"Here is a tragedy to begin with," Lilias thought to herself, and at that moment MacMurchad began to speak, and Lilias forgot the girl and Fermanagh and everything else except the charm of the speaker's voice and the marvelous magic of his words.

MacMurchad spoke slowly and quietly at first, with full, grave enunciation that reached the fartherest ears as easily as those which harkened to him in his immediate neighborhood.

It is no part of my purpose to give here the speech which Murrough MacMurchad made that day. The very words lie before me as I write, lie before me in the slip of yellowed paper and faded print, a cutting from the report of the local paper which I found carefully preserved among the contents of Fermanagh's box. Who shall say how the hot words which then burned their way like flame into the hearts and brains of his hearers might show, copied out coldly here by me?

Burning words they were, which stir my tamed, elderly blood as I read them, and bring so vividly before my Transatlantic eyes the crowded hall and the faces I never saw—the faces of that wild young speaker and his fast friend, and the two fair women who watched him so eagerly.

Words of flame they seemed to most men there, who hung upon them as upon the utterances of a prophet. Words of flame they seemed to Lilias, as she listened with clasped hands and beating heart to the impetuous flood of the young man's eloquence. MacMurchad talked of the themes which then were agitating all men's minds with the wealth of language, the almost gorgeous grace of words, and the glowing passion which the Young Irelanders drew from the fountain of the Girondists, and in which they so far surpassed their masters.

In the pause that followed upon the applause that succeeded to some fiery appeal to the old traditions and the new hopes of the race Mountmarvel whispered sneeringly into the ear of Lilias:

"The fellow gets every line of this by heart, and repeats it like a parrot."

Lilias gave her companion an angry flash of scorn, which brought a smile to Mountmarvel's thin lips. The next mo-

ment an odd chance gave MacMurchad the opportunity of refuting the charge which unknown to him had been just made against him.

He was speaking of the dangers of the moment, and as he paused for a moment for breath, from the back of the hall, far away, a voice—the voice of an old woman, as it seemed—cried out to him in clear shrill tones,

"Well, God bring you safe, anyhow."

There was a second of dead silence. MacMurchad glanced with flashing eyes in the direction from which the voice proceeded, and then in loud, unfaltering tones answered the words of his well-wisher.

"A far better prayer would be, 'God bring the cause safe,' for the prisons in which men suffer and the graves in which they lie are but the landmarks of that eternal cause which with us has had thus far only its missionaries and its martyrs, but which will yet, I hope and firmly believe, have its heroes and its kings."

Under cover of the rapturous applause which greeted these gallant words, Lilias leaned a little towards Mountmarvel and asked him softly,

"Was that prepared? Was that a parrot's echo?"

Mountmarvel, with a somewhat annoyed expression on his face, was about to answer, but what he was going to say was lost for Lilias by a new cause for excitement and wonder.

On the platform just behind MacMurchad a young man, pale and excited, had forced his way, and regardless of the protestations of many on the platform, pushed towards the chairman, and caught him by the arm hastily.

Fermanagh looked up in surprise, saw the pallid face and wild eyes above him, listened to some words hurriedly whispered by the newcomer, and grew pale himself.

There was some excitement among the audience at the whispered colloquy between Fermanagh and the stranger. MacMurchad perceived that something had happened, but he went on composedly, until Fermanagh, leaning forward, caught him by the arm. He turned round, saw Fermanagh's troubled face, and leaning down, listened to the hurried words of his friend.

As he listened, Lilias, eagerly watching the strange

scene, saw his dark face grow pale too, and his mouth and eyes stern.

By this time the excitement in the audience had greatly increased. Every man saw that something unwonted had occurred; no one knew what; and the hum of wondering voices rose high, and those who stood in the back part of the hall began to sway uneasily, pressing upon those who sat or stood in front.

MacMurchad drew himself up from his hurried conference with Fermanagh, and advanced again to the front of the platform. Immediately the tumult stopped, and intense, eager quiet followed. Lilias held her breath in painful expectation. There was something ominous in this unexpected interruption; in the startled faces on the platform; in the set passion of MacMurchad's features.

For a few seconds MacMurchad stood silent, facing the hushed crowd. Twice he made as if to speak, twice his lips failed him; and the seconds seemed to every expectant being in that hall to lapse by with the awful length of centuries.

Then MacMurchad spoke, and his words fell like the tidings of doom upon his hearers.

"John Mitchel has been sentenced to penal servitude. He sailed from Dublin yesterday. There was no attempt at rescue."

As the words fell from MacMurchad's lips the audience remained for another breathing-space absolutely silent. Then from almost every man and almost every woman in the hall broke out a wild, plaintive, passionate cry, like the cry the mourners utter when they keen for the dead.

The wail lasted but a little time, and then it died down again into silence, as the fire dies down from its fierce flames into a sullen glow.

So silent did the hall become that Mountmarvel's voice was heard distinctly in almost every part of it, although he was hardly speaking louder than his wont, and was quite unconscious of speaking any louder.

It is the way of mankind when it opens its mouth in the midst of tumult unconsciously to pitch its tones a note or two higher than its ordinary, and this was what Mountmarvel, somewhat unfortunately for himself, had done.

What Mountmarvel said was, "There is one more of the damned rebels gone, Heaven be praised!"

He was saying it to Mr. Geraldine, half jestingly, half seriously. He had not intended that any one should hear it but him. He had thought—so far as he thought about his words at all—that they would be covered by the clamor of the crowd. He had not counted upon the sudden lull, which allowed his clear, almost shrill voice to be distinctly heard by those about him, and even by some who were far from him.

The moment he had spoken he saw what a mistake he had made—saw it in the looks of fury in the faces near to him, saw it in the hands that were raised at once in menace.

A man immediately behind Mountmarvel reached out and caught him by the collar of his coat.

The young lord tried unsuccessfully to shake off his assailant.

"What did you say?" the man demanded, in a voice hoarse with passion.

Mountmarvel cursed himself inwardly for his folly. He experienced no sense of fear for himself, only of alarm for his companions, whom his ill-timed comment had compromised, and of annoyance at the somewhat ridiculous figure which, according to his ideas, he would be likely to cut before them in engaging in an altercation in such a place and with such people.

"What did you say?" his captor asked again, shaking him angrily; and "What did you say?" was echoed by half a score of voices about him.

Men were standing up in all parts of the hall.

Those who were nearest to Mountmarvel began to close in ominously around him.

Mountmarvel was a brave man; Mountmarvel was strong.

With an angry wrench he tore himself free from the clutch of his questioner, and, looking straight into the fierce eyes, answered:

"I said there is one more of the damned rebels gone. What have you to say to me?"

Instantly the man who had asked the question struck savagely at Mountmarvel. Mountmarvel was quick and skillful, and he parried the blow.

Then he stood for a second on the defensive, cool and cautious, waiting for what would happen next.

Mr. Geraldine sprang to his feet and stood beside the young man, trying to interpose, urging patience.

Lilias was on her feet too, facing the crowd. She was very pale, but she did not scream, and she did not feel alarmed. She was not sorry for Mountmarvel, whose cruel comment had angered her; she was only interested, and intensely excited.

The scene she was looking at was more attractive than anything in a play, and she enjoyed it as fully, quite unconscious of or quite indifferent to the danger.

The hall was full of tumult. Half a dozen men had closed in upon Mountmarvel. Mr. Geraldine was flung aside to reel against the platform gasping for breath.

Lilias herself was in some danger from the men who, in their eagerness to get hold of Mountmarvel, hustled her unintentionally aside.

All this was the work of half a dozen seconds.

As the girl staggered about to fall, she seemed to hear a loud voice overhead shouting some words of stern command to the surging crowd. Two men leaped lightly down from the platform. One flung himself into the crowd that surrounded Mountmarvel. The other sprang to the side of Lilias. The next moment a strong arm caught her up and drew her aside out of the whirlpool of angry fighting humanity, and placed her by Mr. Geraldine's side in safety.

It was MacMurchad.

He turned angrily upon Mountmarvel's assailants, shouting to them to stand aside; and when his command was not obeyed, he pushed himself into the midst of them, where Brian Fermanagh already was shielding Lord Mountmarvel from the blows that were aimed at him, and endeavoring to bring his antagonists to reason.

Those who saw MacMurchad gave way, but some of those who were nearest to Mountmarvel either did not recognize him, or were too wild with fury to heed anything but the immediate object of their vengeance.

MacMurchad looked round angrily, and saw behind him the fantastic figure of his follower smiling in grim enjoyment of the tumult.

"Bring that man out, Cormac," he cried, and in an-

other moment the herculean dwarf had forced himself into the center of the struggle—had flung half a dozen strong men to left and right as if they were playthings, and had caught the form of Mountmarvel in his arms.

Not a moment too soon! Though Mountmarvel was a strong, vigorous, trained athlete, he was no match for the men who had assailed him, and he was badly bruised and well-nigh fainting when Cormac lifted him lightly to his shoulder and carried him, as easily as he would have carried a child, on to the platform.

MacMurchad and Fermanagh stood side by side, between the dwarf and Mountmarvel's furious assailants. But the men recognized MacMurchad now, and, though they were numerous enough to have swept him and his friend aside, they reverenced the young leader too highly to dream of doing this.

So they kept their ground and parleyed.

"Don't stand in the way of us, Master MacMurchad," said one.

"An' sure you would not be saving the Saxon?" said another, in plaintive expostulation, while angry voices from behind shouted angry threats, and urged those in front forward.

"The man who strikes at him," said MacMurchad, "must strike me down first. He came here alone; he shall go hence in safety. It shall not be said of us that if the stranger was lacking in courtesy we were weak enough to heed his insults, or to avenge them. Let every man leave the hall at once. The bad news we have received to-day calls for the deepest deliberation and the most careful counsel. Let every man be ready! Let no man be rash!"

MARTIN MacDERMOTT.

(1823 ——)

MARTIN MACDERMOTT was born in Dublin in 1823. He was apprenticed to an architect and afterward practiced his profession for some years in England. He was at one time architect to the Khedive of Egypt, and under his auspices the city of Alexandria was rebuilt after its bombardment. In the early forties he contributed several poems to *The Nation* and he has since edited *The New Spirit of The Nation*. He took part in the political movements of the 1848 period and was one of the deputation to Lamartine in Paris, to represent the leaders of the attempted insurrection. In these later, more peaceful years, and since he has settled down in London, he has taken an active part in the work of the Irish Literary Society. His poems are graceful and pleasing, and some of them have become familiar in the mouths of the people as household words.

THE IRISH EXILE.

When round the festive Christmas board, or by the Christmas hearth,
That glorious mingled draught is poured,—wine, melody, and mirth—
When friends long absent tell, low-toned, their joys and sorrows o'er,
And hand grasps hand, and eyelids fill, and lips meet lips once more—
Oh, in that hour 't were kindly done, some woman's voice would say—
" Forget not those who 're sad to-night—poor exiles, far away."

Alas, for them; this morning's sun saw many a moist eye pour
Its gushing love, with longings vain, the waste Atlantic o'er,
And when he turned his lion-eye this ev'ning from the West,
The Indian shores were lined with those who watched his couchèd crest;
But not to share his glory, then, or gladden in his ray,
They bent their gaze upon his path—those exiles, far away.

It was—oh; how the heart will cheat; because they thought, beyond
His glowing couch lay that Green Isle of which their hearts were fond;

And fancy brought old scenes of home into each welling eye,
And through each breast poured many a thought that filled it like a sigh.
'T was then—'t was then, all warm with love, they knelt them down to pray
For Irish home and kith and kin—poor exiles, far away.

And then the mother blest her son, the lover blest the maid,
And then the soldier was a child, and wept the whilst he prayed,
And then the student's pallid cheek flushed red as summer rose,
And patriot souls forgot their grief to weep for Erin's woes.
And, oh, but then warm vows were breathed, that come what might or may,
They 'd right the suffering isle they loved—those exiles, far away.

And some who were around the board, like loving brothers met,
The few and fond and joyous hearts that never can forget;
They pledged—"The girls we left at home, God bless them!" and they gave,
"The memory of our absent friends, the tender and the brave!"
Then up, erect, with nine times nine—hip, hip, hip—hurray!
Drank—"Erin slantha gal go bragh,"—those exiles, far away.

Then oh; to hear the sweet old strains of Irish music rise,
Like memories of home, beneath far foreign skies,
Beneath the spreading calabash, beneath the trellised vine,
The bright Italian myrtle bower, or dark Canadian pine—
Oh! don't these old familiar tones—now sad, and now so gay—
Speak out your very, very hearts,—poor exiles, far away!

But, Heavens! how many sleep afar, all heedless of these strains—
Tired wanderers, who sought repose through Europe's battle plains;
In strong, fierce, headlong fight they fell—as ships go down in storms;
They fell—and human whirlwinds swept across their shattered forms.
No shroud, but glory, wrapt them round; nor prayer, nor tear had they,
Save the wandering winds and the heavy clouds—poor exiles, far away.

And might the singer claim a sigh, he too, could tell how, tost
Upon the stranger's dreary shore, his heart's best hopes were lost;
How he, too, pined to hear the tones of friendship greet his ear,
And pined, to walk the river side, to youthful musing dear,
And pined, with yearning silent love, amongst his own to stay—
Alas; it is so sad to be an exile far away.

Then, oh! when round the Christmas board, or by the Christmas hearth,
That glorious mingled draught is poured,—wine, melody and mirth—
When friends long absent tell, low-toned, their joys and sorrows o'er,
And hand grasps hand, and eyelids fill, and lips meet lips once more—
In that bright hour, perhaps—perhaps, some woman's voice would say—
"Think—think, on those who weep to-night, poor exiles, far away."

GIRL OF THE RED MOUTH.

Girl of the red mouth,
Love me! Love me!
Girl of the red mouth,
Love me!
'T is by its curve, I know,
Love fashioneth his bow,
And bends it—ah, even so!
Oh, girl of the red mouth, love me!

Girl of the blue eye,
Love me! Love me!
Girl of the dew eye,
Love me!
Worlds hang for lamps on high;
And thought's world lives in thy
Lustrous and tender eye—
Oh, girl of the blue eye, love me!

Girl of the swan's neck,
Love me! Love me!

Girl of the swan's neck,
Love me!
As a marble Greek doth grow
To his steed's back of snow,
Thy white neck sits thy shoulder so,—
Oh, girl of the swan's neck, love me!

Girl of the low voice,
Love me! Love me!
Girl of the sweet voice,
Love me!
Like the echo of a bell,—
Like the bubbling of a well—
Sweeter! Love within doth dwell,—
Oh, girl of the low voice, love me!



Girl of the swan's neck,
Love me!
As a rare ivory Greek doth grow
To her proud's back of snow,
Thy white neck sits thy shoulder so—
Oh, girl of the swan's neck, love me!

Girl of the low voice,
Love me! Love me!
Girl of the sweet voice,
Love me!
Like the [illegible],
Like the [illegible]—
[illegible] dwell—
Oh, girl of [illegible], love me!

MICHAEL MacDONAGH

From a photograph by Ogden Liverpool



MICHAEL MacDONAGH.

(1862 ——)

MICHAEL MACDONAGH was born in Limerick in 1862. He was educated at the Christian Brothers' Schools, and at an early age he became a reporter on a local paper. In his twenty-second year he joined the *Freeman's Journal*, Dublin, and for eight years was one of its special correspondents in Ireland and in the Houses of Parliament. For some years he has been a member of *The Times* Parliamentary staff. He is a frequent contributor of articles on Irish character, press life, and Parliamentary history and custom to the magazines. He is a Fellow of the Institute of Journalists.

His publications are 'Bishop Doyle,' 'The Book of Parliament,' Irish Life and Character,' 'Parliament: its Romance, its Comedy,' its Pathos,' etc.

LOVE-MAKING IN IRELAND.

A song called 'The Sprig of Shillelagh,' which has been very popular with the Irish peasantry since it was written, close on a century ago, says—

> "Love is the soul of a neat Irishman;
> He loves all that 's lovely, and loves all he can."

But, though there seems to exist a widespread impression that strong, passionate, masterful love is a characteristic of the Irish temperament, love-making in Ireland is really a very calm and placid business; and, the old song I have quoted notwithstanding, the average Irish peasant takes unto himself a mate with as clear a head, as placid a heart, and as steady a nerve, as if he were buying a cow at Ballinasloe Fair. The peasantry of Ireland are very emotional and very sentimental. And yet, with that singular contrariness of character which makes them so uncomprehensible as a race, love by no means decides all the marriages that are made in Ireland. The match is often arranged in a ludicrously cool, business-like, and mercenary fashion, between the parents of the "boy" and the "girl," the young people themselves rarely being allowed, and indeed rarely expecting, any voice in the matter. But if there is little romance in the origin of most of the matrimonial contracts made in rural Ireland, they are as a rule entirely successful. The marriages thus prosaically

arranged are as happy as happy can be. Pat and Mary fall fondly in love with each other, after they are made husband and wife; children quickly spring up around their hearth, and the older they grow the more passionately do they cling to each other. Their domestic felicity is rarely, if ever, disturbed by jealousy, for Pat makes the faithfullest of husbands and Mary the fondest and truest of wives; and as there is little or no illicit passion, the crimes which spring from that source, and make desolate so many a home in other countries, are almost unknown in Ireland.

The great marrying season in Ireland is Shrovetide. During the forty days of Lent the Irish peasantry, in accordance with the ordinances of the Church, abstain from matrimony, as well as from eggs, butter, and milk. Some time before the approach of that holy season a farmer with a marriageable son or daughter whom he desires to see settled tells his friends and neighbors of the fact. He usually conveys the intelligence in an indirect, off-hand manner. He meets a friend at the fair or market, and says with a laugh, "Whisper here, Jim; I 'm trainin' up me little Maggie for your Johnny." "Ah, now, Jim," the other says, "you do me a grate favor entirely. But mind you, my little Johnny is very particular. The boy do be sayin' what a grate fortin he 'll want with his wife."

The subject having been thus broached, the parents discuss it whenever they meet, and it often happens that a long time elapses, and many a discussion and wrangle takes place, before the terms are finally settled. The farm generally goes with the boy, and the great difficulty in the arranging of matches is the fixing of the girl's dowry, which consists partly of money and partly of furniture and culinary utensils, as a set-off to the land. Often the affair is broken off because the girl's father resolutely refuses to throw into the scale another "tin-pound note," or a kitchen table, or it may be a pot. Sometimes "the Matchmaker"—an old woman who undertakes these delicate negotiations for a consideration—induces the parents to "split the differ"—that is, to come to an agreement on half the value of the additional articles of furniture, or half the amount of the additional sum of money, in dispute; and occasionally the point is referred for arbitration to some old and substantial farmer or trader of the district who is held in es-

teem by both parties. It is a curious circumstance that the priest, to whom the Irish peasant flies for advice in all his other troubles and difficulties, is rarely or never consulted in regard to a marriage. There is a superstition that "a priest's match" always leads to an unhappy marriage.

A funny story is told of the parents of a couple in Cork who met together to arrange a match. All had nearly been settled, when the father of the girl objected to parting with a kitchen table. "An' won't you give me the table, Tim?" said the proposed bridegroom's father. "No, Pat," replied the other. "Thin the divil a bit of me son your daughter will get!" cried the angry parent, and the negotiations were suspended. Another amusing anecdote, current in Ireland, throws further light on these interesting parleyings between the fathers. At Irish fairs there is a curious custom known as "dirtying the baste." When the terms of the purchase of a pig or a cow are agreed upon, after a long and vehement haggling between buyer and seller, the former picks up a piece of mud on his finger, or stick, and rubs it on the hind-quarters of the animal, to indicate that the bargain is concluded. Two wealthy cattle-buyers met to arrange a marriage between their children. The fortune of the bride, was as usual, fiercely disputed. "Look here, Mick," cried the father of the young man, "give me another hundred pounds, and be the sowl you may dirty the bhoy!"

But it is only when the affair is satisfactorily settled by the parents that Pat and Bridget are informed of their fate. They rarely demur to the arrangement. They know it is the custom of the country; and custom makes people everywhere do things which to outsiders seem amazing and incomprehensible. Pat and Bridget, if neighbors' children, are, of course, acquainted; but if the parents reside in different districts, it is probable that they may have never seen each other until it has been arranged that they are to become man and wife.

One Shrove Tuesday—the eve of Lent, during the forty days of which marriage is prohibited—a large number of peasant weddings were being celebrated in a chapel near Mill Street, County Cork. In the front rows or pews of the chapel sat the brides and bridesmaids, in gay attire, waiting their turn to go to the altar steps for the marriage

ceremony, while some little distance down the aisle sat the bridegrooms and their male friends. One of the young men was congratulated by an acquaintance. "An' where is yer intinded, Joe?" asked the friend. "Bejob, Mick," said the bridegroom unconcernedly, "I couldn't tell ye, but I believe she 's up there among the feathers and ribbons in the front row of sates." In fact, in this particular case it was not until the clerk who was assisting the priest at the altar cried out, "Joe MacSwiney and Margaret Dunphy will now come forward," and the parties met at the altar-steps, that the bride and bridegroom saw themselves for the first time!

I believe it was Lord Beaconsfield who cynically observed, "Early marriages are to be deprecated, especially for men." That is a maxim which does not prevail in Ireland. A favorite proverb of the peasantry in regard to matrimony is, "Either marry very young, or become a monk very young." Early marriages are the rule in Ireland, and the poorest marry the earliest. Farmers marry later in life than the agricultural laborers. Those who are accustomed to comparative comforts are as a rule more prudent, and exercise greater self-restraint in the matter of matrimony than the very poor. The fairly well-to-do form for themselves a standard of comfort below which they will not very willingly descend. But with the poor, especially in Ireland, it is otherwise. Their position is comfortless, their earnings are precarious, and with that resignation and fatalism which is so characteristic a trait in the Irish nature they will say, "Shure, whatever we do we can't be worse off than we are." In a word, no prudential motives seem to exist to counteract the natural promptings of the human passions.

And yet many of the Irish poor enter into matrimony as a sort of provident investment for old age. A very intelligent Irish peasant once said to me, "A poor man ought to marry young that his children may be able to assist him when he grows old." When Pat and Biddy begin housekeeping, their little cabin is soon filled with children; and the more their flock increases the more they say, "Shure the childer will be a grate support to us in our ould age." And, happily, this investment for old age never fails them.

In no country in this world is the affection between

children and parents so strong; in no country in the world is the duty of children to provide for their aged parents held so sacred as in Ireland. Four generations may be seen in many of the poorest cabins in the west—the children, the young father and mother, the old grandparents, and an ancient great-grandmother or great-grandfather. The thousands of pounds which have been annually sent by children in the Colonies and in America to parents in Ireland during the past half-century is another striking demonstration of this intense filial affection.

This, then, explains the early marriages in Ireland. But, of course, in some cases the step does not turn out to have been wise. I once met an old peasant who had married when he was nineteen, and thought he had not done well. "I 'll niver marry agin so young if I wor to live to the age of Methuselah!" he exclaimed. And he kept his word; he was eighty when he married the second time.

Many humorous stories might be told to illustrate how marriage is regarded in Ireland—as in every other country, alas—simply as a means of retrieving broken fortunes, or of obtaining an improved position in life. A small farmer went into a bank in Limerick, when the following conversation took place between him and the manager. "Good-mornin', yer honner; I called about a little business, and though there 's other banks in the town, I thought I 'd give yer honner the compliment." "Well, Tom, I 'm glad to see you; and what 's the business?" "I hear the interest in Widow Brady's farm is to be sould soon, yer honner; and I want to 'rise' five hundhred poun' to buy it." "Nonsense, Tom; how could you ever pay the money back, if I lent it to you?" "Oh, there 's nothin' asier in life. Shure me young Jim 'ud get it in a fortune when he marries." "And may I ask, Tom, what age is the young fellow?" "He 's just three year ould, yer honner." Needless to say Tom was unable to raise the money on that remote security. The wife of an Irish landlord was once censured by a friend for bringing her second son up in idleness, instead of putting him to a profession or a business. "Oh," she replied, "he 's a fine, handsome boy, and when he grows to be a young man, I 'll send him to England, and, take my word for it, some rich English lady will treat herself to him." A gentleman who had married well gave

some assistance to a poor peasant. "Well, yer honner," exclaimed the thankful countryman, "the blessin' o' God on ye. An' shure it is on ye, for haven't He given ye a lady that cud keep ye widout doin' a sthroke of work all the rest of yer days?" A farmer who was told he would find it difficult to get a daughter off his hands, as she was not very pretty, laughed the idea to scorn. "Not very purty!" he cried. "Faix, I 'll make her purty with cows!"

Further light is thrown on this mercenary mode of regarding matrimony by the following story which was told me by a member of the Irish bar. Some years ago my friend was standing outside the bank at Tralee, talking to the manager, when a peasant approached, and took off his hat to indicate that he had a communication to make. "Well, what is it?" asked the manager. "A deposit-note, sur," said the peasant, handing him the paper. "One hundred and twenty pounds," said the manager, looking at the note. "Your wife must sign it, for it is in your wife's name." "She 's dead, sur," said the peasant. "When did she die?" "Ere yestherday, yer honner." "Faith, you haven't lost much time," said the manager. "And now that I come to look at you, didn't you bring me another deposit-note of your wife's, about a year and a half ago?" "'T is true for you, sur," said the peasant. "That was my first wife. 'T is the way wid me, that I 'm very lucky wid the wimmin."

"Pat, is this true that I hear?" said a landlord to one of his tenants, whom he met on the roadside. "An' what's that, yer honner?" asked Pat. "That you are going to marry again." "Oh, that 's so, yer honner." "But your first wife has only been dead a week, Pat." "An' shure she 's as dead now as she ever will be, yer honner." was Pat 's unexpected and inconclusive reply. "Yerra!" said an old woman, in tones of amazement, to a young peasant girl newly married. "What did ye see in Jim that made ye tie yerself to him?" "Shure, he was tormintin' the life out o' me, followin' me everywhere, an' I just married the *omadaun* to get rid o' him," was the reply. But it was a peasant woman who advanced perhaps the quaintest reason for marrying the third time that I ever heard. Her parish priest met her and said, "So you have married again, Mary? There was Tom Whelan and Mick Murphy,

rest their souls, and now there is Tim Malony." "Och, yer riverence," said she, "it wasn't for the fun or the divarshion of it I married the third time, but I thought it would soften me poor ould cough, which I 'm kilt wid ivery winther."

But, happily, many of the marriages in rural Ireland have their spice of romance. The match is made by the boy and girl themselves. An Irish peasant-maid in the heyday of her youth, with her pretty figure, her abundant black hair, her large blue eyes, with their indescribable half-alluring, half-shy expression, and the soft, lulling intonation of her coaxing and beguiling brogue, is quite irresistible; and the boy has too often an impressionable heart and a "deludhering tongue" to render it always necessary that the parents should "make the bargain."

The youthful couples meet at dances, or on Sundays after Mass,—even a wake is turned to account for a little courting,—and they are in hearty accord with the boy who said, "It is a grate pleasure entirely to be alone, especially whin yer sweetheart is wid ye." "Do you drame of me, Mike?" said the girl to her lover as they walked arm-in-arm down the lonely glen. "Drame of you, is it, Kate? Shure, 't is the way wid me that I can't sleep dramin' of you, me darlin'." Yes, they have the flattering tongue, those Irish boys. "And I wish I was in jail for stealin' ye," was the compliment one of them paid to a pretty *colleen*.

Even when they get a refusal they have a "soft word" to say. Eileen was engaged to another boy, and so she had to say "no" to Tim when he asked her. "Wisha, thin," said Tim, with a sigh, "I wish you 'd been born twins, so that I cud have half of yez." An amusing instance of the fascination of Irish girls occurred some years ago at Dingle, County Cork. During a period of agrarian disturbance some of the well-to-do residents petitioned the authorities to send them a military force. But there happened to be no accommodation in the town for the soldiers; and so the Government sent a small cruiser to the bay. The friendliest relations were quickly established between the ship and the people. Several marriages between the sailors and the girls of the town followed. Then the officers caught the infection. The commander and the purser married two

sisters, daughters of the Protestant rector; and the lieutenant found his better half in the daughter of the local landlord. A most delightful state of things prevailed till one sad Saturday a communication was received from the Admiralty, ordering the commander to leave the bay, the very next day, under sealed orders, which were to be opened when he had got twenty miles out to sea. A terrible commotion prevailed in the town. The wives of the sailors were distracted at the thought that they were to be so suddenly parted from their husbands, and perhaps not see them again for years. But the commands of the Admiralty are inexorable and must be obeyed. Accordingly, on Sunday the cruiser steamed out of the bay, and was soon lost to the view of the heart-broken wives and their relations assembled on the shore. Early next morning, guns were heard in the bay, and the inhabitants of Dingle on rushing to their windows saw with amazement the cruiser at her old moorings! The commander, on opening the sealed orders, found instructions to return again to the bay. The Lords of the Admiralty stated they had been informed that the crew of the cruiser were having more balls, and excursions, and wives than were good for discipline; and they expressed the hope that after this lesson the commander would be more careful in future!

"Ah," said a girl shyly to a boy who was slow in making up his mind, "if you wor me, Jack, and I wor you, I wud be married long ago." But the girls in Ireland are not disposed to do the wooing in that fashion. Times have changed since an old woman in the West of Ireland used to impress upon all the rising female generation in her district that "E'er a man is better than ne'er a man." "Marry him, is it!" exclaimed a peasant girl to whom her parents were suggesting an old man as a husband. "Faix, I 'd rather be tied be the neck to a milestone." The girls in Ireland can afford just as well, if, indeed, not better, than the girls of any other country to take up this independent position in regard to matrimony. Two old servants were discussing the matrimonial prospects of the young lady of the house. "Oh, the Lord love her and send her that she is not an ould maid," said one. "Ah, hould yer whist!" exclaimed the other. "Is it the likes

of Miss Norah left an ould maid? Shure she can get heaps an' heaps o' min."

The boys, therefore, have often a great deal of difficulty in inducing the girls to agree to "getting the words said," as the marriage ceremony is colloquially described. In one case I have heard of, a farm-servant was told by the girl to whom he proposed that she was too much attached to her mother and her mother to her to think of getting married. "Arrah, shure, no husband could equal me mother in kindness," said she. "Oh, thin!" exclaimed the boy, "be me wife, and shure we can all live together, and see that I don't bate yer mother." He could not have meant that he would ill-use the mother—that was only his Irish way of putting things—for his declaration induced the girl to yield to his wishes. A bashful youth (a rather rare person in Ireland, be it said), who was in love with a girl, intrusted his proposal for her hand to his sister one day that the maid visited his father's cabin, while he, with anxious heart, hid behind the door, awaiting the result. The girl, who did not care to be wooed at second-hand, replied with a saucy toss of her head, "Indeed now, if I 'm good enough to be married, I 'm good enough to be axed." The boy then stuck his head into the room and exclaimed, with a sob in his voice, "Mary, *allanah,* will yez do what Maggie axed ye?" In another case an exasperated rural lover was driven, as he said himself, "beyant the beyants" (beyond the beyonds—that is, to extreme desperation) with the carryings-on of the girl with another boy. "I 'll never spake to you any more, Peg!" he cried, with excusable vexation. "Oh, thin, keep yer spake to yourself," said the provoking girl coolly; "I 'm sure I cud get along very well widout it, or you ayther." "I 'm sure so can I, thin," was the lover's wrathful rejoinder. The parents also often stand in the boy's way. "Well, Mr. Hickey," said a young laborer to the father of his heart's desire, "any chance of gettin' Mary this Shrove?" "Arrah, take your time, Pat Meehan; shure the heifer is young," said the cruel, matter-of-fact father. "In any case, I couldn't spare her till I get in the praties."

When the day has been named, whether by arrangement between the boy and girl themselves or through the intermediary of their parents, preparations are made, on the

most extensive scale, for a grand wedding. It is considered essential in the humblest circles that, for the honor of the family, the guests at the wedding, which include sometimes the whole of the country-side, should have lots of eating and drinking,—" lashin's and lavin's of iverything." Closeness on such an occasion is the unforgivable social sin. " Arrah, if I wor gettin' married," I have heard a woman indignantly exclaim when she saw a poor display at a wedding, " I 'd sell every stitch to me back, and go naked, in order to get married dacently! "

To make a " gran' match " and have a " grate weddin' " is the ambition of Irish parents in regard to their daughters. Sometimes a strange notion prevails as to what is a grand match. I once asked an old woman what had become of a certain young girl. " Faix, she made a gran' match, entirely; for a rale gintleman married her," was the reply; " but it turned out he was married before." " And the poor girl—where is she now? " I inquired. " Oh, shure, she 's at home. She hasn't put her fut outside the dure for months, ashamed to show her face to the naybors." A pitifully grand match, surely!

A pretty Irish servant-maid, who had got married, called to see her mistress. " I hear you are going to Australia with your husband, Kitty," said the lady. " Are you not afraid of such a long voyage? " " Well, ma'am, that 's his lookout," said Kitty. " I belong to him now, an' if anything happens to me shure it 'll be his loss, not mine." But there is not always that complete loss of the wife's identity in the husband which the above anecdote suggests. It is the wife that rules the household in rural Ireland. The title the husband gives her is " herself." " Shure herself wouldn't allow me," is the excuse he usually advances when he is asked to do something which, perhaps, it would be better that he should not do. " How is herself? " and " How is the woman that owns ye? " are greetings commonly heard between husbands in Ireland. The husband surrenders to her all his earnings, to the uttermost farthing; an excellent arrangement for Pat, who, feeling the money burning in his pocket, as he says himself, is disposed to get rid of it rapidly; and a still more excellent arrangement for the sake of the children. Bridget is, indeed, Pat's guardian angel. On many a Saturday, when a boy in

Limerick, have I seen the long line of country cars returning homewards from market in the dusk of the summer evenings, the wives driving, and the husbands, with a "drop taken," perhaps, lying quietly in the straw behind.

There is a story told of a young Cork lady who was presented at the Vice-regal Court, Dublin, shortly after her marriage. The Viceroy has the pleasant duty of kissing on the cheek the ladies presented him at a drawing-room; but when his Excellency was about to give this young lady the regulation salute, she cried, "Oh, no! that privilege is exclusively reserved for Mr. O'Mahony." And so it is with most Irish wives in every class of society. Husbands rarely have occasion for jealousy; and, as I have before said, there are few countries in the world where, as a rule, the marriage state is so happy.

Of course, there are exceptions to the general serenity of the domestic hearth and the fond attachment betwen husband and wife. I knew at least of one Irishman in Limerick whose life was made miserable by a drunken wife. She had sold everything in the home for drink; and, as a last resource, she threatened to commit suicide if money to procure more liquor were not forthcoming. Next morning, before proceeding to work, the husband, driven to desperation by his wife's conduct, left his two new razors lying on the table, telling her to "select the best wan ov thim." At night when Pat came home trembling with apprehension he found his wife huddled up in a corner, not dead—but dead drunk. By her side was a pawn-ticket, and on it was written, "*Two razors,* 1*s.* 6*d.*" There is another story of the exception which proves the rule. Some years ago, as the mail-boat from Ireland was entering Holyhead harbor, a lady fell into the water. One of the sailors, an Irishman, jumped overboard and rescued her from death by drowning. When she was safe on deck again the husband, who was a calm spectator of the accident, handed the brave sailor a shilling. The spectators did not hesitate to express their indignation of the man's meanness, when the sailor, with native shrewdness, threw a new light on the matter by saying, "Arrah, don't blame the gintleman; he knows best. Maybe if I hadn't saved her he 'd have given me half a crown." I am disposed to think that

the husband in this case was not an Irishman. History, certainly, does not indicate his nationality.

A party of English tourists at Killarney, whilst partaking of their luncheon, animatedly discussed the vagaries of courtship. "Let us ask our guide for his opinion," suggested one of them. "Here, Pat," he continued, "what 's your idea about courting?" "Well, ladies and gintlemin," replied Pat, rubbing his chin and grinning as he spoke, "ye 've oftin h'ard it said that ivery cloud has a silver linin'; but I think some people's coortin' brings the silver to the fore, wid the cloud hangin' behind like a thief in the dark. Now, gintlemin and ladies, when I was coortin' the ould woman I 'm married to, I was that fond of her I could have ate her; an', upon me conscience, I 'm sorry I didn't ate her, for I 've had to swolly a lot since." A woman named Mrs. Flynn was placed in the dock of one of the Dublin police courts, a few months ago, charged with having assaulted her husband. The police applied for a remand, as the husband, being confined to the hospital, was unable to appear. The woman seemed also to be in a very battered condition. Her face was bruised, one eye was closed, and she had a bandage over her head. "What an awful condition the poor woman is in!" said the magistrate pityingly. "Och, yer worship," exclaimed the woman, with a ring of exultation in her voice, "just wait till yez see Flynn!"

However, marital relations in Ireland are, as I have said, of the most harmonious character; and if a husband and wife do fall out occasionally, and even resort to blows, like Mr. and Mrs. Flynn, they think nothing the worse of each other in the end. "It 's seldom you hear of an Irishman staining his own hearthstone with blood," said an Irish girl who was being "chaffed" by some English friends about agrarian murders in Ireland. "In Ireland," she went on, "if a wife offends her husband, a few hard words, or at most, blows, is her punishment. But if the English boor's wife offend him, very likely she 'll go to bed to-night to rise in the morning and find her throat cut." Yes, a blow is the Irish wife's worst punishment. "That 's a fine black eye you 've got, ma'am," said a man to a woman sitting over her basket of fish in Pill Lane. "Fightin', I suppose, agin?" "No, I wasn't fightin'," replied the fishwoman.

"Himself (her husband) it was that gave me that;" and, facing fiercely round on her questioner, she added, "and I 'd like to know who had a better right!" A laborer out of employment applied for outdoor relief for himself and his wife, at the North Dublin Union. "Well, my good fellow, we must have evidence that you are legally married," said the chairman of the relief committee. "Begor, sir, I 've the best proof in the wuruld," said the applicant, and bending his head he displayed a scar on his skull. "Does yer honner think," he added, "I 'd be after takin' that abuse from any wan but a wife?"

Having such happy homes and faithful wives, is it any wonder that Irishmen are loth to leave them behind? An Irish car-driver was wrapping himself up carefully before starting on a journey on a cold winter's day. "You seem to be taking very good care of yourself," said the impatient fare. "To be shure I am, sur," replied the driver. "What 's all the wuruld to a man when his wife 's a widow?"

MRS. FRANCES E. MacFALL.

SARAH GRAND (Frances E. MacFall) was born in Ireland. She is the daughter of Edward John Bellenden Clarke, Lieutenant of the Royal Navy, and Margaret Bell, who was the daughter of the late George Henry Sherwood, lord of the manor of Rysome Garth, Yorkshire. She was married at sixteen to Brigade-Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel MacFall (who died in 1898). She traveled for five years in the East, in China and Japan; wrote 'Ideala' at twenty-six; and has since interested herself in the Woman's Movement. She has written many important essays on the education and elevation of women and has lectured on the subject both here and in England.

She has published 'Singularly Deluded,' 'A Domestic Experiment,' 'Ideala,' 'The Heavenly Twins,' 1893; 'Our Manifold Nature,' 1894; 'The Beth Book,' 1897; 'The Modern Man and Maid,' 1898; and 'Babs the Impossible,' 1900.

She is a prominent club woman in London and is Vice-President of the Central and Western Society for Woman's Suffrage, President of the Woman's International Progressive Union, Vice-President of Mowbray House Cycling Association, Vice-President of the Scottish Association for the Promotion of Women's Public Work, etc.

AH MAN.

From 'Our Manifold Nature, Stories from Life.'

A house managed by Chinese servants works as if it were subject to natural law which is inevitable rather than to human discipline that can be evaded. If you dismiss your butler at breakfast, his substitute will stand behind your chair at lunch, and go about his business from the moment he arrives as if he had been in your service all his life. Once let him know your wishes, and everything will be arranged to suit them; but woe be to you if you are not a person of regular habits, for his motive power is a kind of clockwork which resents interference, and if you would put him back or hurry him on the probability is he will stop or break up altogether—at least, this is the view of him that is generally accepted. Ordinary Europeans who come in contact with him never seem to suspect that a servant so methodical can be anything but a machine. What precisely the human nature of him is in detail, wherein exactly he resembles or differs from us, opportunities never enabled me to decide; but once there came under

my observation a profoundly interesting specimen, interesting as an enigma, the solution to which I seem to see, although I cannot find a formula in which to express it.

Our butler had been dismissed in the morning; and in the afternoon I was sitting alone upstairs in the veranda overlooking a grove of mango trees, the heavy foliage of which formed a screen between me and inquisitive amahs and coolies who might be loitering in the road below. The fruit shone ocher against the green in the cloudless sunshine. There were two doors to the veranda, one leading into my sitting-room, and another on to the landing. Ascending to the latter was a carpetless staircase which echoed noisily to every tread, and as I sat fanning myself drowsily with a book on my lap, I became aware of the dull regular thud of rigid wooden soles clumping up, and knew that a Chinaman was ascending. It was a peculiarly emphatic, doggedly determined clump, clump up, not at all like the step of any of our own servants. I thought there was the stiffness of age in it, and when it stopped an undue time outside the closed door, I supposed my visitor was recovering his breath before he knocked. He omitted the latter ceremony altogether, however, as being a foolish, "foreign devil" fashion, perhaps, to which a superior Chinaman could not be expected to conform, and, opening the door at his leisure, looked in. His eyes met mine in the act, but his sallow face might have been a mask worn to conceal his emotions, so perfectly blank was it of any intelligible expression.

We surveyed each other some seconds in silence, then he suggested abruptly in a gruff voice, uttering the words without emphasis, as if they had been let loose mechanically: "Wanshee butler?"

Certainly I wanted a butler, but my first thought was, "Not one with your manners, my friend, nor with such a cast of countenance." I did not say so, however. In fact I said nothing, but sat still and stared hard at him, thereby causing his conscience to smite him without intending it, for as I continued to gaze he removed his little black silk cap, slowly unwound his long thick pigtail, which had been coiled round his head, dropped it behind him, and replaced his cap. It is disrespectful for a servant to appear with his pigtail rolled up, but I could not

tell if his coming so had been insolence or inadvertence. In any case, however, I considered that he had apologized, and let it pass.

He had a bundle of what looked like foreign[1] letters in his hand, "chits" of character doubtless from former employers, and these he handed to me now without further preliminary. "Ah Man has asked me to write him a recommendation," I read on the first, "and as I am convinced that he will bathe in my blood if I refuse, I write him this in self-defense." "This is to certify," the next ran, "that Ah Man is the wickedest old scoundrel in China." "If you have courage for anything engage Ah Man, but not otherwise, as with him you never know what to expect," I read further; and yet another was couched in similar terms.

Ah Man had watched me reading these productions. "Very good chit?" he suggested with some show of self-satisfaction when I looked up.

"Remarkable," I answered. "There is a kind of argument about them that is convincing."

"My stop?" he asked.

I pursed my mouth, and shook my head.

He turned imperturbably to go, or so I should have thought had I not surprised a glance of his oblique brown eyes, a flash expressive of despair if ever an eye expressed anything, or so I feared, and I hesitated.

"Wait, Ah Man," I said. "To-morrow I let you know."

"Chin chin," he responded, taking his left hand in his right and shaking it towards me, Chinese fashion. "Chin chin," he muttered again as he slowly closed the door. Clearly, it seemed to me, his courtesies depended upon my good manners; if I showed him no consideration, I need not expect any.

My next visitor was a colonial official, who arrived so soon after Ah Man had retired that I was sure they must have met on the stairs, and I was right.

"What was that old rascal, Ah Man, doing here?" he began immediately.

"You know him, then?"

"Know him? I should think so! Everybody knows him, and no one will have him in their service. He 's notorious."

[1] In China everything that is not Chinese is called foreign.

"But what has he done?" I asked.

"Everything, I should think. He made his name and became celebrated through taking advantage of an indiscretion on the part of one of his masters. There is a certain kind of British officer, you know, who thrashes his servants. He comes from India, where the natives are weakly and cannot retaliate, and therefore it is safe to thrash them. One Captain Guthrie Brimston, who was quartered here, entertained the same delusion with regard to the Chinese at first. Ah Man was his servant and annoyed him one day, and he determined to thrash him. He called him in for the purpose, and gave him fair warning of his intention. 'All light,'[1] Ah Man responded cheerfully. Then he went to the door and bolted it, which, having accomplished, he squared up to Captain Guthrie Brimston, politely intimated that he was ready, begged him to come on, and offered to wipe him 'off of a face of cleation.' By that time, however, Captain Guthrie Brimston had changed his mind; but, unfortunately for him, Ah Man, with the tenacity for which his race is distinguished, stuck to the point; and it was a poor satisfaction which Captain Guthrie Brimston afterwards secured at the police court."

"Ah Man is interesting!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he answered, laughing; "he has distinguished himself in some equally unexpected way in every house he has entered yet."

"He is decidedly interesting," I repeated. "There is the charm of the unexpected in his character, which is irresistible."

"Well, I warn you, if you have anything to do with him you 'll repent it."

When my visitor had gone I rang for the boy. "Go catchee Ah Man chop chop,"[2] I said. "My likee he for butler."

So many original recommendations had been too much for me; I was impatient to secure him, and felt that if I failed I should have lost one of the great chances of my life.

Next day when I came down to breakfast I found beside my plate an exquisite arrangement of pinky blossom, in a blue and white china jar of quaint design. Jar and

[1] In pidgin English *l* is substituted for *r*. [2] *Chop chop*, immediately.

flowers together were a work of art. "Where *did* they come from?" I exclaimed.

"My no savee," the boy answered stolidly.

A servant came round from behind and handed me a dish at the same moment, and on looking up in surprise to see who it was, for I had not noticed another in the room, I recognized the sinister visage of Ah Man, the new butler; but I never dreamed of associating him with the exquisite offering of flowers.

Besides the butler and "boy," who answers to a footman at home, we had a Larn-pidgin in our household at that time. Larn-pidgin (literally Learn-business) is a young boy who comes to be trained; he gives his help in return for the training, and does as much damage as he can in the time. We happened just then to have a particularly interesting Larn-pidgin. He was a Christian by profession, a thief by nature, devoured by curiosity, and garrulous to a degree, his favorite *rôle* being that of chorus to cast light on all that was obscure in the conduct of the other members of the establishment. I was his audience, or rather his victim, for he never spared me the result of his observations if it pleased him to keep me informed. He did not profess to have any respect for me, but spoke of me habitually as the "foreign devil's" wife, mimicked my manners, and laughed unaffectedly at my dress.

Larn-pidgin was privileged to be present at every meal, and took advantage of the privilege more or less regularly. As might have been expected, he had come in that morning to study Ah Man, and found the pursuit so absorbing that he did not trouble himself to wait upon us, but tacked about the room, taking observations apparently from different points of view. Suddenly there was a tremendous crash behind me, and boy and butler rolled on the floor amidst much wreckage of plates and dishes. They had been going quickly in opposite directions but had been brought up short with a jerk, Larn-pidgin having managed, as they stood at the side-board taking things up to carry away, to tie their pigtails together. So I thought we might anticipate wild times of trouble between him and Ah Man.

The next time he had me at his mercy, being alone, he began about the dainty gift of flowers. Having been

brought up by the missionaries, he spoke much better English than the other servants.

"Wanshe know who kumshaw[1] you them flowers?" he began. "*I* savee. That Ah Man."

"Why should he give me them?" I asked.

"Lord knows," Larn-pidgin piously ejaculated.

In spite of ominous predictions, all went well in the household from the time that Ah Man took charge of it. He was an excellent servant. There was the occasional hubbub of a fierce dispute down in the servants' quarters, and in looking over the veranda one caught glimpses of Larn-pidgin fugitive, and Ah Man with a stick in hot pursuit; but these were outdoor incidents that did not affect the indoor comfort of our daily lives, or the respectable decorum of our attendants when on duty. Most of my time was spent in reading, writing, and music, and I soon noticed that Ah Man took a curious interest in my pursuits. He alarmed me at first by persistently dusting my papers, about the arrangement of which I was particular; but I soon found that although he lingered long over them, patting them as if he were petting them, he never disturbed their order. My music, too, invariably brought him upstairs, and he would loiter about listening as long as I played. Larn-pidgin had done the same at first, and I had been so glad to think I was giving the poor boy pleasure that in a weak moment I asked him what he thought of my playing.

"I tinkee awful," he rejoined.

There come crises in life, whether of mental or physical origin, which set in with a sudden distaste for everything hitherto habitual. Interest goes out of the old pursuits, joy from the old pleasures, life is blank as a wall without windows, and the patient sinks at last utterly enervated. When one falls into this phase in the tropics the result is apt to be serious. You pass from an energetic attitude to an easy chair, from the chair to a couch, and then to bed, from whence you will not again arise unless roused by some vitalizing force from without. It was the hot weather when Ah Man came to us, and soon afterwards I fell into this state of indifference. It grew upon me gradually, until all the old occupations were abandoned.

[1] *Kumshaw*, present.

I was not very observant at the time, but it has since occurred to me that as my health declined I began to see more and more of Ah Man. He never spoke except in answer to some remark of mine, and then his replies consisted of a single syllable, or even a grunt if he could make that do, but he began to hover with his feather dusting-brush in his hand about my sitting-room, and especially about my writing table, at hours that were unconscionable for dusting, and now I believe that on those occasions he came to satisfy himself; he wanted to see if I had been able to work. When I could not eat my breakfast, he would appear in the middle of the morning with a cup of beef-tea, which he would set down beside me silently, and if I had not touched it when he returned he would quietly take it away, and come again later with something else. He never said a word, nor did I, except to thank him.

Larn-pidgin was naturally very much on the spot at this time, interpreting in his character of chorus. Larn-pidgin was a cynic without any conception of what we meant by disinterested affection.

"Ah Man tink you makee die," he told me one day cheerfully, "and he not get 'nother number one mississee."

When I was in the last stage of the subtle disorder, and could no longer get up, his attentions redoubled. I had an English maid, but he came into my room as by right whenever he could frame a pretext, and watched my face furtively as I had seen him examine my writings, as if he would fain decipher the signs he could not comprehend. He was an artist in the arrangement of flowers, and would bring me fresh ones almost every day, each more exquisite than the last. It was all done, however, with a singular gravity. There was never a smile on his face, never a sign of any emotion; only his eyes showed the intelligence within, but even they said no more than we see in the eyes of animals when they are watchful.

A friend of mine had an amah,[1] a nice woman, whom she often sent to me with messages at this time. Ah Man would show her in, but he always did it in a lordly way, as if he despised her. Larn-pidgin came continually, waiting and watching doubtless with the deepest interest for

[1] *Amah*, woman servant.

early symptoms of my dissolution. On one of these occasions I had been wondering why Ah Man was so ungracious to the comely amah, and I asked Larn-pidgin.

"Ah Man mallied to her," he grunted contemptuously, as if he considered that being married to a woman was enough to account for any amount of ungraciousness.

The amah brought me some unbound numbers of the *Cornhill Magazine* one day, with a note from my friend entreating me to try and read the story, "Far from the Madding Crowd," that ran through them. She said it was by an anonymous writer, they thought George Eliot, and would revive me. I took up the first number without the slightest interest, merely to please her, and began to read. I had not looked at a book for weeks, and found it an effort at first, but by degrees all consciousness of strained attention wore off insensibly. I ceased, as it were, to read, and began to live in the book, and I found something neither visible nor definable, but perfectly perceptible to me, something vivifying, worth having, worth using, and more, worth contemplating in another, a power that wrought itself into feeling and claimed in me a humble kinship.

After the third number I sat up, and asked for strong tea and bread and butter. Next day I struggled on to a couch. At the end of a week my brain was busy again, and only the state of skin and bone to which I had been reduced remained to show that I had ever been ill.

Ah Man watched my progress with simmering excitement. When I sent for strong tea, he brought it himself, quite fussily for him. Later he tried champagne and an omelette as an experiment on his own account, and, finding it eminently successful, he redoubled his efforts; and every time he came in he eyed the orange covers of *Cornhill* with undisguised interest. At last, under an elaborate pretense of dusting, he managed to abstract one of the numbers, and retired with it to the next room. From where I was lying I could not see him through the door, but there was a mirror on the wall beside me which reflected his subsequent proceedings accurately, to my no small edification. When he thought himself out of sight, the dusting-brush fell from his hand as if he had forgotten that he held it, and he sat himself down in my special

easiest chair, drew a pair of huge spectacles with tortoise-shell rims from his voluminous sleeve, adjusted them, and then proceeded to turn the pages of the magazine over conscientiously from beginning to end, looking up and down each carefully as if in search of something. I could see that the pictures excited a tragic interest in him. He gazed into them close to, then held them off a little, then raised them above the level of his eyes and looked up to them, his face meanwhile intently set, and yet with a show of excitement on it, and a glow such as samshu brings to a Chinaman's cheeks; it was as if he had at last obtained something deeply desired, and was reveling in the first ecstasy of possession. He was not left long in peace to enjoy it, however, for Larn-pidgin was in the neighborhood, patiently waiting until he should be thoroughly absorbed, when he stole a march on him from behind, tied a cracker to his pigtail, which was hanging down over the back of the chair, lighted it from a taper he had brought for the purpose, and retired with cautious precipitation to a distant post of observation to await events. When the cracker exploded, Ah Man bounced out of the chair, and the episode ended, so far as I could see, in hot pursuit of the evil one.

For the next few months the heat was excessive. By day it beat down upon us from a sky bare as a lidless eye of all solace of cloud, and at night it arose from the earth and radiated upwards. It seemed each day as if we could never endure another without a breath of fresh air, but we lived on nevertheless in the hope that the monsoon might change as by a miracle earlier than usual and relieve us. The longing for fresh air became such a passion at last that always when I slept I dreamed it was snowing.

One day in particular I remember, when the heat seemed to come to a climax; a dark day it was, too, with a low, gray sky, but all the more oppressive on that account. Even the servants, methodical as they were, did as little as possible, and nobody else did anything but lounge about the house, too hot to talk, too exhausted to eat, but devoured with thirst, and conscious all the time of the effort to endure. It might have been supposed, to look at us, that we were all a prey to a terrible suspense, so obviously were we waiting for something. After dark there

was a slight decrease of temperature, and I took my weary self to bed early, in the hope of finding some relief in sleep. As usual I dreamed of ice and snow. I was on a great ship, approaching an iceberg. We were in imminent danger, and all was confusion. Officers and crew were making frantic efforts to keep the ship clear of the ice. She did not respond, however, but kept on her course at a fearful rate, and I held my breath, waiting for the collision. It came with a crash. The deck quivered. I started up in bed. Ah Man was standing over me, holding a little saucer of oil, in which burnt some slender strips of pitch for a wick. With the feeble light flickering upon his sinister face, he looked grotesque as a bronze demon, yet it never occurred to me to be afraid of him.

"What you wanshee, Ah Man?" I demanded.

He held his head in a listening attitude significantly, and, following his example, I became aware of a tumult in the street, with cries and trampling as of excited people.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Dat earth hab catchee too muchee bad inside," he answered.

I could not think what he meant, but he had hardly spoken before there came an appalling uproar; it was as if a mighty engine were crashing along under the house and threatening to shake it down. No need to ask another question, although it was my first experience of an earthquake. Ah Man was shivering nervously.

"What shall I do?"

"Get up," he answered laconically, and at the same time he handed me some garments that were lying on a chair, and held the light while I scrambled into them. Ah Man never stood upon ceremony, but indeed I think it is hardly necessary when there are earthquakes about.

A great stillness succeeded the shock, and it was evident to me as we hurried downstairs that only he and I and my English maid were left in the house; every one else had deserted it. Out in the street, among the howling Chinese, it was pandemonium let loose. The crowd was making for an open space on the hillside, and thither Ah Man piloted me safely. He found me a place among some decent amahs, and then all at once he disappeared. Two great shocks and some slighter ones succeeded each other

during the night, and always after each the howls of the people were awful. In the intervals they let off fire-crackers and burnt joss-sticks to propitiate the demons, but looked by the fitful flare and flash of these like the very worst of demons themselves. All eyes were turned towards the city as the dawn broke, and it emerged, as it were, out of darkness. There was little enough to see. Some of the buildings had fallen from the perpendicular, one here and there had collapsed altogether, great cracks appeared on others, and roofs had fallen in; but the damage looked old and accustomed already in the first glow of the sunrise.

I made my way back to our house alone. It was in the part of the town which had suffered most, and was cracked from top to bottom. I ascended the stairs nervously, and heard subdued voices muttering in my sitting-room, one wall of which had fallen forward into the veranda. There had been a heavy beam in the ceiling above my writing-table, and this had come down. Several servants were crowded together beside it, looking at something lying on the floor, but when they saw me they separated to let me see, and there, beneath the beam, face downwards, grasping a bundle of papers in his hand, but ghastly still, I recognized Ah Man. He had returned to rescue my wretched writings.

Larn-pidgin was there too, deeply interested in the details. When he saw me all overcome, he sidled up to me and explained, but less in his habitual character of chorus than in that of unctuous Christian convert, improving the occasion. "He tinkee you all same joss," he said, "dat Ah Man! He pay you joss-pidgin."[1] The obvious moral, according to Larn-pidgin, being that it would have been better for Ah Man had he kept himself from idols.

[1] *Joss-pidgin*, worship.

THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE.

(1825—1868.)

THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE was born at Carlingford, County Louth, April 13, 1825, and was educated at Wexford, where his father was employed in the Custom House. His mother was a gifted woman, well versed in Irish literature. He came to America, on a visit to an aunt in Providence, Rhode Island, when he was seventeen. On the 4th of July he made a speech on Repeal which secured him a post on *The Boston Pilot*, of which he became editor when only nineteen years old. The fame of his speeches crossed the Atlantic, and O'Connell characterized them as "the inspired utterances of a young exiled Irish boy in America." An offer of a situation on the *Freeman's Journal* took him back to Ireland; but he soon abandoned that journal for the more congenial *Nation*, under the editorship of Gavan Duffy. M'Gee soon became one of the leaders of the revolutionary party and Secretary of the Confederation. He was imprisoned for a short time in consequence of a violent speech which he made in County Wicklow.

He was traveling in Scotland, whither he had been sent on a mission to arouse his fellow-countrymen, when the insurrection broke out. Although a price was set upon his head, he could not resist the desire to see his wife, to whom he had just been married, and, protected by Dr. Maguire, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Derry, he paid her a visit, afterward escaping to this country in the disguise of a priest. He started in New York a paper called *The Nation*. His articles therein, being strongly condemnatory of the action of the Roman Catholic priesthood during 1848, brought him into collision with that body. He afterward went to Boston, where he established *The American Celt*.

He changed his place of residence several times, and finally, in 1858, he left the United States to settle down in Canada. He had not been long resident in Montreal when he was elected to the Canadian Parliament, in the debates of which assembly he soon distinguished himself. In 1862 he was chosen President of the Executive Council and afterward became Minister of Agriculture.

He now abandoned all the revolutionary doctrines of his youth, and became the loyal adherent of the British connection. He also gained notoriety by some imprudent and vehement attacks upon those of his countrymen who still persisted in revolutionary ways. In 1865 he visited Ireland as representative of Canada at the Dublin Industrial Exhibition, and, during a visit to his father's home at Wexford, he delivered a lecture in which he bitterly denounced the then rising movement of Fenianism.

In 1867 he was in Europe, as Commissioner to the Paris Exhibition. He was busied at this period with the important work of confederating the various Canadian colonies—a statesmanlike measure which was greatly due to his initiative. The raids which had been made on Canada provoked him to still more bitter attacks on the Fenians,

and further estranged from him the sympathies of certain classes of his countrymen. A large number of his fellow-citizens, however, gave him a great banquet on St. Patrick's Day, 1868. On the night of April 7 following, M'Gee was assassinated in Ottawa by a man supposed to be connected with some revolutionary organization. He had spoken that very evening, and with his usual vigor, in the legislative assembly, and had only just parted from one of his colleagues. His assassin was captured and executed shortly afterward.

M'Gee was a prolific and versatile writer. As a poet he was picturesque, full of passion and eloquence, tenderness and melody. "But," as a writer in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry' says, "he wrote with a careless energy which, if it always produced something remarkable, yet rarely left it strong and finished in every part." His speeches were fervid and vigorous, and his prose writings are in a pure, clear, and easy style. Among them may be mentioned: 'Irish Writers of the Seventeenth Century'; 'History of the Irish Settlers in America,' 1851; 'Catholic History of North America'; 'Memoirs of C. G. Duffy,' 1849; 'Life of Bishop Maginn,' 1856; 'Life of Art McMurrough,' 1847; 'History of Ireland'; and he contributed numberless poems to *The Nation* and other periodicals. A collected edition of his poems has been edited by Mrs. J. Sadlier, New York, 1869.

THE DEAD ANTIQUARY O'DONOVAN.

Far are the Gaelic tribes and wide
Scattered round earth on every side,
For good or ill;
They aim at all things, rise or fall,
Succeed or perish—but, through all,
Love Erin still.

Although a righteous Heaven decrees[1]
'Twixt us and Erin stormy seas
And barriers strong—
Of care, and circumstance, and cost—
Yet count not all your absent lost,
Oh, Land of Song!

Above *your* roofs no star can rise
That does not lighten in *our* eyes;
Nor any set,
That ever shed a cheering beam
On Irish hillside, street or stream,
That we forget.

[1] These lines were written in America.

And thus it comes that even I,
Though weakly and unworthily,
Am moved by grief
To join the melancholy throng
And chant the sad entombing song
Above the Chief.

I would not do the dead a wrong:
If graves could yield a growth of song
Like flowers of May,
Then Mangan from the tomb might raise
One of his old resurgent lays—
But, well-a-day!

He, close beside his early friend,
By the stark shepherd safely penned,
Sleeps out the night;
So his weird numbers never more
The sorrow of the isle shall pour,
In tones of might.

Though haply still, by Liffey's tide,
That mighty master must abide,
Who voiced our grief
O'er Davis lost;[1] and he who gave
His free frank tribute to the grave
Of Eire's Chief;[2]

Yet must it not be said that we
Failed in the rites of minstrelsy,
So dear to souls
Like his whom lately death had ta'en,
Altho' the vast Atlantic main
Between us rolls!

Too few, too few, among our great,
In camp or cloister, Church or State,
Wrought as he wrought;
Too few, of all the brave we trace
Among the champions of our race,
Gave us his thought.

[1] Samuel Ferguson.

[2] Denis Florence MacCarthy, whose poem on the death of O'Connell was one of the noblest tributes paid to the memory of the great Tribune.—*Author's note.*

He toiled to make our story stand,
As from Time's reverent, Runic hand
It came undecked
By fancies false; erect, alone,
The monumental Arctic stone
Of ages wrecked.

He marshaled Brian on the plain,
Sailed in the galleys of the Dane;
Earl Richard too,
Fell Norman as he was and fierce—
Of him and his he dared rehearse
The story true.

O'er all low limits still his mind
Soared catholic and unconfined,
From malice free.
On Irish soil he only saw
One State, One People, and One Law,
One Destiny.

Truth was his solitary test,
His star, his chart, his east, his west;
Nor is there aught
In text, in ocean, or in mine,
Of greater worth, or more divine
Than this he sought.

With gentle hand he rectified
The errors of old bardic pride,
And set aright
The story of our devious past.
And left it, as it now must last,
Full in the light.

TO DUFFY IN PRISON.

'T was but last night I traversed the Atlantic's furrowed face—
The stars but thinly colonized the wilderness of space—
A white sail glinted here and there, and sometimes o'er the swell
Rang the seaman's song of labor or the silvery night-watch bell;

I dreamt I reached the Irish shore and felt my heart rebound
From wall to wall within my breast, as I trod that holy ground;
I sat down by my own hearth-stone, beside my love again—
I met my friends, and him the first of friends and Irish men.

I saw once more the dome-like brow, the large and lustrous eyes;
I marked upon the sphinx-like face the cloud of thoughts arise,
I heard again that clear quick voice that as a trumpet thrilled
The souls of men, and wielded them even as the speaker willed—
I felt the cordial-clasping hand that never feigned regard,
Nor ever dealt a muffled blow, or nicely weighed reward.
My friend! my friend!—oh, would to God that you were here with me—
A-watching in the starry West for Ireland's liberty!

Oh, brothers, I can well declare, who read it like a scroll,
What Roman characters were stamped upon that Roman soul.
The courage, constancy and love—the old-time faith and truth—
The wisdom of the sages—the sincerity of youth—
Like an oak upon our native hills, a host might camp thereunder,
Yet it bare the song-birds in its core, amid the storm and thunder;
It was the gentlest, firmest soul that ever, lamp-like, showed
A young race seeking freedom up her misty mountain road.

Like a convoy from the flag-ship our fleet is scattered far,
And you, the valiant Admiral, chained and imprisoned are—
Like a royal galley's precious freight flung on sea-sundered strands,
The diamond wit and golden worth are far-cast on the lands,
And I, whom most you loved, am here, and I can but indite
My yearnings and my heart-hopes, and curse *them* while I write.
Alas! alas! ah, what are prayers, and what are moans or sighs,
When the heroes of the land are lost—of the land that will not RISE?

They will bring you in their manacles beneath their blood-red rag
They will chain you like the conqueror to some sea-moated crag,

To their slaves it will be given your great spirit to annoy,
To fling falsehood in your cup, and to break your martyr joy;
But you will bear it nobly, as Regulus did of eld,
The oak will be the oak, and honored e'en when felled.
Change is brooding over earth; it will find you 'mid the main,
And, throned between its wings, you 'll reach your native land again.

DEATH OF THE HOMEWARD BOUND.

Paler and thinner the morning moon grew,
Colder and sterner the rising wind blew—
The pole-star had set in a forest of cloud,
And the icicles cracked on spar and on shroud,
When a voice from below we heard feebly cry,
"Let me see—let me see—my own Land ere I die.

"Ah, dear sailor, say, have we sighted Cape Clear?
Can you see any sign? Is the morning light near?
You are young, my brave boy; thanks, thanks, for your hand,
Help me up, till I get a last glimpse of the land—
Thank God, 't is the sun that now reddens the sky,
I shall see—I shall see—my own Land ere I die.

"Let me lean on your strength, I am feeble and old,
And one half of my heart is already stone cold—
Forty years work a change! when I first crossed the sea
There were few on the deck that could grapple with me;
But my prime and my youth in Ohio went by
And I 'm come back to see the old spot ere I die."

'T was a feeble old man, and he stood on the deck,
His arm round a kindly young mariner's neck,
His ghastly gaze fixed on the tints of the east,
As a starveling might stare at the sound of a feast;
The morn quickly rose, and revealed to his eye
The Land he had prayed to behold, and then die!

Green, green was the shore, though the year was near done—
High and haughty the capes the white surf dashed upon—
A gray ruined convent was down by the strand,
And the sheep fed afar, on the hills of the land!
"God be with you, dear Ireland," he gasped with a sigh,
"I have lived to behold you—I 'm ready to die."



DEATH OF THE HOMEWARD BOUND.

CAPE CLEAR

From a photograph

Ah, dear sailor, say, have we sighted Cape Clear?
Can you see any sign? Is the morning light near?

. . . . . .

Thank God 'tis the Sun that now reddens the sky,
I shall see, I shall see, my own land ere I die.

—"*Death of the Homeward Bound.*"



He sunk by the hour, and his pulse 'gan to fail,
As we swept by the headland of storied Kinsale—
Off Ardigna bay it came slower and slower,
And his corpse was clay cold as we sighted Tramore,
At Passage we waked him, and now he doth lie,
In the lap of the Land, he beheld but to die.

THE CELTS.

Long, long ago beyond the misty space
Of twice a thousand years,
In Erin old there dwelt a mighty race,
Taller than Roman spears;
Like oaks and towers they had a giant grace,
Were fleet as deers,
With winds and waves they made their 'biding place,
These western shepherd seers.

Their ocean-god was Mân-â-nân M'Lir,
Whose angry lips,
In their white foam, full often would inter
Whole fleets of ships;
Cromah their day-god, and their thunderer,
Made morning and eclipse;
Bride was their queen of song, and unto her
They prayed with fire-touched lips.

Great were their deeds, their passions, and their sports;
With clay and stone
They piled on strath and shore those mystic forts,
Not yet o'erthrown;
On cairn-crowned hills they held their council-courts;
While youths alone,
With giant dogs, explored the elk resorts,
And brought them down.

Of these was Fin, the father of the Bard,
Whose ancient song
Over the clamor of all change is heard,
Sweet-voiced and strong.
Fin once o'ertook Granee, the golden-haired,
The fleet and young;
From her the lovely, and from him the feared,
The primal poet sprung.

Ossian! two thousand years of mist and change
Surround thy name—
Thy Finian heroes now no longer range
The hills of fame.
The very name of Fin and Gaul sound strange—
Yet thine the same—
By miscalled lake and desecrated grange—
Remains, and shall remain!

The Druid's altar and the Druid's creed
We scarce can trace.
There is not left an undisputed deed
Of all your race,
Save your majestic song, which hath their speed,
And strength, and grace;
In that sole song, they live and love, and bleed—
It bears them on thro' space.

Oh, inspired giant! shall we e'er behold,
In our own time,
One fit to speak your spirit on the wold,
Or seize your rhyme?
One pupil of the past, as mighty souled
As in the prime,
Were the fond, fair, and beautiful, and bold—
They, of your song sublime!

MEMORIES.

I left two loves on a distant strand,
One young, and fond, and fair, and bland;
One fair, and old, and sadly grand,—
My wedded wife and my native land.

One tarrieth sad and seriously
Beneath the roof that mine should be;
One sitteth sibyl-like, by the sea,
Chanting a grave song mournfully.

A little life I have not seen
Lies by the heart that mine hath been;
A cypress wreath darkles now, I ween,
Upon the brow of my love in green.

The mother and wife shall pass away,
Her hands be dust, her lips be clay;
But my other love on earth shall stay,
And live in the life of a better day.

Ere we were born my first love was,
My sires were heirs to her holy cause;
And she yet shall sit in the world's applause,
A mother of men and blessèd laws.

I hope and strive the while I sigh,
For I know my first love cannot die:
From the chain of woes that loom so high
Her reign shall reach to eternity.

AM I REMEMBERED?

Am I remembered in Erin
I charge you, speak me true—
Has my name a sound, a meaning
In the scenes my boyhood knew?
Does the heart of the mother ever
Recall her exile's name?
For to be forgot in Erin,
And on earth, is all the same.

O mother! mother Erin!
Many sons your age hath seen—
Many gifted, constant lovers
Since your mantle first was green.
Then how may I hope to cherish
The dream that I could be
In your crowded memory numbered
With that palm-crowned companie?

Yet faint and far, my mother,
As the hope shines on my sight,
I cannot choose but watch it
Till my eyes have lost their light;
For never among your brightest,
And never among your best,
Was heart more true to Erin
Than beats within my breast

SALUTATION TO THE CELTS.

Hail to our Celtic brethren, wherever they may be,
In the far woods of Oregon or o'er the Atlantic sea;
Whether they guard the banner of St. George in Indian vales,
Or spread beneath the nightless North experimental sails—
One in name and in fame
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

Though fallen the state of Erin, and changed the Scottish land,
Though small the power of Mona, though unwaked Llewellyn's band,
Though Ambrose Merlin's prophecies are held as idle tales,
Though Iona's ruined cloisters are swept by northern gales:
One in name and in fame
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

In Northern Spain and Italy our brethren also dwell
And brave are the traditions of their fathers that they tell:
The Eagle or the Crescent in the dawn of history pales
Before the advancing banners of the great Rome-conquering Gaels.
One in name and in fame
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

A greeting and a promise unto them all we send;
Their character our charter is, their glory is our end,—
Their friend shall be our friend, our foe whoe'er assails
The glory or the story of the sea-divided Gaels.
One in name and in fame
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

ARCHBISHOP M'HALE.

(1791—1881.)

JOHN M'HALE was born in 1791 at Tubbernavine in Mayo. He was educated at Castlebar, entered at Maynooth, and became professor of dogmatic theology. After eleven years he was appointed coadjutor-bishop of Killala with the title of Bishop of Maronia, and on the death of Dr. Kelly he was made Archbishop of Tuam.

During the greater part of his life there was scarcely a subject of public interest on which he did not express his views. His letters are remarkable for great vigor of style, and it was this fact, together with the masculine energy of his eloquence and character, that procured for him from O'Connell the title of "the Lion of the Fold of Juda." All his letters up to 1847 have been collected into one volume. Some sermons which were preached in Ireland, England, and Italy have been translated into Italian by the Abate de Lucca, Apostolic nuncio at Vienna. He was also the author of a work published in 1827, entitled 'Evidences and Doctrines of the Catholic Church.' He expended much effort in the attempt to revive an interest in the Irish language and literature. He published translations into Irish of more than sixty of Moore's melodies in the same meter as the original, and in 1861 six books of the Iliad in an Irish translation. He also translated several portions of the Bible into Celtic. He died in 1881.

LETTER FROM THE PLACE OF HIS BIRTH.

Independently of the beautiful scenery by which it is encompassed, the spot from which I now write possesses for me those peculiar charms which are ever found associated with the place of our birth. It is, I think, St. John Chrysostom who remarks, contrasting the correct and truthful simplicity of youth with the false and fastidious refinement of after-life, that if you present to a child his mother and a queen, he hesitates not in his preference of the one, however homely her costume, to the other, though arrayed in the richest attire of royalty. It is a feeling akin to that filial reverence which the Almighty has planted in our breasts towards our parents that extends also to the place where we first drew our being, and hallows all its early associations. This religious feeling is the germ of true patriotism, radiating from the center home, and taking in gradually all that is around, until it embraces the entire of our country. It is this mysterious sentiment, com-

mon alike to the rude and the civilized, that gives his country the first place in each man's estimation, and makes him regard the most refined or the most prosperous as only second to his own. I should not value the stoicism that would be indifferent to such a sentiment, and if it be a weakness, it is one that is as old as the times of the Patriarchs, and which some of the best and wisest men in the Catholic Church have consecrated by their example.

To him who wishes to explore the ancient history of Ireland, its topography is singularly instructive. Many of its valuable records have been doomed to destruction, but there is a great deal of important information written on its soil. Unlike the topography of other countries, the names of places in Ireland, from its largest to its most minute denominations, are all significant, and expressive of some natural qualities or historical recollections. If the Irish language were to perish as a living language, the topography of Ireland, if understood, would be a lasting monument of its significance, its copiousness, its flexibility, and its force. A vast number of its names is traceable to the influence of Christianity. Such are all those commencing with *cill,* of which the number is evidence how thickly its churches were scattered over the land. The same may be said of *teampul* and *tearmuin,* but, being derived from the Latin language, they are more rare than the word *cill,* a genuine Celtic word. The words commencing with *lios* and *rath* are supposed to ascend to the time of the incursions of the Danes; but whatever be the period of their introduction, they and *dun* are expressive of military operations. Other denominations imply territory, either integral or in parts, such as *tir, baille, leath, trian, ceathradh, cuigadh,* etc., and mean the country, the village, half, third, fourth, or fifth of such a district. It is from *cuigadh,* or a fifth portion, our provinces were so called; and though now but four provinces are generally named, the corresponding word in Irish signifies a fifth, as *cuig chuighaide Eirean,* or the five provinces of Ireland. Hence, if a stone were not to be found to mark the ruins of the magnificence of Tara, the Irish name of a province will remain an enduring attestation of the ancient monarchy of Meath.

The name of *rus,* or Ros, so frequently characterizing

some of our Irish townlands, always signifies a peninsula or promontory, or, for a similar reason, an inland spot surrounded by moor or water. The words commencing with *magh,* or Moy, signify extensive plains, and assume the appellation of *cluan* when comparatively retired. The highlands, from the mountain to the sloping knoll, are well known by *sliabh, chnoc, tullagh,* or Tully, and *learg,* while *glean, lág,* called in English Glyn and Lag, demoninate the lowlands and the valleys. It is not to be supposed that the numberless lakes and streams that cover the plains or descend from its hills had not a large influence in giving their names to a great portion of the country. Accordingly we find *loch, tobar, abhain, seadan,* forming the commencement of the names of several townlands and villages. The qualities by which these several names are modified are as various as the properties of the soil and the traditional records of each locality.

Tobarnavian has, like other ancient names, employed and divided skillful etymologists and antiquarians. Some have derived the name from the excellent quality of its waters, not inferior to the juice of the grape, whilst others, with more strict regard to the just rules of etymology, as well as the truth of history, have traced it to the old legends of the Fenian heroes. *Tobar an fhioin* would be its correct name according to the first derivation, whereas *Tobar na b-fian* is its exact and grammatical appellation as connected with the historical and poetical legends of the followers of the great leader of the ancient Irish chivalry. Its situation, as well as the tales connected with the scenery by which it is surrounded, gives additional force to this etymology. It is situated at the base of Nephin, the second among all the mountains of Connaught in elevation, and inferior but to few in Ireland. The south view is bounded by a portion of the Ox Mountains, stretching from the Atlantic, in the form of an amphitheater. They are called the *Barna-na-gaoith* Mountains from a narrow and precipitous defile where the storm rules supreme, and rendered famous by the passage of the French in 1798, on their way to Castlebar.[1] Round the

[1] As exciting events take a strong hold of the youthful mind, the age of seven years at the time—the interval between 1791 and 1798—enables me vividly to recollect the distressing incidents of that period.

base of this circuitous range of hills is seen, as if to sleep, the peaceful surface of the beautiful Lake of Lavalla, bordering on the woods of Masbrook. Directly to the east, the large Lake of Con stretches from the Pontoon, to the northwest the lofty hill of *Chnoc Nania* intercepting the view of its surface, and again revealing to the eye, on the north side of the hill, another portion of the same sheet of waters. Beyond the extremity of the lake you can contemplate some of the most cultivated and picturesque portions of Tyrawley, stretching along in the distance as far as the hill of Lacken, of which the view is animated by a fanciful tower of modern construction.

Such is the view that presents itself from this elevated spot, forming the summit level of the district, from the sea to the Ox Mountains. In this remote district, secluded by its encircling woods, hills, and lakes, the olden legends and traditions of the land were preserved with a fond and religious fidelity. When the other provinces of Ireland and a large portion of Connaught were overrun and parceled out among strangers, the territories of Tyrawley were inherited by the descendants of the ancient septs until its fair fields were at length invaded and violated by the ruthless followers of Cromwell. For its long immunity from the scourge of the despoiler it paid at length the forfeit in the increased oppression to which its inhabitants were doomed; and whilst the descendants of the ancient settlers were mingled in a community of blood and interest with those of the Celtic race in other parts of Ireland, the Catholics of Tyrawley, like those of Tipperary, were doomed to be treated by those more recent taskmasters as aliens in country, in language, and in creed.

The retired position of Glyn-Nephin afforded a secure asylum to the songs and traditions of the olden times, and the indignities to which the inhabitants were subjected by the Covenanters who were planted among them served but to endear every relic of story or of minstrelsy which time had transmitted. It was here Bunting[1] collected some of the most tender and pathetic of those ancient airs to which Moore has since associated his exquisite poetry. It was here, too, on the banks of Loch Con,[2] that Mr. Hardiman

[1] See his ' Ancient Music of Ireland,' Index.
[2] See Hardiman's ' Irish Minstrelsy,' vol. i. page 341.

took down some of the sweetest specimens to be found in his collection of Irish minstrelsy. It was no wonder. The name of Carolan, who frequented the district, was yet familiar with the older natives of the valley of Nephin, and in no portion of Ireland did his soul-inspiring airs find more tuneful voices than were there heard artlessly pouring them forth amidst the solitude of the listening mountains.

Of the legends of Ireland, both oral and written, the people were not less retentive than of the songs of their bards. I knew myself some who, though they could not at all read English, read compositions in the Irish language with great fluency, and even of those who were not instructed to read, many could recite the Ossianic poems with amazing accuracy. While Macpherson was exhausting his ingenuity in breaking up those ancient poems and constructing an elaborate system of literary fraud out of their fragments, there were thousands in Ireland, and especially in Glyn-Nephin, who possessed those ancient Irish treasures of Ossian in all their genuine integrity, and whose depositions, could their depositions be heard, would have unveiled the huge imposture. There is scarcely a mountain, or rock, or river in Ireland that is not in some way associated with the name of Fion and his followers. On the highest peak of Nephin is still visible an immense cairne of large and loose stones called "*Leact Fionn,*" or Fion's monument. Some fanciful etymologists are disposed to trace the name of Nephin, or Nefin, to the chief of the Fiana, insisting that it means *Neamh-Fionn,* as Olympus was the seat of the pagan divinities. But though the monument just alluded to may give weight to this opinion, the authority of Duald Mac Firbis is opposed to them, *Aemhthin* being, according to this learned antiquarian, its pure and primitive orthography. The circumstance of *Gol,* one of the most celebrated of those military champions belonging to this province, may well account for their intimate connection with our scenery; and as the Fiana were supposed to have been frequent and familiar visitors in those regions, it is no wonder that their superior quality would have drawn their attention to the waters of this fountain.

From the disastrous period of the wars of Cromwell

few or none of the Bishops of Killala, to the time of my two immediate predecessors, had a permanent residence in the diocese. Doctor Waldron, my lamented predecessor of pious memory, and Doctor Bellew filled up near the last half century of that dreary interval.[1] The notices of the lives of the bishops of the preceding portion are but scanty—nay, it would be difficult to supply some considerable chasms with their very names. This has been a misfortune not peculiar to the diocese of Killala. The churches of Ireland shared in the same calamity. It is to be hoped, however, that, whilst the material edifices which they erected have been destroyed or effaced, their names are written in the more valuable records of the Book of Life. Even of the bishops antecedent to that period the catalogue is imperfect. Duald Mac Firbis, whom I have already quoted, has preserved the names of seven bishops of the Mac Celes,[2] who flourished between the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. To such annalists as the Four Masters and the authors of the 'Book of Lecan,' etc., we are indebted for such fragments of ecclesiastical history as survived the wreck of violence and of time. I indulged a hope, when first I went to the Eternal City, to be able to trace back the unbroken stem of our episcopal succession, and, through it, many subordinate ecclesiastical branches. But even there the task became difficult, if not hopeless. It is some consolation that this diocese has supplied some of those who have been most successful in illustrating the annals of Ireland. The 'Book of Lecan' is prized by every scholar as one of the most valuable of our records, and the name of Mac Firbis ranks among those great benefactors who, in times of difficulty and darkness, cast a gleam of splendor over the declining literature of their country.

[1] The names of their immediate predecessors were Erwin, Skerret, Philips, MacDonnell, of whom the last, or most remote, in the series is here still recollected by some of the old and patriarchal natives.

[2] See the 'Hi Fiana,' published by the Archeological Society. The learned translator, Mr. John O'Donovan, does great justice to the memory of Duald Mac Firbis, who earned the encomiums of O'Flagherty and Charles O'Connor.

SOPHIE MAC INTOSH.

SOPHIE MAC INTOSH, before her marriage Sophie Donaclift, was born at Kinsale, County Cork, and resided there, in kindly intimacy with the fishing-folk and peasants, till her marriage with Henry Mac Intosh, now head-master of the Methodist College, Belfast. She has a delightful talent, especially for describing the people of her native town. A few of her stories have been gathered into a volume called 'The Last Forward.'

JIM WALSH'S TIN BOX.

"Talkin' about railways," said my friend Pat Hurley to me one July evening, as he sat in the little garden in front of his cottage, "I could tell you a quare wan." Now we were not talking about railways, though we could have found plenty to say about this particular line, which runs from Cork "to the back of God-speed"; we were watching the train go out from a little country station in the South of Ireland. My friend was a porter on the same line, but just at present was on sick-leave for a few days. His tongue was as the pen of a ready writer; and, conscious of his powers as a story-teller, he kept his eyes and ears open for everything which added to his fund of entertainment.

"If ye 'll give me lave to light me pipe, sir, I can tell ye something that 'll divart ye."

I graciously granted his request, and as he filled a very decent-looking briar he began:

"Och, if Jim Walsh only heard what I 'm talkin' about he 'd murther me, for the same matther made a hullabaloo in the town, and the laugh that was riz agin the two of us ye never heard the like; not but many of thim that was laughing didn't know betther theirselves. Wan evenin' when we was clanin' out the carriages afther the thrain was in, we come on the quarest-lookin' tin box; the like of it we never sot an eye on before. There was nather mark nor token on it to tell a body who ownded it.

"'Bedad, that 's the onhandiest-lookin' luggage I iver see,' sez Jim.

"'T is so,' says I, 'an' powerful heavy,' takin' a grip of it an' haulin' it out on the platform.

"There was only three ladies in that carriage, an' in coorse it had to belong to wan o' thim. We argued it somethin' mighty particular from the quare shape of it, let alone belongin' to wan o' the quality, so I conthrived to persuade Jim that 't was the dacint thing to take it home to the craythur, an' lave it wid her that night before she 'd be feelin' the want of it. Poor Jim is a very soft-hearted kind of bhoy, an' being younger and smarter than me, he shouldhered the conthrapshin and sthreeled off. Troth, he was back in an hour's time, an' the box wid him.

"'Be jabers,' sez he, 'me back 's bruk; ye might as well offer to carry the pyramids of Agypt.' He sot down wake like and wiped the sweat off his face an' round his neck wid his cap.

"'Why didn't ye get shut of it?' sez I.

"'Sure,' sez he, 'ye must be thinkin' it 's for an ornament I 'm wearing it; divil a wan o' thim would own up to it at all. I tuk it first to Miss Mary Murphy, an' she was at her tay, but she sent me out word that she had all her thraps right. I wint on thin to Mrs. Barry, an' afther her Mrs. Kelly. I was mistook wid thim too, bedad, for they was only in Cork for the day, an' they had no luggage that you might call luggage. I was bate entirely carryin' what might be a quarry o' stones for the weight, an' leppin' wid rage for havin' to do it. I thraced my steps back to Miss Mary Murphy, she bein' the likeliest of the three faymales, an' toult the girl for God's sake to ax her misthress to have a look at the box, if it wouldn't be throublin' her honor, for I was heart-scalded wid dhraggin' it over land an' say. Miss Mary couldn't talk to me at wanst, be rayson o' company in the parlor, but she sint ordhers that I was to come in an' rest meself, the Lord bless her kind heart. She 's a raal lady, is Miss Mary Murphy; there 's not her aqual in the town. She sint me out a dhrink o' porter; bedad I was glad to get a hoult of it, an' whin I had me fingers on the glass I was ready to face the ould bhoy. After a bit Miss Mary come out, an' took wan look at me weight o' calamity, an' thin she laughed fit to shplit her stays.

"'Och, Jim,' sez she, 'but ye 're the omadhaun.'

"'For the love o' the Blessed Vargin, Miss,' sez I, 'say ye own this misfortunit thrunk.'

"'I don't,' sez she, 'but I know who does.'

"'Thin tell me,' sez I, very polite, 'where the blazes am I to take it to?'

"'I'd advise ye,' sez she, 'to take it to the Lost Property Office in Cork,' an' wid that she roared out laughin' agin an' ran away. I could hear 'em all inside screechin' at the fun, whatever it was. So I shouldhered the moniment wanst more, an' here I am.

"Och, wisha! what *ould* fools we were! We sot down to considher what would be our nixt performance. Ye see, sir, at this time the station-master was sick in his bed, an' couldn't be bothered about anybody's lost luggage, so we kep' the thrunk for a couple of days, an' thin we began to get mortal onaisy, be rayson o' no one axin' afther it. Wan mornin' Pat saw in the papers that the Faynians had joined the Roosians, an' some of 'em was took up be the polis for throwin' bombs an' dynamites about in a scandalous way. Bedad, the readin' of it would terrify ye, the whole counthry was like to be blown up into bits. All of a suddint it bruk clear into our two minds what the *onlucky* box was, an the cowld water ran down our backs whin we thought what might be happenin' to us that minnit.

"'Mother o' heaven!' sez I, 'our last hour is come.'

"'An' is Miss Mary Murphy a Faynian, or what?' sez Jim; 'faith anyhow we'll take her advice an' sind the bomb in to the Lost Property Office in Cork be the nixt thrain, while sowl and body are in the wan piece. 'T would be timptin' Providence to kape it here any longer.'

"So we agreed we'd say nothin' for fear the guard would object to have it thravel alongside of him, an' small blame to him if he did. So we labeled it 'Lost Property,' an' shipped it unbeknownst into the van, behind the passengers, God forgive us! Och! the fools we were! An' now, sir, ye'll hardly believe the news that came to us from Cork the nixt day. Our grand dynamite affair was nothin' but a thing for houldin' hot wather. They puts thim in the carriages in cowld weather, foot-warmers they calls thim, an' they tell me they have plinty of 'em in the city, but sorra a wan of 'em was iver sint out here before, so how were we to know? Ay, a foot-warmer, bedad, and it turned the laugh agin us from that day to this. But sure maybe it's betther than what we thought it was."

CHARLES MACKLIN.

(1690—1797.)

CHARLES MACKLIN, the actor-author, was born in Westmeath in the year 1690. In 1704 his father died, after losing most of his property, and in 1707 his mother "married a second husband, who opened a tavern in Dublin." In 1708 Macklin and two other youths ran away from school and went to London. He was brought back and for a time acted as badgeman to Trinity College. Again he ran away and again he was brought home by his mother, but the roving propensity was too strong in him, and he finally left home and became a strolling player. In 1725 he went to London and was engaged by Mr. Rich in Lincoln's Inn Fields, but it was not until 1734 that his public theatrical career really began.

In 1735 he had a dispute with a fellow-actor, whom in the heat of passion he wounded in the eye. The actor died and Macklin was tried and found guilty of manslaughter. In January, 1736, however, he resumed his post in the theater, and for some years thereafter continued to perform in that house with satisfaction to both manager and public. He made many innovations in the interpretation of well-known characters which stamp him as an epoch-making actor. For example, Shylock had hitherto been played farcically by a low comedian. Macklin gave the character the interpretation with which we are familiar to-day, and on one occasion a gentleman in the pit exclaimed, "This is the Jew which Shakespeare drew." He collected together a number of novices, including Foote and Hill, and opened the Haymarket Theater, with their help, in February, 1744. For four or five months he kept this theater open; afterward he returned to Drury Lane.

His first tragedy, 'King Henry the Seventh,' was almost a failure when produced in 1746. In April of the same year a farce entitled 'A Will or No Will; or, a Bone for the Lawyers,' met with no better success. In April, 1748, he produced 'The Club of Fortune Hunters; or, the Widow Bewitched.' This, like its predecessors, was a failure.

He continued on the stage until 1753, when he left it to establish a tavern in Covent Garden on a new principle. Ladies were invited to attend it, and lectures on art, science, history, literature, etc., were given there. The novelty of the idea made it successful for a while, but it failed; and Macklin returned to the stage.

His first really successful play, 'Love à la Mode,' was produced in 1760, and his masterpiece, 'The Man of the World,' in 1764. For nearly a quarter of a century after that he continued on the boards, playing in the characters of his own creation, until his memory failed, and at the age of nearly one hundred years he found himself helpless and penniless. The publication of his two most popular plays produced a sum of £2,600 ($13,000), with which an annuity was purchased. Thenceforward until his death, July 11, 1797, at the great age of one hundred and seven years, he visited the theater nightly,

although he was unable to hear and was apparently unconscious of what was going on around him.

'Love à la Mode' and 'The Man of the World' are almost as well known to-day as when the author died. The names of the characters have entered into our language and our literature. Charles Macklin still remains a figure which looms large in the dramatic history of the eighteenth century.

HOW TO GET ON IN THE WORLD.

From 'The Man of the World.'

Scene, a Library.

Enter SIR PERTINAX MAC SYCOPHANT *and his son* CHARLES EGERTON.

[Sir Pertinax lectures his son on his conduct towards Lord Lumbercourt, whose daughter he intends him to marry.]

Sir Pertinax. In one word, Charles, I have often told you, and now again I tell you, once for aw, that the maneuvers of pliability are as necessary to rise in the world as wrangling and logical subtlety are to rise at the bar: why, you see, sir, I have acquired a noble fortune, a princely fortune: and how do you think I raised it?

Egerton. Doubtless, sir, by your abilities.

Sir Pertinax. Doubtless, sir, you are a blockhead: nae, sir, I 'll tell you how I raised it; sir, I raised it—by booing (*bows ridiculously low*), by booing: sir, I never could stand straight in the presence of a great mon, but always booed, and booed, and booed—as it were by instinct.

Egerton. How do you mean by instinct, sir?

Sir Pertinax. How do I mean by instinct! Why, sir, I mean by—by—by the instinct of interest, sir, which is the universal instinct of mankind. Sir, it is wonderful to think what a cordial, what an amicable—nay, what an infallible influence booing has upon the pride and vanity of human nature. Charles, answer me sincerely, have you a mind to be convinced of the force of my doctrine by example and demonstration?

Egerton. Certainly, sir.

Sir Pertinax. Then, sir, as the greatest favor I can confer upon you, I 'll give you a short sketch of the stages of my booing, as an excitement, and a landmark for you

to boo by, and as an infallible nostrum for a man of the world to rise in the world.

Egerton. Sir, I shall be proud to profit by your experience.

Sir Pertinax. Vary weel, sir; sit ye down, then, sit you down here. (*They sit down.*) And now, sir, you must recall to your thoughts that your grandfather was a mon whose penurious income of captain's half-pay was the sum total of his fortune; and, sir, aw my provision fra him was a modicum of Latin, an expertness in arithmetic, and a short system of worldly counsel, the principal ingredients of which were, a persevering industry, a rigid economy, a smooth tongue, a pliability of temper, and a constant attention to make every mon well pleased with himself.

Egerton. Very prudent advice, sir.

Sir Pertinax. Therefore, sir, I lay it before you. Now, sir, with these materials I set out a raw-boned stripling fra the north, to try my fortune with them here in the south; and my first step in the world was a beggarly clerkship in Sawney Gordon's counting-house, here in the city of London: which you 'll say afforded but a barren sort of a prospect.

Egerton. It was not a very fertile one, indeed, sir.

Sir Pertinax. The reverse, the reverse: weel, sir, seeing myself in this unprofitable situation, I reflected deeply; I cast about my thoughts morning, noon, and night, and marked every mon, and every mode of prosperity; at last I concluded that a matrimonial adventure, prudently conducted, would be the readiest gait I could gang for the bettering of my condition; and accordingly I set about it. Now, sir, in this pursuit, beauty! beauty! ah! beauty often struck my een, and played about my heart, and fluttered, and beat, and knocked, and knocked, but the devil an entrance I ever let it get; for I observed, sir, that beauty is, generally,—a proud, vain, saucy, expensive, impertinent sort of a commodity.

Egerton. Very justly observed.

Sir Pertinax. And therefore, sir, I left it to prodigals and coxcombs, that could afford to pay for it; and in its stead, sir, mark!—I looked out for an ancient, weel-jointured, superannuated dowager; a consumptive, toothless, phthisicky, wealthy widow; or a shriveled, cadaverous piece

of deformity, in the shape of an izzard, or an appersi-and—or, in short, ainything, ainything that had the siller—the siller—for that, sir, was the north star of my affections. Do you take me, sir? was nae that right?

Egerton. O! doubtless, doubtless, sir.

Sir Pertinax. Now, sir, where do you think I ganged to look for this woman with the siller? nae till court, nae till playhouses or assemblies; nae, sir, I ganged till the kirk, till the Anabaptist, Independent, Bradlonian, and Muggletonian meetings; till the morning and evening service of churches and chapels of ease, and till the midnight, melting, conciliating love-feasts of the Methodists; and there, sir, at last I fell upon an old, slighted, antiquated, musty maiden, that looked—ha, ha, ha! she looked just like a skeleton in a surgeon's glass case. Now, sir, this miserable object was religiously angry with herself and aw the world: had nae comfort but in metaphysical visions and supernatural deliriums—ha, ha, ha! Sir, she was as mad—as mad as a Bedlamite.

Egerton. Not improbable, sir: there are numbers of poor creatures in the same condition.

Sir Pertinax. O! numbers—numbers. Now, sir, this cracked creature used to pray, and sing, and sigh, and groan, and weep, and wail, and gnash her teeth constantly morning and evening at the tabernacle in Moorfields. And as soon as I found she had the siller, aha! good traith, I plumped me down upon my knees, close by her—cheek by jowl—and prayed, and sighed, and sung, and groaned, and gnashed my teeth as vehemently as she could do for the life of her; ay, and turned up the whites of mine een, till the strings awmost cracked again. I watched her motions, handed her till her chair, waited on her home, got most religiously intimate with her in a week: married her in a fortnight, buried her in a month, touched the siller, and with a deep suit of mourning, a melancholy port, a sorrowful visage, and a joyful heart, I began the world again (*rises*); and this, sir, was the first boo, that is, the first effectual boo, I ever made till the vanity of human nature. Now, sir, do you understand this doctrine?

Egerton. Perfectly well, sir.

Sir Pertinax. Ay, but was it not right? was it not ingenious, and weel hit off?

Egerton. Certainly, sir: extremely well.

Sir Pertinax. My next boo, sir, was till your ain mother, whom I ran away with fra the boarding-school; by the interest of whose family I got a guid smart place in the treasury; and, sir, my vary next step was intill parliament, the which I entered with as ardent and as determined an ambition as ever agitated the heart of Cæsar himself. Sir, I booed, and watched, and hearkened, and ran about, backwards and forwards, and attended, and dangled upon the then great mon, till I got into the vary bowels of his confidence; and then, sir, I wriggled, and wrought, and wriggled, till I wriggled myself among the very thick of them. Ha! I got my snack of the clothing, the foraging, the contracts, the lottery tickets, and all the political bonuses, till at length, sir, I became a much wealthier man than one half of the golden calves I had been so long a-booing to: and was nae that booing to some purpose?

Egerton. It was indeed, sir.

Sir Pertinax. But are you convinced of the guid effects and of the utility of booing?

Egerton. Thoroughly, sir.

Sir Pertinax. Sir, it is infallible. But, Charles, ah! while I was thus booing, and wriggling, and raising this princely fortune, ah! I met with many heartsores and disappointments fra the want of literature, eloquence, and other popular abeeleties. Sir, guin I could but have spoken in the house, I should have done the deed in half the time, but the instant I opened my mouth there they aw fell a-laughing at me; aw which deficiencies, sir, I determined, at any expense, to have supplied by the polished education of a son, who I hoped would one day raise the house of Mac Sycophant till the highest pitch of ministerial ambition. This, sir, is my plan: I have done my part of it, nature has done hers; you are popular, you are eloquent, aw parties like and respect you, and now, sir, it only remains for you to be directed.

[Egerton, however, was not to be directed to please his father, but married Constantia, after some plotting and counter-plotting among the principal parties concerned.]

ANECDOTES OF MACKLIN.

One day Dr. Johnson quoted a passage from a Greek poet in support of his opinion. "I don't understand Greek though, doctor," said Macklin. "Sir," said Johnson, pompously, "a man who undertakes to argue should understand all languages." "Oh, very well," returned Macklin; "how will you answer this argument?" and immediately treated him to a long quotation in Irish.

One night, sitting at the back of the front boxes with a gentleman of his acquaintance, one of the underbred box-lobby loungers of the day stood up immediately before him, and being rather large in person, covered the sight of the stage from him. Patting him gently on the shoulder with his cane, Macklin politely asked him "when he saw or heard anything *very* entertaining on the stage, to turn round and let him and the gentleman beside him know of it; for you see, my dear sir," added the veteran, "that at present we must totally depend on you as a telegraph." This had the desired effect, and the lounger walked off.

An Irish dignitary of the Church, not remarkable for his veracity, complaining that a tradesman of his parish had called him a liar, Macklin asked what reply he had made him. "I told him," said the bishop, "that a lie was among those things that I *dared* not commit." "And why, doctor," returned Macklin, with an indescribable sort of comic frown, "why did you give the rascal *so erroneous a notion of your courage?*"

MISS LETITIA MacLINTOCK.

THE MacLintock family, of which this clever authoress is a member, is principally connected with Dundalk, and other places in the County Louth. Miss McClintock has so far, we believe, published no volume, but she has written some delightful folk-lore contributions for various Irish periodicals, such as *The Dublin University Magazine*, 1878, and English periodicals, like *Belgravia*.

JAMIE FREEL AND THE YOUNG LADY.

A DONEGAL TALE.

Down in Fannet, in times gone by, lived Jamie Freel and his mother. Jamie was the widow's sole support; his strong arm worked for her untiringly, and as each Saturday night came round, he poured his wages into her lap, thanking her dutifully for the halfpence which she returned him for tobacco.

He was extolled by his neighbors as the best son ever known or heard of. But he had neighbors, of whose opinion he was ignorant—neighbors who lived pretty close to him, whom he had never seen, who are, indeed, rarely seen by mortals, except on May eves and Halloweens.

An old ruined castle, about a quarter of a mile from his cabin, was said to be the abode of the "wee folk." Every Halloween were the ancient windows lighted up, and passers-by saw little figures flitting to and fro inside the building, while they heard the music of pipes and flutes.

It was well known that fairy revels took place; but nobody had the courage to intrude on them.

Jamie had often watched the little figures from a distance, and listened to the charming music, wondering what the inside of the castle was like; but one Halloween he got up and took his cap, saying to his mother, "I 'm awa' to the castle to seek my fortune."

"What!" cried she, "would you venture there? you that 's the poor widow's one son! Dinna be sae venturesome an' foolitch, Jamie! They 'll kill you, an' then what 'll come o' me?"

"Never fear, mother; nae harm 'll happen me, but I maun gae."

He set out, and as he crossed the potato-field, came in sight of the castle, whose windows were ablaze with light, that seemed to turn the russet leaves, still clinging to the crabtree branches, into gold.

Halting in the grove at one side of the ruin, he listened to the elfin revelry, and the laughter and singing made him all the more determined to proceed.

Numbers of little people, the largest about the size of a child of five years old, were dancing to the music of flutes and fiddles, while others drank and feasted.

"Welcome, Jamie Freel! welcome, welcome, Jamie!" cried the company, perceiving their visitor. The word "Welcome" was caught up and repeated by every voice in the castle.

Time flew, and Jamie was enjoying himself very much, when his hosts said, "We're going to ride to Dublin to-night to steal a young lady. Will you come too, Jamie Freel?"

"Ay, that will I!" cried the rash youth, thirsting for adventure.

A troop of horses stood at the door. Jamie mounted, and his steed rose with him into the air. He was presently flying over his mother's cottage, surrounded by the elfin troop, and on and on they went, over bold mountains, over little hills, over the deep Lough Swilly, over towns and cottages, where people were burning nuts, and eating apples, and keeping merry Halloween. It seemed to Jamie that they flew all round Ireland before they got to Dublin.

"This is Derry," said the fairies, flying over the cathedral spire; and what was said by one voice was repeated by all the rest, till fifty little voices were crying out, "Derry! Derry! Derry!"

In like manner was Jamie informed as they passed over each town on the route, and at length he heard the silvery voices cry, "Dublin! Dublin!"

It was no mean dwelling that was to be honored by the fairy visit, but one of the finest houses in Stephen's Green.

The troop dismounted near a window, and Jamie saw a beautiful face, on a pillow in a splendid bed. He saw the young lady lifted and carried away, while the stick which was dropped in her place on the bed took her exact form.

The lady was placed before one rider and carried a short way, then given another, and the names of the towns were cried out as before.

They were approaching home. Jamie heard "Rathmullan," "Milford," "Tamney," and then he knew they were near his own house.

"You 've all had your turn at carrying the young lady," said he. "Why wouldn't I get her for a wee piece?"

"Ay, Jamie," replied they, pleasantly, "you may take your turn at carrying her, to be sure."

Holding his prize very tightly, he dropped down near his mother's door.

"Jamie Freel, Jamie Freel! is that the way you treat us?" cried they, and they too dropped down near the door.

Jamie held fast, though he knew not what he was holding, for the little folk turned the lady into all sorts of strange shapes. At one moment she was a black dog, barking and trying to bite; at another, a glowing bar of iron, which yet had no heat; then, again, a sack of wool.

But still Jamie held her, and the baffled elves were turning away, when a tiny woman, the smallest of the party, exclaimed, "Jamie Freel has her awa' frae us, but he sall hae nae gude o' her, for I 'll mak' her deaf and dumb," and she threw something over the young girl.

While they rode off disappointed, Jamie lifted the latch and went in.

"Jamie, man!" cried his mother, "you 've been awa' all night; what have they done on you?"

"Naething bad, mother; I ha' the very best of gude luck. Here 's a beautiful young lady I ha' brought you for company."

"Bless us an' save us!" exclaimed the mother, and for some minutes she was so astonished that she could not think of anything else to say.

Jamie told his story of the night's adventure, ending by saying, "Surely you wouldna have allowed me to let her gang with them to be lost forever?"

"But a *lady,* Jamie! How can a lady eat we'er poor diet, and live in we'er poor way? I ax you that, you foolitch fellow?"

"Weel, mother, sure it 's better for her to be here nor over yonder," and he pointed in the direction of the castle.

Meanwhile, the deaf and dumb girl shivered in her light clothing, stepping close to the humble turf fire.

"Poor crathur, she 's quare and handsome! Nae wonder they set their hearts on her," said the old woman, gazing at her guest with pity and admiration. "We maun dress her first; but what, in the name o' fortune, hae I fit for the likes o' her to wear?"

She went to her press in "the room," and took out her Sunday gown of brown drugget; she then opened a drawer, and drew forth a pair of white stockings, a long snowy garment of fine linen, and a cap, her "dead dress," as she called it.

These articles of attire had long been ready for a certain triste ceremony, in which she would some day fill the chief part, and only saw the light occasionally, when they were hung out to air; but she was willing to give even these to the fair trembling visitor, who was turning in dumb sorrow and wonder from her to Jamie, and from Jamie back to her.

The poor girl suffered herself to be dressed, and then sat down on a "creepie" in the chimney corner, and buried her face in her hands.

"What 'll we do to keep up a lady like thou?" cried the old woman.

"I 'll work for you both, mother," replied the son.

"An' how could a lady live on we'er poor diet?" she repeated.

"I 'll work for her," was all Jamie's answer.

He kept his word. The young lady was very sad for a long time, and tears stole down her cheeks many an evening while the old woman spun by the fire, and Jamie made salmon nets, an accomplishment lately acquired by him, in hopes of adding to the comfort of his guest.

But she was always gentle, and tried to smile when she perceived them looking at her; and by degrees she adapted herself to their ways and mode of life. It was not very long before she began to feed the pig, mash potatoes and meal for the fowls, and knit blue worsted socks.

So a year passed, and Halloween came round again. "Mother," said Jamie, taking down his cap, "I 'm off to the ould castle to seek my fortune."

"Are you mad, Jamie?" cried his mother, in terror;

" sure they 'll kill you this time for what you done on them last year."

Jamie made light of her fears and went his way.

As he reached the crab-tree grove, he saw bright lights in the castle windows as before, and heard loud talking. Creeping under the window, he heard the wee folks say, " That was a poor trick Jamie Freel played us this night last year, when he stole the nice young lady from us."

" Ay," said the tiny woman, " an' I punished him for it, for there she sits, a dumb image by his hearth; but he does na' know that three drops out o' this glass I hold in my hand wad gie her her hearing and her speeches back again."

Jamie's heart beat fast as he entered the hall. Again he was greeted by a chorus of welcomes from the company— " Here comes Jamie Freel! welcome, welcome, Jamie!"

As soon as the tumult subsided, the little woman said, " You be to drink our health, Jamie, out o' this glass in my hand."

Jamie snatched the glass from her and darted to the door. He never knew how he reached his cabin, but he arrived there breathless, and sank on a stone by the fire.

" You 're kilt surely this time, my poor boy," said his mother.

" No, indeed, better luck than ever this time!" and he gave the lady three drops of the liquid that still remained at the bottom of the glass, notwithstanding his mad race over the potato-field.

The lady began to speak, and her first words were words of thanks to Jamie.

The three inmates of the cabin had so much to say to one another, that long after cock-crow, when the fairy music had quite ceased, they were talking round the fire.

" Jamie," said the lady, " be pleased to get me paper and pen and ink, that I may write to my father, and tell him what has become of me."

She wrote, but weeks passed, and she received no answer. Again and again she wrote, and still no answer.

At length she said, " You must come with me to Dublin, Jamie, to find my father."

" I ha' no money to hire a car for you," he replied, " an' how can you travel to Dublin on your foot?"

But she implored him so much that he consented to set out with her, and walk all the way from Fannet to Dublin. It was not as easy as the fairy journey; but at last they rang the bell at the door of the house in Stephen's Green.

"Tell my father that his daughter is here," said she to the servant who opened the door.

"The gentleman that lives here has no daughter, my girl. He had one, but she died better nor a year ago."

"Do you not know me, Sullivan?"

"No, poor girl, I do not."

"Let me see the gentleman. I only ask to see him."

"Well, that's not much to ax; we'll see what can be done."

In a few moments the lady's father came to the door.

"Dear father," said she, "don't you know me?"

"How dare you call me your father?" cried the old gentleman, angrily. "You are an impostor. I have no daughter."

"Look in my face, father, surely you'll remember me."

"My daughter is dead and buried. She died a long, long time ago." The old gentleman's voice changed from anger to sorrow. "You can go," he concluded.

"Stop, dear father, till you look at this ring on my finger. Look at your name and mine engraved on it."

"It certainly is my daughter's ring; but I do not know how you came by it. I fear in no honest way."

"Call my mother, *she* will be sure to know me," said the poor girl, who, by this time, was crying bitterly.

"My poor wife is beginning to forget her sorrow. She seldom speaks of her daughter now. Why should I renew her grief by reminding her of her loss?"

But the young lady persevered, till at last the mother was sent for.

"Mother," she began, when the old lady came to the door, "don't *you* know your daughter?"

"I have no daughter; my daughter died and was buried a long, long time ago."

"Only look in my face, and surely you'll know me"

The old lady shook her head.

"You have all forgotten me; but look at this mole on my neck. Surely, mother, you know me now?"

"Yes, yes," said the mother, "my Gracie had a mole on

her neck like that; but then I saw her in her coffin, and saw the lid shut down upon her."

It became Jamie's turn to speak, and he gave the history of the fairy journey, of the theft of the young lady, of the figure he had seen laid in its place, of her life with his mother in Fannet, of last Halloween, and of the three drops that had released her from her enchantment.

She took up the story when he paused, and told how kind the mother and son had been to her.

The parents could not make enough of Jamie. They treated him with every distinction, and when he expressed his wish to return to Fannet, said they did not know what to do to show their gratitude.

But an awkward complication arose. The daughter would not let him go without her. "If Jamie goes, I 'll go too," she said. "He saved me from the fairies, and has worked for me ever since. If it had not been for him, dear father and mother, you would never have seen me again. If he goes, I 'll go too."

This being her resolution, the old gentleman said that Jamie should become his son-in-law. The mother was brought from Fannet in a coach and four, and there was a splendid wedding.

They all lived together in the grand Dublin house, and Jamie was heir to untold wealth at his father-in-law's death.

FAR DARRIG IN DONEGAL.

Pat Diver, the tinker, was a man well-accustomed to a wandering life, and to strange shelters; he had shared the beggar's blanket in smoky cabins; he had crouched beside the still in many a nook and corner where poteen was made on the wild Innishowen mountains; he had even slept on the bare heather, or on the ditch, with no roof over him but the vault of heaven; yet were all his nights of adventure tame and commonplace when compared with one especial night.

During the day preceding that night, he had mended all the kettles and saucepans in Moville and Greencastle,

and was on his way to Culdaff, when night overtook him on a lonely mountain road.

He knocked at one door after another asking for a night's lodging, while he jingled the halfpence in his pocket, but was everywhere refused.

Where was the boasted hospitality of Innishowen, which he had never before known to fail? It was of no use to be able to pay when the people seemed so churlish. Thus thinking, he made his way towards a light a little further on, and knocked at another cabin door.

An old man and woman were seated one at each side of the fire.

"Will you be pleased to give me a night's lodging, sir?" asked Pat respectfully.

"Can you tell a story?" returned the old man.

"No, then, sir, I canna say I 'm good at story-telling," replied the puzzled tinker.

"Then you maun just gang further, for none but them that can tell a story will get in here."

This reply was made in so decided a tone that Pat did not attempt to repeat his appeal, but turned away reluctantly to resume his weary journey.

"A story, indeed," muttered he. "Auld wives' fables to please the weans!"

As he took up his bundle of tinkering implements, he observed a barn standing rather behind the dwelling house, and, aided by the rising moon, he made his way towards it.

It was a clean, roomy barn, with a piled-up heap of straw in one corner. Here was a shelter not to be despised; so Pat crept under the straw, and was soon asleep.

He could not have slept very long when he was awakened by the tramp of feet, and, peeping cautiously through a crevice in his straw covering, he saw four immensely tall men enter the barn, dragging a body, which they threw roughly upon the floor.

They next lighted a fire in the middle of the barn, and fastened the corpse by the feet with a great rope to a beam in the roof. One of them then began to turn it slowly before the fire. "Come on," said he, addressing a gigantic fellow, the tallest of the four—"I 'm tired; you be to tak' your turn."

"Faix an' troth, I 'll no turn him," replied the big man. "There 's Pat Diver in under the straw, why wouldn't he tak' his turn?"

With hideous clamor the four men called the wretched Pat, who, seeing there was no escape, thought it was his wisest plan to come forth as he was bidden.

"Now, Pat," said they, "you 'll turn the corpse, but if you let him burn you 'll be tied up there and roasted in his place."

Pat's hair stood on end, and the cold perspiration poured from his forehead, but there was nothing for it but to perform his dreadful task.

Seeing him fairly embarked in it, the tall men went away.

Soon, however, the flames rose so high as to singe the rope, and the corpse fell with a great thud upon the fire, scattering the ashes and embers, and extracting a howl of anguish from the miserable cook, who rushed to the door, and ran for his life.

He ran on until he was ready to drop with fatigue, when, seeing a drain overgrown with tall, rank grass, he thought he would creep in there and lie hidden till morning.

But he was not many minutes in the drain before he heard the heavy trampling again, and the four men came up with their burthen, which they laid down on the edge of the drain.

"I 'm tired," said one, to the giant; "it 's your turn to carry him a piece now."

"Faix and troth, I 'll no carry him," replied he, "but there 's Pat Diver in the drain, why wouldn't he come out and tak' his turn?"

"Come out, Pat, come out," roared all the men, and Pat, almost dead with fright, crept out.

He staggered on under the weight of the corpse until he reached Kiltown Abbey, a ruin festooned with ivy, where the brown owl hooted all night long, and the forgotten dead slept around the walls under dense, matted tangles of brambles and ben-weed.

No one ever buried there now, but Pat's tall companions turned into the wild graveyard, and began digging a grave.

Pat, seeing them thus engaged, thought he might once

more try to escape, and climbed up into a hawthorn tree in the fence, hoping to be hidden in the boughs.

"I 'm tired," said the man who was digging the grave; "here, take the spade," addressing the big man, "it 's your turn."

"Faix an' troth, it 's no my turn," replied he, as before. "There 's Pat Diver in the tree, why wouldn't he come down and tak' his turn?"

Pat came down to take the spade, but just then the cocks in the little farmyards and cabins round the abbey began to crow, and the men looked at one another.

"We must go," said they, "and well is it for you, Pat Diver, that the cocks crowed, for if they had not, you 'd just ha' been bundled into that grave with the corpse."

Two months passed, and Pat had wandered far and wide over the County Donegal, when he chanced to arrive at Raphoe during a fair.

Among the crowd that filled the Diamond he came suddenly on the big man.

"How are you, Pat Diver?" said he, bending down to look into the tinker's face.

"You 've the advantage of me, sir, for I havena' the pleasure of knowing you," faltered Pat.

"Do you not know me, Pat?" Whisper—"When you go back to Innishowen, you 'll have a story to tell!"

GRACE CONNOR.

Thady and Grace Connor lived on the borders of a large turf bog, in the parish of Clondevaddock, where they could hear the Atlantic surges thunder in upon the shore, and see the wild storms of winter sweep over the Muckish mountain, and his rugged neighbors. Even in summer the cabin by the bog was dull and dreary enough.

Thady Connor worked in the fields, and Grace made a livelihood as a peddler, carrying a basket of remnants of cloth, calico, drugget, and frieze about the country. The people rarely visited any large town, and found it convenient to buy from Grace, who was welcomed in many a lonely house, where a table was hastily cleared, that she

might display her wares. Being considered a very honest woman, she was frequently intrusted with commissions to the shops in Letterkenny and Ramelton. As she set out towards home, her basket was generally laden with little gifts for her children.

"Grace, dear," would one of the kind housewives say, "here 's a farrel [1] of oaten cake, wi' a taste o' butter on it; tak' it wi' you for the weans;" or, "Here 's half-a-dozen of eggs; you 've a big family to support."

Small Connors of all ages crowded round the weary mother, to rifle her basket of these gifts. But her thrifty, hard life came suddenly to an end. She died after an illness of a few hours, and was waked and buried as handsomely as Thady could afford.

Thady was in bed the night after the funeral, and the fire still burned brightly, when he saw his departed wife cross the room and bend over the cradle. Terrified, he muttered rapid prayers, covered his face with the blanket; and on looking up again the appearance was gone.

Next night he lifted the infant out of the cradle, and laid it behind him in the bed, hoping thus to escape his ghostly visitor; but Grace was presently in the room, and stretching over him to wrap up her child. Shrinking and shuddering, the poor man exclaimed, "Grace, woman, what is it brings you back? What is it you want wi' me?"

"I want naething frae you, Thady, but to put thon wean back in her cradle," replied the specter, in a tone of scorn. "You 're too feared for me, but my sister Rose willna be feared for me—tell her to meet me to-morrow evening, in the old wallsteads."

Rose lived with her mother, about a mile off, but she obeyed her sister's summons without the least fear, and kept the strange tryst in due time.

"Rose, dear," she said, as she appeared, before her sister in the old wallsteads, "my mind's oneasy about them twa' red shawls that 's in the basket. Matty Hunter and Jane Taggart paid me for them an' I bought them wi' their money, Friday was eight days. Gie them the shawls the morrow. An' old Mosey McCorkell gied me the price o' a wiley coat; it 's in under the other things in the basket. An' now farewell; I can get to my rest."

[1] When a large, round, flat griddle cake is divided into triangular cuts, each of these cuts is called a farrel, farli, or parli.

"Grace, Grace, bide a wee minute," cried the faithful sister, as the dear voice grew fainter, and the dear face began to fade—"Grace, darlin! Thady? The children? One word mair!" but neither cries nor tears could further detain the spirit hastening to its rest!

A DONEGAL FAIRY.

Ay it 's a bad thing to displeasure the gentry, sure enough —they can be unfriendly if they 're angered, an' they can be the very best o' gude neighbors if they 're treated kindly.

My mother's sister was her lone in the house one day wi' a' big pot o' water boiling on the fire, and ane o' the wee folk fell down the chimney, and slipped wi' his leg in the hot water.

He let a terrible squeal out o' him, an' in a minute the house was full o' wee crathurs pulling him out o' the pot, an' carrying him across the floor.

"Did she scald you?" my aunt heard them saying to him.

"Na, na, it was mysel' scalded my ainsel'," quoth the wee fellow.

"A weel, a weel," says they. "If it was your ainsel' scalded yoursel', we 'll say nothing, but if she had scalded you, we 'd made her pay."

JAMES (SEUMAS) MACMANUS.

(1868 ——)

SEUMAS MACMANUS was born at Mountcharles, Donegal, Dec. 31, 1868. He worked on his father's farm while getting his education, and at eighteen became master where he had been scholar. Meanwhile he listened eagerly to the old stories of the peasants and stored them in his memory. He began contributing very early to various Dublin newspapers and to the local papers. His first book, 'Shuilers from Heathy Hills,' was published in 1893. In 1895 came 'The Ladin' Road to Donegal.' Since then his books have followed each other in rapid succession, and are increasingly popular in this country. Among them we may mention 'The Bewitched Fiddle,' 'Donegal Fairy Stories,' 'In the Chimney Corner,' 'Through the Turf Smoke,' and 'The Wager.' His special forte lies in his humorous descriptions of peasant life.

WHY T'OMAS DUBH WALKED.

From 'Humors of Donegal.'

T'omas's good woman reached to each of us a fine bowl of cream with an iron spoon in it of the size a hungry man likes.

"Musha, craythurs, it 's stharriv'd with the hunger yez must be. Fill the far-lan's first out i' that pot, an' the minnit yez is done, I 'll have yez brewed such a dhrap o' tay as 'ill rouse the hearts in yez."

Neither T'omas *Dubh* nor I needed much persuasion, other than that given by crying stomachs, to attack it with hearty good-will. Before the fire we sat, and we drew the pot between us, and, getting our legs about it, plunged in our spoons with small delay, ladling up the stirabout as right hungry men can, sousing it in the cream, and speeding it on again to our watering mouths; for, when you 've been on the hills from early morning till late at night, and eaten but a few mouthfuls of oat-bread and butter in the interim, what with the walking, the running, the spieling, the sliding, what with the whiff of the heather, and with all the *feurgortash* [1] you must have tramped over, I 'll warrant, though you have been the most dismal dyspeptic

[1] *Feurgortash*, hungry-grass.

was ever on a doctor's books, you 'll bring back an appetite with an edge like the east wind. T'omas and I fetched back just such appetites, and very little else, for I was (putting it mildly) an indifferent shot, and tried T'omas's temper sorely.

As T'omas had put it in anticipation, a fine pot of stirabout with a bowl of yellow cream proved "no mad dog to him," nor yet to me. Neither of us had time for a word. "Ivery time ye spaik it 's a mouthful lost," was T'omas's maxim. We dug our ways through the pot from either side, till only the thinnest film separated our "claims," when T'omas rung his spoon in the empty bowl and said, "God be thankit!" on which I, too, feeling a sensation of satisfaction permeating the far-lands, threw my spoon to the bottom of the pot with a "Thanks be to God, and Amen!"

And now Ellen was pouring out for us two large bowls of tea that was thick and as dark as a blind window.

"Do ye like yer tay sthrong, Jaimie?" she asked me.

"Well," I said, shaking my head doubtfully at the black flood she was pouring into the bowl, "my mother doesn't commonly make it *so* sthrong."

"An' there ye are now," she said. "That 's how docthors differ. T'omas here wouldn't tell his name for tay if ye didn't make it as sthrong for him as the shafts of a cart."

"Why, I should think it a mortial bad plan to make a habit of takin' yer tay like that, T'omas *Dubh*," I said.

"Tay," T'omas said oracularly, as he gazed at it with a blissful expression in his eye—"tay," he said, "is niver no good—an' I 'd as soon ye 'd give me so much dish-water to dhrink—if it 's not made that a duck might walk on it."

I had grave doubts about this, but as Ellen had the bowls now creamed, and the piles of oat-bread and stack of butter at our elbows, I couldn't afford time to dispute it.

T'omas and I attacked the pile and the stack and the bowls of tea so bravely, and sustained the attack so spiritedly that it was little wonder that Ellen expressed the opinion that she "wouldn't like to be the aiting-house would do a big thrade with many such customers." We didn't stop to bandy compliments with her. And T'omas only passed

two remarks during the demolition. He said: "Ma'am, if what yer bread wants in hardness was borrowed from yer butther, there'd be a big 'mendment on the two of them;" and later he said reflectively, "The back o' my han' an' the sole o' my fut to you, Meenavalla!" I gave him an inquisitive look, hereupon, whilst in the act of having what T'omas would call a good "shlug" out of my bowl; but T'omas was too intent upon his business to mind my look. When T'omas felt both hunger and thirst allayed, and that, over and above, he had taken in something for positive pleasure, he pushed his emptied bowl from him, blessed him with all the fervor of a man satisfied with himself, Ellen, and the whole world, and winding up with another "God be thankit!" turned to the fire, drew out his short brown pipe and began to fill it; and I, feeling within that blissful sensation which pervades the breast of one who hungered and has fed heartily, did in every particular likewise.

"What put me in mind of it," T'omas said suddenly from out of the reek of smoke the little brown pipe was raising, "was your firin'."

I blew a spy-hole through my own halo of smoke, and tried to see T'omas on the other side of the fire. "Put ye in mind of what?"

"Meenavalla. An' the way of it was, your firin' put me in mind of the Red Poocher."

I didn't quite see the connection, but I asked, "An' what sort of shot was the Red Poocher?"

"The best from h— to Guinealand."

"Yes," I said, modesty and vainglory struggling within me.

"An' then ye bein' the *worst* shot atween the same two dis-*thricts*, ye naturally put me in mind of him."

Now I did not, and do not, claim to be an expert marksman, but I confess the comparison, drawn as it was antithetically, hurt my feelings.

So I smoked on as silently as the asthmatic gully I pulled would permit. And T'omas, beyond the fire, proved himself my fellow—even his pipe noisily confessed the same weakness.

"Av coorse," T'omas said, after a couple of minutes, "ye knew I was gamekeeper at Meenavalla wanst!"

"I did."

"Did ye know what fetched me out of it?"

"It must 'a been that the owner considhered T'omas Dubh had too good a reputation, and was too honest, for to be wasted in Meenavalla."

"I was five years in Meenavalla"—T'omas sat upon a stool so low that his knees stuck up on a level with his breast, he rested his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands, and told his story to the fire—"five years, an' contented in throth I was with it; for meself and Ellen was snug an' warm, plenty to ait, an' not much to do, an' a fire all the winther would roast a quadhraoopit. But the fourth saison there was an English jintleman from a place they call Hartfoord had the shootin' in the place taken. But lo an' behould ye! the first week in A'gust the weather was mortial fine, an' I was tempted to slip aff over to me mother's counthry to help her win the grain o' hay, for she was in black need o' help—without a manbody nixt or near her wee place. Well over to her, to Cashelaragan, I slipped for the week, an' put as much of her wee grain o' hay through me fingers as I could do in the time, an' then back again. An' the first news met me slap in the face when I come back was, that I wasn't away the second night till the poochers was on the place, an' night an' nightly they had shot it for the remaindher o' the week!

"The curse o' the crows light on the same poochers, an' a hard bed to them! But when the English jintleman come, it 's the poor shootin', Lord knows, he had: an' the sweetest of tempers wasn't his—small blame, indeed, to the man anondher the circumstances. He sayed he might as well have takin' the elephant-shootin' as the grouse-shootin' of Meenavalla. He wanted to know was there e'er a chance of a loy-on or a bear, or any other baste o' prey on the place, he might get the chance of a shot at. I, of coorse, toul' him there was no loy-ons in this part o' the wurrl'; an' I sayed there was no bear barrin' wan, an' if he shot that wan he was liable to be hung for shuicide—"

"Are ye sure ye sayed that, T'omas?"

"Sartint sure—but it was when I got the rascal's back turned. But I tell him till his face wan thing. It was of a day he had the heart o' me bruck with the *chirmin'* an' *charmin'* an' the blasphaimin' he carried on with. Siz I

till him, 'Yer honor,' siz I, 'there's wan way, an' if we could work it we'd get frightsome big bags o' game, an' no mistake!' 'What way's that?' siz he, comin' till a stan'still. 'If ye can manage to put me on sich a way,' siz he, 'I'll make it well worth your while.' 'Well, I'm mortial thankful to yer honor,' siz I, back again till him, 'an' the way's simple enough—if it only worked.' 'D—ye,' siz he, lettin' a tearin' *ouns* (oath) out of him, 'an' out with it at wanst, till we hear what it's lake.' 'Well, it's this, yer honor,' siz I. 'If ye could somehow or other manage to fetch down a grouse with ivery growl ye give, an' a snipe with ivery curse, we'd have mighty full bags ere we'd be long on the hill—do ye see?'

"An' faith he did see it, an' it's some poor body's prayer I must 'a had about me at the time kept him from puttin' the contents of his gun intil me sowl. An' I then larnt what Peadhar *Mor* the tailyer (God rest him!) used often tell me—that a madman an' an Englishman is two shouldn't be joked with.

"Anyhow, this lad took himself off in a fortnight with a bigger load of sin (I'm thinkin') than snipes, an' he wrote a square parch of a complaint to Belfast, to Misther McCran, the owner o' the place, an' Misther McCran he give me the divil to ait over the business. He went within an ace of makin' me cut me stick, an' threatened that if iver he'd hear of a single brace of birds bein' pooched off the place again, I'd go, as sure as me name was T'omas.

"Well, glory be to goodness, when I come by a good thing I know it; an', small blame to me, I like to stick till it; so I sayed to meself, 'T'omas Dubh,' siz I, 'plaise the Lord, ye'll sleep with wan eye open an' the other niver closed for the saisons to come, an' then ye'll be as wide awake as who's-the-other; an', from this out, the poocher who puts salt on your tail 'ill be as cliver a man as yerself.'

"Well and good, the nixt saison come round, an' an Englishman again tuk the shootin' of Meenavalla. He was a Misther Bullock (Lord save us! what onchristian names them English big bugs do have), an' he owned wan o' the grannest houses, I b'lieve, from head to fut of London sthreet. Well, howsomedivir, this Misther Bullock had took the shootin' this year, and when Misther McCran in-

formed me of this, he toul' me also if there was so much as the mark of a poocher's heel found on all the place I would get laive to go travelin' for me health."

"An' for yer appetite, eh, T'omas?"

"On or about the twelfth of A'gust I gets a letther from Misther Bullock himself to tell me he had another shootin' taken down the country in the neighborhood of Glenveigh, an' that himself an' a friend he was fetchin' with him would spend a week on the Glenveigh mountain first, an' then they'd drive up through the Glenties way on his buggy, an' take the next week out of Meenavalla; an' for me to be prepared for them on or close afther the twentieth. An' he says it was toul' him the lan' had been pooched last year, till the shootin' of it wasn't worth the powdher, and to remember that *he* wasn't goin' to stan' no sich nonsense; if there was a feather touched on the place he would shue me masther for all he was worth. 'Make yer mind aisy, me boy,' siz I when I read his letther, about that. 'The poocher who wings a bird on Meenavalla atween now an' the twentieth, 'ill be a conshumin'ly cliver fellow, who 's in the habit o' gettin' up afore he goes to bed at all.' And very good care I had taken for the three weeks gone that no poocher would look at it across a march-ditch; an' betther care still, if betther could be, I was goin' to take that gun's-iron (barrin' me own) wouldn't be leveled over it for the nixt eight days. For I was on it a'most day an' night, an' the tail of a poocher's coat never wanst showed; an' I was detarmined it should be so till the Big Fellow himself would step on the grass.

"It was just three evenin's afther the letter come that I was out as usual on the hill, an' I was havin' a couple of puffs at the grouse on me own account, when I noticed a thrap dhrivin' along the road below; an' half an hour afther, I sees Ellen on top o' the skreg above the house, wavin' her shawl to me. 'Surely,' siz I to meself, 'it 's not the Bullock arrived?' But when I reached Ellen, that same was the identical news she had for me. An' I 'll not deny that I give a hearty good curse. 'He seen me shootin', Ellen, as he come along the road, conshumin' till him!' But I hurried down to the house. Wan jintleman was coolin' the pony (a purty wan) up an' down the road; an' the other, who was my man, Ellen toul' me, was in the

house. I put the bouldest face I could on me, and marched in as undaunted as if I 'd been only sayin' me prayers on the hill. But I knew be the scowl iv him I was in for it.

"'Are you Gallagher?' siz he, quite short an' without reachin' his han' to me. 'Yis, yer honor,' siz I, removin' me hat, 'T'omas *Dubh* Gallagher—an' ye 're mighty welcome to these parts,' raichin' him me han', and givin' him a mortial sight warmer shake hands than, I seen, he wanted. 'Was them poochers I seen on the hill, Gallagher, as I come along?' siz he—though mighty fine he knew who the poocher was at the same time. So, all things considhered, I thought it best to tell the thruth, an' shame the divil. 'No, sir,' siz I, 'it was meself.' 'What!' siz he, 'have *you* turned poocher as well as presarver? Upon my word, a purty fellow, ye are! a purty gamekeeper! What did ye fetch down?' 'Nothin', plaise yer honor,' siz I; 'for nothin' it was.' 'Well, plaise goodness,' siz he, 'I 'll not sleep in me bed the night till I report ye to yer masther, an' I 'm now givin' ye warnin' of it.' I pleaded with him as best I could, and showed him the outs and ins o' the thing, but I might as well 'a been spaikin' Spanish to pavin'-stones: he was bound to report me, an' report me he would; for it had always been his opinion, he sayed, that afther all the cry-out again' poochers, there was no poochers worse nor the gamekeepers themselves—an' in the intherests of his brother-sportsmen all over the kingdom, he sayed, more nor in his own intherest, he 'd have to report it. 'I see,' he says, 'ye got my letther,' tossin' it from him onto the table, for the letther had been lyin' in the windy from we got it; an' he had it in his han' when I come in. 'I wasn't to have come, as I sayed there, till the twentieth; but my sweetest curse upon all poochers—not forgettin' all gamekeepers—my sweetest curse on the whole assortment o' them, my Glenveigh place when I come on it was either pooched, or gamekeeped, or both, an' I wouldn't have got a hamper of birds off it in a month. I have promised a great number of presents of fowls to my frien's in England—promised to have them with them in the first week, and it 's lookin' purty like as if my promise is goin' to be bruck for the first time in my life—an' all through poochers an' gamekeepers, d—n them! Be ready,'

siz he, afther he had foamed an' fumed up an' down the house, and cursed curses that I wondered didn't burn a hole in the roof gettin' out—'be ready,' siz he, 'afore the screek o' day the morra mornin', an' be out with us till I see what we can find in the nixt couple o' days. In the meantime, go out an' house that pony, an' give him the best care Meenavalla can afford; yer wife 'ill make a little shake-down for ourselves, an' give us a bite of anything aitable, for our bellies is biddin' our backs good-morra with the fair dint o' the hunger.'

"The first sthray light wasn't on the hill in the mornin' till the three of us was there afore it, an' us bangin' away for all we were worth. The two jintlemen got intil bether humor when they found how plenty the birds was, and they fetchin' them down like hailstones. But, behould ye, I used always feel more or less pride in meself as bein' a purty dandy shot, but I can tell ye them two jintlemen very soon knocked the concait out o' me; the second jintleman was a pleasure to see shootin'; but to see the Big Fellow himself puffin' powdher was a sight for sore eyes. That man, sir, could kill round a corner. Goin' on forty years, now, I 've been handlin' a gun, an' have come in the way of a good many sportsmen that knew what end of the gun the shot come out of as well as who 's-the-nixt, but that man 's aiqual or anything comin' within an ass's roar of it I nivir yet did meet.

"Anyhow, to make a long story short, we dhropped the birds so fast—or, I should say, *he* dhropped them so fast, for though we lowered a smart number enough for or'nary Christians, it was nothing at all in comparishment with what he did—so fast did they dhrop that again' the third night he had the place purty lonesome enough of game. He had got all nicely hampered an' packed off; an' he started, himself an' his companion, off in their buggy nixt mornin', sayin' he 'd have another thry at Glenveigh again, an' be back to Meenavalla wanst more in somewhat bether nor a week's time. Though both o' them graised me fist like jintlemen afore they went, he didn't seem to relent a bit about the report to Misther McCran—it was his solemn duty, he sayed, an' he couldn't overlook it.

"It was only the second evenin' afther, I was comin' down off the hill, an' just as I had got onto the road, an'

I carryin' hung over the top of me gun a brace of snipe I managed, by good managementship, to scrape up, when roun' the bend o' the road, afore I could say 'God bliss me!' comes a thrap tearin', with two gintlemen on it. 'Bad luck to yez!' siz I, 'an' God forgive me for cursin', dhroppin', at the same time, both guns and birds, for I was sartint sure it was the chaps right back on me. But, in another minute, I seen I was mistaken, for naither o' them had the red whiskers o' my man: so I lifted me belongin's, an' went on whistlin'. When the thrap overtuk me, it pulls up, an' without as much as Good-morra, Good-even-in', or The devil take ye, the biggest-lookin' bug o' the two snaps me up with, 'How did you get them birds, me man?'

"'By goin' for them,' siz I. I knew it was an ondaicent way to answer a sthranger, but the baul'ness of him went agin' me grain. 'Who are you, sir?' was the next im-perence he out with. 'I 'm a son o' me mother's,' siz I, 'an' maybe ye know me betther now.' 'Maybe,' siz he, 'ye 'll be so kind as to tell me where Black Thomas Gallagher, the gamekeeper, lives in these parts.' 'Sorra be aff me,' siz I to meself, 'what 's this, or who is he this, I 've been saucin'?' 'Yis,' I siz to him, 'I think I can show ye that, bekase I 'm the identical man himself.' 'Oh, indeed,' siz he, pullin' himself together, 'are ye, indeed? I didn't think when I took Meenavalla for the saison that I had got sich a witty gamekeeper intil the bargain. I 'm a lucky man, throth,' siz he, an' his naybor laughed hearty. I turned square on the road, an' I looks at him. 'Ye 're anondher a great mistake, sir,' siz I; 'the shootin' o' this place has been taken by Misther Bullock of London.' 'Exactly,' siz he, 'Misther Bullock of London (which is me) has got the privilege of *payin'* for the shootin'; and his game-keeper, be all signs, is to get the fun an' the snipes.' 'Come, now,' siz I, 'none o' yer thricks upon travelers. Misther Bullock o' London was here the beginnin' o' the week, an' shot the lan' as clean as the day it was cree-aited, and there 's not a jintleman from wan end to the other of London sthreet but maybe is at the present spakin' sinkin' his tooth in wan o' the grouse, and wishin' to the Lord he was ten times hungrier.'

"But *mo bhron!*[1] the face that jintleman (an' his nay-

[1] *Mo bhron*, to my sorrow.

bor, too) dhrew on himself, when I sayed this, was somethin' frightsome to behould; an' may I niver die in sin if the gun didn't shake in me han'. He thundhered out of him sich an oath as would be a godsend to a quarryman for splittin' rocks, an'—

"Ellen, *a chara,*" [1] said T'omas, "I misdoubt me this fire would be out long ago if ye hadn't the doore boulted. Throw a grain iv thurf an' another lump of fir on it, *a thaisge.*" [2]

"Well, T'omas?"

"Well, Jaimie?"

"I want to hear it out. *Was* that Bullock?"

"Conshumin' till him, iv coorse it was."

"An' him shot the place? The red fellow?"

"Was the Red Poocher, av course, who was afther sthrippin' Bullock's Glenveigh shootin' as bare as a bald head just afore Bullock come on it."

"An' then what happened to you, T'omas?"

"I walked—an' I 'm here now."

A STOR, GRA GEAL MOCHREE.[3]

The braes they are aflame with whin,
The glens with flowers rejoice;
In every bush a gladsome bird
Lifts up a tuneful voice.
But whin and flower and bonny bird,
And each sweet melody,
But adds an ache to my sore heart,
A stor, Gra geal mochree!

For, whins may flame and flowers may bloom,
And sun flood hill and plain,
And birds on every bough may sing
"Sweet Summer 's come again;"
Yet I shall shiver for the chill
That holds the heart of me—
My Sun has set, my Summer fled,
A stor, Gra geal mochree!

[1] *A chara*, my friend. [2] *A thaisge*, my darling.
[3] *A stor, gra geal mochree*, bright treasure of my heart.

You were my cherished Flower of Flowers,
  You were my Warbler sweet,
You were my Sun of Summer kind,
  You were my world complete;
'T was Nothingness beyond you, when
  Those arms enfolded me—
Now I 'm alone with loneliness,
  A stor, Gra geal mochree!

The Flower has withered on the brae,
  The Bird has quit the tree,
And all the world has weary grown,
  For my sad heart and me:
Yet patiently through empty years
  My sorrow would I dree,
Did you but look your love once more,
  A stor, Gra geal mochree!

The grass waves o'er your dear black head,
  The cold clay wraps you round,
It 's lonesome for you lying there
  So deep in the dark ground,
Where my arms can never reach you,
  Where you can never see
The blinding love that fills my eyes,
  A stor, Gra geal mochree!

'T is sad to think those eyes don't light,
  And I, your Heart, so near;
'T is sore that I should call and call,
  And you refuse to hear,
But sleep, *a rúin*,[1] for sure 't is Night:
  And soon glad Dawn shall be,
When lips will meet and souls will greet,
  A stor, Gra geal mochree!

MY INVER BAY.

Oh! Inver Bay on a harvest day,
And the sun goin' down the sky;
When with many 's a laugh the boats put off,
And many 's the merry cry!
To Cork's own cove though one may rove,
They will not find *mo croidhe!*[2]

[1] *A rúin*, my dear. [2] *Mo croidhe*, pronounced *machree*, my heart.

A rarer bay, a fairer bay,
A sweeter bay nor thee.
For the Kaiser's rod and his realms so broad,
I wouldn't swap, not I,
My Inver Bay on a harvest day,
And the sun goin' down the sky.

A purtier boat there 's not afloat
Than Donal Rose 's " Nan,"
A boulder crew, nor boys more true
There 's not in wide Irelan'.
A long, long pull, a sthrong, sthrong pull,
And one right hearty cheer,
Our " Nan " so brave, she tops the wave,
And our comrades' boats we clear;
We lead the throng, we sthrike a song,
We rise it loud and high
On Inver Bay, of a harvest day,
And the sun goin' down the sky.

Till we reach away where the herrin's play,
There 's neither slack nor slow;
As quick as thought our nets are shot,
On the thwarts, then we lie low,
And many 's the stave rolls over the wave,
And many 's the yarn is told;
The sea all white, with silver bright,
The air all filled with gold—
A scene so grand, God's good right hand
It ne'er reached from on high,
As Inver Bay on a harvest day,
And the sun goin' down the sky.

O'er Norroway it 's give me sway,
With a palace wide and broad,
With silks and wine and jewels fine,
And hundreds at my nod—
In robes all gay, with golden spray
It 's dhress me you might do;
But I 'd loathe your wine, your jewels fine,
Your gold and your kingdom too;
For a ragged coat, in Donal's boat,
It 's I 'd lament and sigh,
And Inver Bay of a harvest day,
With the sun goin' down the sky.

Our bravest sons, our stoutest ones
Have rushed across the say,
And God He knows each wind that blows
Is waftin' more away!
It 's sore distress does them hard press,
They dhrop their heads and go—
Oh, Sorrow's Queen, it 's you has seen
Their hearts big swelled with woe!
Though gold they make, their hearts they break,
And they sit them down and cry,
For Inver Bay on a harvest day,
And the sun goin' down the sky;

Oh! Inver Bay on a harvest day,
And the sun goin' down the sky;
When with many 's the laugh the boats put off,
And many 's the merry cry!
To Cork's own cove though one may rove,
They will not find, *mo croidhe!*
A rarer bay, a fairer bay,
A sweeter bay nor thee!
For the Kaiser's rod and his realms so broad
I wouldn't swap, not I,
My Inver Bay on a harvest day,
And the sun goin' down the sky.



Their hearts big swelled with woe!
Though gold they make, their hearts they break,
For Inver Bay on a harvest day.

DESERTED CABINS

Oh, the cabins long deserted.—Olden memories awake—
Oh, the pleasant, pleasant places!—Hush the blackbird in the brake!
Oh, the dear and kindly voices!—Now their hearts are fain to ache.

From "The Passing of the Gael," by *Mrs. Seumus MacManus.*



MRS. SEUMAS MACMANUS (ANNA JOHNSTON).

(1866—1902.)

MRS. MACMANUS ("Ethna Carbery") was born in Ballymena, Dec. 3, 1866. She lived nearly all her life in Belfast, till her marriage with the well-known novelist in 1901. To the great grief of all who knew her, and to the abiding loss of Irish literature, in the flower of her youth and the blossoming of her genius, she closed her eyes on the Ireland of her heart's love April 21, 1902. She wrote much prose and verse, and began publishing when she was about fifteen. Her first poetry was published over the name of "Ethna Carbery." She contributed to most of the Irish magazines and newspapers of her time, and to *Harper's Magazine*, the New York *Criterion*, *The Century*, and other American periodicals.

Since her death her poems have been collected and published in one volume, entitled 'The Four Winds of Eirinn.' The collection, which was begun in her lifetime, was finished and edited by her husband; the book was immediately successful, no less than nine editions having been sold within a year of its appearance. In the very beautiful introduction of this little volume we are told that "from childhood till the closing hour, every fiber of her frame vibrated with love of Ireland. Before the tabernacle of poor Ireland's hopes she burned in her bosom a perpetual flame of faith. Her great warm heart kept the door of its fondest affection wide open to all who loved Ireland—and lived for Ireland, and strove for Ireland—and in her heart of hearts was sacredly cherished the memory of the holy dead who died for Ireland.

"Our Motherland has had daughters as noble, as brave, as faithful and loving as Anna Johnston, but never was gathered to the Mother's breast one more noble-souled, upright, courageous of heart, or one more passionately faithful, than she."

THE PASSING OF THE GAEL.

They are going, going, going from the valleys and the hills,
They are leaving far behind them heathery moor and mountain rills,
All the wealth of hawthorn hedges where the brown thrush sways and trills.

They are going, shy-eyed colleens and lads so straight and tall,
From the purple peaks of Kerry, from the crags of wild Imaal,
From the greening plains of Mayo and the glens of Donegal.

They are leaving pleasant places, shores with snowy sands outspread;
Blue and lonely lakes a-stirring when the wind stirs overhead;
Tender living hearts that love them, and the graves of kindred dead.

They shall carry to the distant land a tear-drop in the eye,
And some shall go uncomforted—their days an endless sigh
For Kathaleen Ní Houlihan's sad face, until they die.

Oh, Kathaleen Ní Houlihan, your road 's a thorny way,
And 't is a faithful soul would walk the flints with you for aye,
Would walk the sharp and cruel flints until his locks grew gray.

So some must wander to the East, and some must wander West;
Some seek the white wastes of the North, and some a Southern nest:
Yet never shall they sleep so sweet as on your mother breast.

The whip of hunger scourged them from the glens and quiet moors,
But there 's a hunger of the heart that plenty never cures;
And they shall pine to walk again the rough road that is yours.

Within the city streets, hot, hurried, full of care,
A sudden dream shall bring them a whiff of Irish air—
A cool air, faintly-scented, blown soft from otherwhere.

Oh, the cabins long-deserted!—Olden memories awake—
Oh, the pleasant, pleasant places!—Hush! the blackbird in the brake!
Oh, the dear and kindly voices!—Now their hearts are fain to ache.

They may win a golden store—sure the whins were golden too;
And no foreign skies hold beauty like the rainy skies they knew;
Nor any night-wind cool the brows as did the foggy dew.

. . . . . .

They are going, going, going, and we cannot bid them stay;
The fields are now the strangers' where the strangers' cattle stray.
Oh! Kathaleen Ní Houlihan, your way 's a thorny way!

I-BREASIL.

There is a way I am fain to go—
  To the mystical land where all are young,
Where the silver branches have buds of snow,
  And every leaf is a singing tongue.

It lies beyond the night and day,
  Over shadowy hill, and moorland wide,
And whoso enters casts care away,
  And wistful longings unsatisfied.

There are sweet white women, a radiant throng,
  Swaying like flowers in a scented wind:
But between us the veil of earth is strong,
  And my eyes to their luring eyes are blind.

A blossom of fire is each beauteous bird,
  Scarlet and gold on melodious wings,
And never so haunting a strain was heard
  From royal harp in the Hall of Kings.

The sacred trees stand in rainbow dew,
  Apple and ash and the twisted thorn,
Quicken and holly and dusky yew,
  Ancient ere ever gray Time was born.

The oak spreads mighty beneath the sun
  In a wonderful dazzle of moonlight green—
O would I might hasten from tasks undone,
  And journey whither no grief hath been!

Were I past the mountains of opal flame,
  I would seek a couch of the king-fern brown,
And when from its seed glad slumber came,
  A flock of rare dreams would flutter down.

But I move without in an endless fret,
  While somewhere beyond earth's brink, afar,
Forgotten of men, in a rose-rim set,
  I-Breasil shines like a beckoning star.

FEITHFAILGE.

The blue lake of Devenish!
I put my thousand blessings there;
(*The blue lake of Devenish*)
On shadow waters all a-stir,
And on the wind-blown honeysuckle
Beauty of Feithfailge's hair.

The blue lake of Devenish!
I pray, if God but grant the grace,
(*The blue lake of Devenish,*)
To win that dear enchanted place,
Where spring bides in the apple-blossom,
Beauty of Feithfailge's face.

The blue lake of Devenish!
I vex the purple dark with sighs—
(*The blue lake of Devenish*)
Across the world my sorrow flies,
A-hunger for the gray and wistful
Beauty of Feithfailge's eyes.

The blue lake of Devenish!
I wander far, yet find no rest—
(*The blue lake of Devenish*)
Sore-haunted ever, and oppressed
By dreams that pillow on the snow-white
Beauty of Feithfailge's breast.

The blue lake of Devenish,
She walks there in the quiet, meet
(*The blue lake of Devenish*)
For prayerful thoughts, and visions sweet,
And cool green grasses kiss the lightsome
Beauty of Feithfailge's feet.

The blue lake of Devenish,
I would the red gold were my part,
(*The blue lake of Devenish*)
Ripe fields, and herds upon Drimart,
That by my fire might shine the lovelit
Beauty of Feithfailge's heart.

THE COLD SLEEP OF BRIGHIDÍN.[1]

There 's a sweet sleep for my love by yon glimmering blue wave,
But alas! it is a cold sleep in a green-happed narrow grave.
O shadowy Finn, move slowly,
Break not her peace so holy,
Stir not her slumber in the grass your restless ripples lave.

My Heart's Desire, my Treasure, our wooing time was brief,
From the misty dawns of April till the fading of the leaf,
From the first clear cuckoo calling
Till the harvest gold was falling,
And my store of joy was garnered at the binding of the sheaf.

There came another lover, more swift than I, more strong,
He bore away my little love in middle of her song;
Silent, ah me! his wooing,
And silent his pursuing,
Silent he stretched his arms to her who did not tarry long.

So in his House of Quiet she keeps her troth for aye
With him, the stronger lover, until the Judgment Day:
And I go lonely, lonely,
Bereft of my one only
Bright star, Rose-blossom, Singing-bird that held the year at May.

The purple mountains guard her, the valley folds her in,
In dreams I see her walking with angels cleansed of sin.
Is heaven too high and saintly
For her to hear, though faintly,
One word of all my grieving on her grave beside Loch Finn?

SHIELA-NI-GARA.

Shiela-ni-Gara,[2] it is lonesome where you bide,
With the plovers circling over and the sagans spreading wide,
With an empty sea before you and behind a wailing world,
Where the sword lieth rusty and the Banner Blue is furled.

Is it a sail you wait, Shiela? Yea, from the Westering sun.
Shall it bring joy or sorrow? Oh joy sadly won.
Shall it bring peace or conflict? The pibroch in the glen
And the flash and crash of battle round a host of fighting men.

[1] In the light of after-events, this song—even in the very particulars of season and month—proves to have been the singer's own inspired death lament.

[2] *Shiela-ni-Gara*, one of the allegorical names of Ireland.

Green spears of Hope rise round you like grass blades after drouth,
And there blows a white wind from the East, a red wind from the South,
A brown wind from the West, *Agra*, a brown wind from the West—
But the black, black wind from the Northern hills, how can you love it best?
Said Shiela-ni-Gara, "'T is a kind wind and a true,
For it rustled soft through Aileach's Halls and stirred the hair of Hugh;
Then blow, wind! and snow, wind! What matters storm to me
Now I know the fairy sleep must break and set the sleepers free!"

But, Shiela-ni Gara, why rouse the stony dead,
Since at your call a living host shall circle you instead?
Long is our hunger for your voice—the hour is drawing near—
O Dark Rose of our Passion! call and our hearts shall hear.

THE BROWN WIND OF CONNAUGHT.

The brown wind of Connaught
  Across the bogland blown
(The brown wind of Connaught)
  Turns my heart to a stone;
For it cries my name at twilight,
  And cries it at the noon—
"O, Mairgread Ban! O, Mairgread Ban!"
  Just like a fairy tune.

The brown wind of Connaught,
  When Dermot came to woo
(The brown wind of Connaught)
  It heard his whispers too;
And while my wheel goes whirring,
  It taps on my window-pane,
Till I open wide to the Dead outside,
  And the sea-salt misty rain.

The brown wind of Connaught
With women wailed one day
(The brown wind of Connaught)
For a wreck in Galway Bay;
And many the dark-faced fishers
That gathered their nets in fear,
But one sank straight to the Ghostly Gate—
And he was my Dermot Dear.

The brown wind of Connaught,
Still keening in the dawn
(The brown wind of Connaught)
For my true love that 's gone.
Oh, cold green wave of danger,
Drift him a restful sleep—
O'er his young black head on its lowly bed,
While his weary wake I keep.

OUR ROAD.

Here is the road that you must climb with me,
This road that winds between the hill and sea,
And leads to where our quiet home shall be.

Love waits us there—not proud, nor kingly clad,
Oh! just a little joyous country lad,
With tender wiles to make our tired hearts glad.

No barbéd arrow doth he hold for us—
But outstretched hands, divine and generous.
Would all sad wayfarers were welcomed thus!

The world hath tortured—yet immense our gain
To find enduring peace around us twain,
I, weary of my wanderings, you of your disdain.

THOMAS McNEVIN.

(1810—1846.)

THOMAS MCNEVIN was one of the most promising of the Young Ireland party, and his early death deprived his country of a very remarkable intellect. He was probably a Galway man, and was born about 1810. He was graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, and was called to the Irish bar. In 1831 he published 'Gerald,' a dramatic poem, and in 1836 an 'Address delivered before the College Historical Society.' He was one of the early recruits to *The Nation's* staff under Charles Gavan Duffy, and, besides writing very frequently for that paper, contributed two volumes to the 'Library of Ireland,' namely, a 'History of the Irish Volunteers of 1782,' 1845, and 'The Confiscation of Ulster,' 1846.

He also edited the volume of selections of R. L. Sheil's 'Speeches,' which was published in 1845. He had a considerable practice at the bar, and was prominent in the councils of the Repeal Association, Catholic Association, and the '82 Club.

Smith O'Brien and many others of the Young Irelanders considered McNevin as one of the most promising of that group. "I look upon him," O'Brien wrote, "as a man of real genius, with great capacity for public affairs. . . . We will make of him a statesman of whom Ireland will be proud." Unfortunately McNevin did not live to earn this title. He died at Rose Park, County Galway, July 13, 1846.

PICTURE OF ULSTER.

From 'The Confiscation of Ulster.'

There are many derivations given by different writers of the name of Ulster. Some assert that it comes from Uladh, which signifies "great wealth," thus indicating that fatal fertility which attracted the cupidity of the neighboring British races. Others attribute it to Ollamh, a celebrated monarch, who several centuries before our era reigned over the kingdom of Ulster. The name of Uladh was applied in later times solely to Dalaradia (which the Irish pronounce Dal-aree), comprising the following districts—Iveagh, Magennis's country; Kinelarty, Mac Artan's country; the Andes, the country of Savadges; Clanaodhbuigh, upper and lower; the principality of MacNeill Boye, "a bloodie rebbele." This name obtained the classic form of Ulidia, and the general designation of the Northern kingdom was dignified into Ultonia.

Ancient Ulster, "that land good and flourishing, with many excellent commodities, plentiful in all kinds of provisions, the soil rich and fertile, the air sweet and temperate, the havens very safe and commodious"—that illustrious seat of piety and the center of enlightenment—comprised the territories of Oirgiall, or Uriell, now Louth, Monaghan, and Armagh, with some parts of Tyrowen and Fermanagh; Dal-Rieda, the northern part of Antrim; Tir Eogain and Tirconnaill, now Tyrowen, Derry, and Donegal; and Fermanagh.

The aspect of the country is bold and picturesque. Filled with fertile and extensive plains and exquisite "glynnes," it possesses still nobler features in the majestic mountains of Down, where Slieve Donnard raises his lofty head three thousand feet above the sea. Through Antrim, Tyrowen, Coleraine, Tyrconnell, and Fermanagh, the eye rests everywhere upon these great children of Nature,—in Cavan the lofty Cuilcagh, the cradle of the Shannon, from which it pours its wealth of waters through eleven counties, towers in pride above the ancient territories of the O'Reillys. But of a still more exquisite beauty are those small, conical hills, covered with the teeming evidences of fertility, with their green uplands and finely cultivated slopes, skirted with overhanging woods, that have as yet escaped the axe. The folly of superstition, which imposed on the credulity of such writers as the priest Cambrensis, has peopled these vales and glynnes and romantic hills with fountains of wonder-working power; but the only marvels to be witnessed there are the miracles of beauty which Nature's kindly hand is ever working.

Scattered over the face of Ulster are lakes or loughs, some possessing the magnitude of inland seas, and others much smaller, but deep and well stored with fish—"so that they are not only delightful, especially such as are situated in some dale or valley, or environed round about by pleasant little hills (as it falleth out in the most of them), but also commodious and profitable, affording good opportunity of building houses and castles on their borders, which was done in many places by the English and the Scotch, who had made several fair plantations, and *would have done more* if it had not been hindered by that horrible rebellion of the bloody Irish, in the beginning of

which many of them were destroyed by these barbarians." These diminutive lakes were dotted with islands, which are both "commodious and pleasant." In the isles of the larger lakes, such as Lough Erne and the Lake of Feral, we are told by Boate, were oftentimes to be found the dwellings of the planters. Such of the islands as were not inhabited were without woodland, but being in general covered with sweet grass they were turned into pasture for all kinds of cattle.

Boate gives a pleasing picture of the studious and contemplative life of those who dwelt in the sweet sylvan solitudes of the lakes, where they passed their time in much contentment, finding there not only privacy and quiet with opportunity for study and contemplation, "but besides great delightfulness in the place, with a variety of very sweet pastimes in fowling, fishing, planting, and gardening." Certainly it was not without true Scotch foresight that these apostles of civility adopted the Ulster mission. In one of the large isles of Lough Erne, Sir Henry Spottiswood had a fine seat, surrounded after the most approved planter-fashion with frowning battlements and bawns that would have won approving smiles from Pynnar; orchards bending under the white weight of their blossoms; gardens rich in every child of Flora; and a picturesque village with its church and steeple (and doubtless an incumbent with his due proportion and his glebe lands), which comfortable establishment, "whether it is in being yet or destroyed by the barbarian and bloody rebels I am not informed." Possibly the barbarian rebels may have cast some looks upon their old pleasure grounds in the loughs, greatly to the disconcerting of Sir Henry. The dreams of Spenser were disturbed after some such fashion in the palace of Desmond, on the banks of Mulla.

Lough Erne is filled with islands, the most remarkable of which, though not for natural beauty, is Devenish. It contains the ruins of an ancient priory of the date of 1449, which, however, could not have for any great length of time escaped the marauding barbarism of the day; for Sir John Davies, in his letter to Salisbury (1606), says that the Lord Deputy, during his Northern circuit, held his sessions in the Isle of Devenish, *in the ruins of an old abbey there.* But though Lough Erne has more picturesque beauty,

Lough Neagh is a lake of greater size and greater importance. It waters five of the counties, three of them being escheated lands, Tyrowen, Armagh, and Derry. The waters of this great inland sea are swelled by six river tributaries and numberless brooks. It was said to possess healing and petrifying powers, and Stewart mentions that a lough near Armagh, which had been drained by Mr. Maxwell at Eanachbuidhe (afterwards called Rosebrook), possessed the latter quality in a great degree. There are several magnificent inlets of the sea to which the name of lake has been given, namely Strangford, Swilly, Foyle. In Cavan, Lough Outer extends over eight miles in length, and on the borders of Meath is the beautiful Lough Sheelin. Various smaller lakes are scattered through the North, all possessing a rare degree of picturesque beauty. It is said that many singular sudden births of lakes, bursting fiercely from the earth by volcanic action, have occurred in Ulster. More than a thousand years before our era, Lough Foyle broke upon the bordering countries, in an inundation from which it took its name of Feral, having carried off in its waves Feabhal, the son of Lodin, one of the Danaanic chiefs. Later by two centuries Lough Erne, rushing forth with the same disastrous fury, covered whole tracts of country; and still later (A. D. 62), Lough Neagh buried immense plains, swept away villages and people, and hid the most elegant architectural remains beneath its rushing waters:

> "On Lough Neagh's banks, as the fisherman strays,
> When the cold, calm eve's declining,
> He sees the Round Towers of other days
> In the waves beneath him shining."

That these eruptions were the produce of volcanic action, may be concluded from the fact that basaltic rocks, which are admitted to be of volcanic origin, are present on the shores of Neagh.

The inland counties being thus supplied with these great and beautiful sheets of water, the northern, eastern, and western frontier is the Sea. Round the vast coast, from Carlingford Bay, whose waves wash the southern shores of Down even to the Erne, which is a link of connection between that lovely lake and the Atlantic, numerous bays, deeply indenting that ocean frontier line, open their arms

wide to commerce. The east is irregular, running along the Ardes, the ancient territory of the Savadges, to the Giant's Causeway, that great basaltic wall, that columnar barrier, vast, precipitous, sublime, placed on the shores of Antrim as it were to protect the island from the northern seas.

A very startling edifice of nature is the columned greenstone promontory of Fairhead, or Benmore, a spiral precipice two hundred and fifty feet above the sea, which latter beats with solemn and majestic swell upon the huge rocks that lie in broken masses, like a waste of ruins, at its feet. Near the Causeway, on the crest of a brown basaltic rock, stand the interesting ruins of Dunluce Castle. Along the whole line of coast, on many a cape and promontory and on several of the islands, are the remains of abbeys and churches, which attest the antiquity and beauty of the ecclesiastical architecture of ancient Ireland. . . .

The leading rivers of Ulster are the Boyle, the Blackwater, and the Bann, and though the other streams are generally of small extent, they nearly all terminate in capacious bays and loughs, giving to the country the means of water communication and a large number of secure and spacious harbors, whilst they form an agreeable feature in the landscape. The Blackwater now runs through a highly cultivated and rich country, but at the time of the Plantation its banks were the rudest portion of the North. . . .

The bogs of Ulster are numerous and extensive, occupying much over two hundred thousand acres of the province. The much discussed question of the origin of these bogs is fortunately not necessary in this place; the probability is, however, that the want of drainage has been the cause of their growth. To a considerable extent, and considering the lack of coal and latterly of wood, they have been useful, but the proportion which bogs bear to available land in Ulster is far too great. Dr. Warner made a handsome suggestion, for at once bestowing property on the Ulster Catholics and making some use of the bogs—namely, to give the Papists a title to the latter, on condition of their reclaiming the undrained bog-land. Whatever may be their origin, or their utility, they are a characteristic feature in the northern landscape. The dry bog looks fair and pleasant, contrasting with the green meadows and the pictur-

esque knolls of Ulster scenery, but the water and muddy bogs are neither very useful, nor at all a matter of ornament.

Ireland has been called the woody island, and Ulster contributed largely to that name. In the old days, before the Anglo-Norman arrival, the land was full of forests. But when the Norman pirates and robbers had established their settlements, they commenced in the districts where they were masters to demolish the woods, for the purpose of increasing the amount of valuable land (though they appear for many centuries to have made scant profit of what they had), and to deprive "the rogues and thieves who used to lurk in the woods of their refuge and their starting holes." At the time Boate wrote, the woods had been, by this process of reformation, very much reduced; the forests and the independence of the people went together; for after Hugh O'Neill's war the quantity of timber had diminished and has continued to decrease to such a degree that Ireland would probably now be characterized by the absence of woods. But even at the termination of the wars of the League, Ulster remained well supplied with wood; for example, all that highly cultivated district through which the Blackwater flows was then a dense forest. The exigencies of building, resulting from the conditions of the plantation, soon however destroyed, even quicker than war or the axe, the remaining wood; and the lofty trees beneath whose canopy so many generations of the people of the soil had wandered, loved, and fought, gave shelter to their bitterest enemies, and strength and permanence to their baronial castles.

The evidence of the former abundance of timber, putting out of account the statements of writers, is furnished by every bog in the country. At Stranmore near Monallen a forest of oak, ash, and alder was discovered in the last century lying in layers, for over a mile, and at eight feet depth below the surface; and there is scarcely a bog in Ireland vhich could not give its contribution from the buried timber of the country. A great want of wood is experienced in Ireland; timber is never planted by the people; and, in most parts of Ireland, there are no landlords either to plant it themselves, or to encourage their tenantry to do so. . . .

On the coast of Antrim at Ballycastle the remains of coal-mining are visible, and of a date stretching further back into antiquity than the most credulous advocates of Irish civilization have ever gone, rebuking by their presence the apathy of more modern times. Wood, in his inquiry touching the primitive inhabitants of Ireland, says these coal-mines were worked by the Danaanic colony. At all events, they were from an early period productive, and of which facts, Dr. Boate has the easy impudence to say that the Anglo-Normans were the first to work them. . . .

In a rivulet of Tyrowen, called Miola, which falls into Lough Neagh, gold has been gathered of the purest metal; and modern science, with a gravity that does not belong to ancient speculation, has sanctioned the convictions of national pride, that this country is rich in the possession of those attractive treasures for which man has toiled and fought and died in every age.

Ulster participated largely in all that made Ireland beautiful, wealthy, and civilized. She had fertility, comeliness, and strength; she was a well-chosen victim for the passions of conquest, a fit subject for the cupidity of her despoilers.

DANIEL OWEN MADDEN.

(1815—1859.)

DANIEL OWEN MADDEN, the only son of Owen Maddyn, a merchant of Cork, was born in the town of Mallow in the year 1815. The change in the spelling of his name he made to distinguish himself from another Irish *littérateur* who bore the name of Maddyn ; but his works are entered under the old form of name in the catalogues of the British Museum. At a very early age he contributed articles to Irish journals and magazines. His first book appeared in 1843, and was entitled 'Ireland and its Rulers since 1829.' In 1846 he published 'The Right Hon. J. P. Curran' and 'A Memoir of the Life of the Right Hon. Henry Grattan.' He was an enthusiastic admirer of Grattan, and in 1853 produced a volume of that statesman's speeches, with a commentary on his career and character, a second edition of which was published in 1854.

He also wrote the first volume of 'The Age of Pitt and Fox,' a work of brilliant promise, though its unfavorable reception discouraged him from completing it. This was followed in 1848 by 'Revelations of Ireland in the Past Generation.' In 1842 he had migrated to London, where he became permanently connected with *The Press* newspaper. In his new home he wrote 'Wynville, or Clubs and Coteries' ; 'The Game of Brag, or the Batteray Boys, a Comic Novel' ; and 'The Chiefs of Parties,' the latter being his last and most successful work. He also published anonymously 'Mildmay, or the Clergyman's Secret.' A suggestion made in *The Athenæum* by a reviewer of 'Wynville' induced him to turn his attention to men instead of questions, and the hint is acknowledged by him in the preface to 'The Chiefs of Parties.'

About the year 1857 he returned to Dublin, having engaged with Mr. Skeet, the publisher of his earlier works, to devote himself to history and biography. While in Dublin he also wrote occasionally on Irish topics for *The Athenæum*, as he had done for several years previously in London.

He died in Dublin, Aug. 6, 1859, and was buried with his ancestors beneath the chimes of the Shandon Bells.

Madden was a genuine Irishman—racy, talkative, sparkling, and prodigal of help to his young literary brethren, many of whom owed their rise to him. The only memoir of him extant is an interesting letter by Mr. Fitzpatrick to *The Athenæum*.

DANIEL O'CONNELL AND BIDDY MORIARTY.

From 'Revelations of Ireland in the Past Generation.'

When Daniel O'Connell was yet a very young man his talent for vituperative language was so great that he was deemed matchless as a scold. There lived in Dublin a cer-

tain woman, Biddy Moriarty by name, who kept a huckster's stall on one of the quays nearly opposite the Four Courts. She was a first-class virago—formidable with both fist and tongue—so that her voluble imputation had become almost proverbial in the country roundabout.

Some of O'Connell's friends thought that he could defeat her with her own weapons, while others ridiculed the idea. The Kerry barrister could not stand this, so he backed himself for a match. Bets were offered, and taken, and it was decided that the matter should be settled at once. So proceeding to the huckster's stall with a few friends, O'Connell commenced the attack on the old lady:

"What is the price of this walking-stick, Mrs. What's-your-name?"

"Moriarty, sir, is my name, and a good one it is; and what have you to say agin it? and one-and-sixpence 's the price of the stick. Troth it 's cheap as dirt, so it is."

"One-and-sixpence for a walking-stick; whew! Why, you are no better than an impostor to ask eighteen pence for what cost you two pence."

"Two pence, your grandmother," replied Mrs. Biddy. "Do you mane to say that it 's chating the people I am? Impostor, indeed!"

"Ay, impostor; and it 's that I call you to your teeth," rejoined O'Connell.

"Come, cut your stick, you cantankerous jackanapes."

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, you old *diagonal*," cries O'Connell, calmly.

"Stop your jaw, you pug-nosed badger, or by this and that," cried Mrs. Moriarty, "I 'll make you go quicker nor you came."

"Don't be in a passion, my old *radius*—anger will only wrinkle your beauty."

"By the hokey, if you say another word of impudence, I 'll tan your dirty hide, you bastely common scrub; and sorry I 'd be to soil my fists upon your carcass."

"Whew! boys, what a passion old Biddy is in; I protest as I am a gentleman—"

"Jintleman! jintleman! the likes of you a jintleman! Wisha, by gor, that bangs Banager. Why, you potato-faced pippin-sneezer, when did a Madagascar monkey like

you pick enough of common Christian decency to hide your Kerry brogue?"

"Easy now—easy now," cried O'Connell, with imperturbable good humor; "don't choke yourself with fine language, you old whisky-drinking *parallelogram.*"

"What 's that you call me, you murderin' villain?" roared Mrs. Moriarty, stung into fury.

"I call you," answered O'Connell, "a parallelogram; and a Dublin Judge and jury will say that it 's no libel to call you so."

"Oh, tare-an-ouns! oh, holy Biddy! that an honest woman like me should be called a parrybellygrum to her face. I 'm none of your parrybellygrums, you rascally gallows bird; you cowardly, sneaking, plate-lickin' bliggard!"

"Oh, not you, indeed!" retorted O'Connell; "why, I suppose you 'll deny that you keep a *hypothenuse* in your house."

"It 's a lie for you, you robber; I never had such a thing in my house, you swindling thief."

"Why, sure, all of your neighbors know very well that you keep not only a hypothenuse, but that you have two *diameters* locked up in your garret, and that you go out to walk with them every Sunday, you heartless old *heptagon.*"

"Oh, hear that, ye saints in glory! Oh, there 's bad language from a fellow that wants to pass for a jintleman. May the divil fly away with you, you wicker from Munster, and make celery-sauce of your rotten limbs."

"Ah, you can't deny the charge, you miserable *sub-multiple* of a *duplicate ratio.*"

"Go rinse your mouth in the Liffey, you nasty tickle-pitcher; after all the bad words you speak it ought to be filthier than your face, you dirty chicken of Beelzebub."

"Rinse your own mouth, you wicked-minded *polygon*—to the deuce I pitch you, you blustering *intersection* of a strong *superficies!*"

"You saucy tinker's apprentice, if you don't cease your jaw I 'll—" But here she gasped for breath, unable to hawk up any more words, for the last volley of O'Connell had nearly knocked the wind out of her.

"While I have a tongue I 'll abuse you, you most inimit-

able *periphery*. Look at her, boys! there she stands—a convicted *perpendicular in petticoats!* There's contamination in her *circumference* and she trembles with guilt down to the extremities of her *corollaries*. Ah! you're found out, you *rectilinear-antecedent* and *equiangular* old hag! 'T is with you the devil will fly away, you porter-swiping *similitude* of the *bisection of a vortex!*"

Overwhelmed with this torrent of language, Mrs. Moriarty was silenced. Catching up a saucepan, she was aiming at O'Connell's head, when he very prudently made a timely retreat.

"You have won the wager, O'Connell, here's your bet," cried the gentleman who had proposed the contest.

WILLIAM PITT.

From 'The Chiefs of Parties.'

And now he is again at the Treasury. He gives a look at his office-book, and observes the number of interviews with all manner of people that he has appointed for this day. While looking over it he utters a regret that he has not Pretyman still for private secretary; and while he is making a note in comes William Grenville with a hurried letter from Dr. Willis, from Windsor, written in a more sanguine mood about the king; and their colloquy is interrupted by Dundas, who talks at once of more "ratting" amongst their supporters, but says the Scotch members will be faithful. "I wish we could say the same of 'more important people,'" said Pitt; "for example, Thurlow." The word has scarcely left his lips when the chancellor is announced, and Dundas mutters a Scotch saying in which "the deil" is all that is heard, and soon after Pitt is closeted with one who looks black and bold enough to make us think again of Dundas's proverb. He is indeed "the black-browed phantom" that he was described by Burke, and Pitt thinks of Fox's witty saying that "there never was any man so wise as Thurlow 'looked.'" But calmly and proudly Pitt looks down upon the arch-schemer, while the deep intriguer tries to hide his heart from that penetrating gaze.

Well, they have not broken with each other yet. Thurlow has come to talk about the Irish chancellorship, for Lord Lifford has resigned at last, and Fitzgibbon wants to get it. In a few minutes he departs, and Pitt is forced to select from his crowded antechamber what persons he will see. The first he names is "Bob Smith"—Phœbus! what a name! He is quite a pet of the great statesman, and like most of his favorites he comes from the city—a banker, still residing east of Temple-Bar, but shortly to emerge into a splendid mansion in the Green Park, and wear the sparkling coronet of "Carrington." And next he sees the Irish Fitzgibbon—small in stature, but great in audacity of design—a provincial Thurlow, as towering in arrogance as his English prototype—yet Pitt likes his clear intellect and his ready comprehension of the minister's imperializing views. Then come the thronging deputations from the city—West Indian planters raising an alarm about Wilberforce's plans for abolition, and East Indian merchants with talk about shipping, voyaging, cargoes, excise, Eastern possessions, and all the perplexed business matter on which Pitt's mind rejoices to exercise itself. He is quite happy listening to all their statements: his intuitively logical intellect grasps the relations of their facts to that scheme of commercial empire which is ever and anon recurring to his great teeming brain. Yet he listens without emotion while he is told of the city project of yesterday to purchase him an annuity of three thousand a year in case he should be driven from power.

RICHARD ROBERT MADDEN.

(1798–1886.)

RICHARD ROBERT MADDEN was born in 1798, and was educated in Dublin. He studied medicine in Paris, Naples (where he met Lady Blessington and her circle), and London. He was zealous in the cause of the negroes in Jamaica and Australia, and later aided the starving peasants in Ireland.

He is best known as the author of 'The United Irishmen, their Lives and Times,' 'The Life and Martyrdom of Savonarola,' 'The Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington,' 'Travels in Turkey,' 'Infirmities of Genius,' and a history of Irish periodical literature.

He was a member of the Royal Irish Academy and of the Society of Medical Science. He died in 1886.

BYRON AND THE BLESSINGTONS AT GENOA.

From 'Memoirs of the Countess of Blessington.'

The 1st of April, 1823, Lady Blessington's strong desire was gratified—she saw Byron. But the lady was disappointed, and there is reason to believe that the lord, always indisposed abroad to make new acquaintances with his countrymen or women, was on the occasion of this interview taken by surprise, and not so highly gratified by it as might have been expected, when the *agrémens* and personal attractions of the lady are taken into consideration.

Lady Blessington's expression of disappointment has a tincture of asperity in it which is seldom, indeed, to be found in her observations. There are very evident appearances of annoyance of some kind or another in the account given by her of this interview, occasioned either by the reception given her by Byron, or at some eccentricity, or absence of mind, that was unexpected, or apparent want of homage on his part to her beauty or talents on this occasion, to which custom had habituated her.

It must also be observed, that the interview with her ladyship is described as having been sought by Lord Byron. It is more than probable, however, a little ruse was practiced on his lordship to obtain it. It is stated by one who has a good knowledge of all the circumstances of this visit,

that a rainy forenoon was selected for the drive to Byron's villa; that shelter was necessitated, and that necessity furnished a plea for a visit which would not have been without some awkwardness under other circumstances. Lord Blessingon, having been admitted at once on presenting himself at Byron's door, was on the point of taking his departure, apologizing for the briefness of the visit on account of Lady Blessington being left in an open carriage in the court-yard, the rain then falling, when Byron immediately insisted on descending with Lord Blessington, and conducting her ladyship into his house.

"When we arrived," says Lady Blessington, "at the gate of the court-yard of the Casa Saluzzo, in the village of Albano, where he resides, Lord Blessington and a *gentleman of our party* left the carriage and sent in their names. They were admitted immediately, and experienced a very cordial reception from Lord Byron, who expressed himself delighted to see his old acquaintance. Byron requested to be presented to me, which led to Lord Blessington's avowing that I was in the carriage at the gate, with my sister. Byron immediately hurried out into the court, and I, who heard the sound of steps, looked through the gate, and beheld him approaching quickly towards the carriage without his hat, considerably in advance of the other two gentlemen."

The visit was a long one; and many questions were asked about old friends and acquaintances. Lady Blessington says Byron expressed warmly, at their departure, the pleasure which the visit had afforded him—and she doubted not his sincerity; not that she would arrogate any merit in her party to account for his satisfaction, but simply because she could perceive that Byron liked to hear news of his old associates, and to pass them *en revue*, pronouncing sarcasms on each as he turned up in conversation.

In a previous notice of this interview, which bears some internal evidence of having been written long after the period it refers to, lamenting over the disappointment she felt at finding her beau ideal of a poet by no means realized, her ladyship observes: "Well, I never will allow myself to form an ideal of any person I desire to see, for disappointment never fails to ensue."

Byron, she admits, had more than usual personal attractions, "but his appearance nevertheless had fallen short of her expectations." There is no commendation, however, without a concomitant effort at depreciation. For example, her ladyship observes, "His laugh is musical, but he rarely indulged in it during our interview; and when he did, it was quickly followed by a graver aspect, as if he liked not this exhibition of hilarity. Were I asked to point out the prominent defect of Byron's manner, I should pronounce it to be a flippancy incompatible with the notion we attach to the author of 'Childe Harold' and 'Manfred,' and a want of self-possession and dignity that ought to characterize a man of birth and genius. Notwithstanding this defect, his manners are very fascinating —more so, perhaps, than if they were dignified; but he is too gay, too flippant for a poet." . . .

Byron and the Blessingtons continued to live on the most intimate terms, we are told by Lady Blessington, during the stay of the latter at Genoa; and that intimacy had such a happy influence on the author of 'Childe Harold,' that he began to abandon his misanthropy. On the other hand, I am assured by the Marquise de Boissy, formerly Countess of Guiccioli, that the number of visits of Byron to Lady Blessington during the entire period of their sojourn in Genoa did not exceed five or six at the utmost, and that Byron was by no means disposed to afford the opportunities that he believed were sought, to enable a lady of a literary turn to write about him. But D'Orsay, she adds, at the first interview, had struck Byron as a person of considerable talent and wonderful acquirements for a man of his age and former pursuits. "Byron from the first liked D'Orsay; he was clever, original, unpretending; he affected to be nothing that he was not."

Byron sat for his portrait to D'Orsay, that portrait which subsequently appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine*, and afterward as a frontispiece of her ladyship's work, 'Conversations with Lord Byron.'

His lordship suffered Lady Blessington to lecture him in prose, and, what was worse, in verse. He endeavored to persuade Lord Blessington to prolong his stay in Genoa, and to take a residence adjoining his own named "Il Paradiso." And a rumor of his intention to take the place for

himself, and some good-natured friend observing "Il diavolo é ancora entrato in Paradiso," his lordship wrote the following lines:

"Beneath Blessington's eyes
The reclaimed Paradise
Should be free as the former from evil;
But if the new Eve
For an apple should grieve,
What mortal would not play the devil?"

But the original conceit was not in poetry.

Lady Blessington informed me that, on the occasion of a masked ball to be given in Genoa, Byron stated his intention of going there, and asked her ladyship to accompany him: *en badinant* about the character she was to go in, some one had suggested that of Eve—Byron said, "As some one must play the devil, I will do it." . . .

At length in the early part of June, 1823, the Blessingtons took their departure from Genoa, and Moore tells us how the separation affected Byron:

"On the evening before the departure of his friends, Lord and Lady Blessington, from Genoa, he called upon them for the purpose of taking leave, and sat conversing for some time. He was evidently in low spirits, and after expressing his regret that they should leave Genoa before his own time of sailing, proceeded to speak of his own intended voyage in a tone full of despondence. 'Here,' said he, 'we are all now together; but when, and where, shall we meet again? I have a sort of boding that we see each other for the last time; as something tells me I shall never again return from Greece.' Having continued a little longer in this melancholy strain, he leaned his head upon the arm of the sofa on which they were seated, and, bursting into tears, wept for some minutes, with uncontrollable feeling. Though he had been talking only with Lady Blessington, all who were present in the room observed, and were affected by, his emotion, while he himself, ashamed of his weakness, endeavored to turn off attention from it by some ironical remark, spoken with a sort of hysterical laugh, upon the effects of nervousness. He had, previous to this conversation, presented to each of the party some little farewell gift—a book to one, a print from his bust by Bartolini to another, and to Lady Blessington

a copy of his Armenian Grammar, which had some manuscript remarks of his own on the leaves. In now parting with her, having begged, as a memorial, some trifle which she had worn, the lady gave him one of her rings; in return for which he took a pin from his breast, containing a small cameo of Napoleon, which he said had long been his companion. The next day Lady Blessington received from him the following note:

"'ALBARO, June 2, 1823.

"'My dear Lady Blessington,—I am *superstitious*, and have recollected that memorials with a *point* are of less fortunate augury; I will, therefore, request you to accept, instead of the *pin*, the enclosed chain, which is of so slight a value that you need not hesitate. As you wished for something *worn*, I can only say that it has been *worn* oftener and longer than the other. It is of Venetian manufacture, and the only peculiarity about it is that it could only be obtained at or from Venice. At Genoa they have none of the same kind. I also enclose a ring, which I would wish *Alfred* to keep; it is too large to *wear;* but it is formed of lava, and so far adapted to the fire of his years and character. You will perhaps have the goodness to acknowledge the receipt of this note, and send back the pin (for good luck's sake), which I shall value much more for having been a night in your custody.

"'Ever faithfully your obliged, etc.

"'P. S. I hope your *nerves* are well to-day, and will continue to flourish.'" . . .

In 1828, again at Genoa, Lady Blessington, alluding to Byron's death, writes: "I sat on the chair where I had formerly been seated next him; looking from the window whence he had pointed out a beautiful view; and listened to Mr. Barry's graphic description of the scene, when, becalmed in the Gulf of Genoa, the day he sailed for Greece, he returned and walked through the rooms of his deserted dwelling, filled with melancholy forebodings. He had hoped to have found in it *her* whom he was destined never more to behold—that fair and young Italian lady, the Countess Guiccioli—whose attachment to him had triumphed over every sentiment of prudence and interest, and by its devotion and consistency half reduced its sin. But

she, overwhelmed by grief at the sad parting, had been placed in a traveling carriage while almost in a state of insensibility, and was journeying toward Bologna, little conscious that he whom she would have given all she possessed on earth to see once more was looking on the chamber she had left and the flowers she had loved, his mind filled with a presentiment that they should never meet again.

"*Such is one of the bitter consequences resulting from the violation of ties never severed without retribution.*"

WILLIAM K. MAGEE (JOHN EGLINTON).

MR. MAGEE is a native of Dublin and is the son of an Irish Protestant clergyman who died recently. He was born about the year 1869 and was educated at the High School in his native city, where he was a class-fellow of W. B. Yeats. His collegiate course in Trinity College was a distinguished and brilliant one and he is now one of the assistant librarians of the National Library, Dublin.

His writings have chiefly appeared in *The United Irishman*, a paper which takes a keen interest in the present Irish revival. His first book, whose clearness and thoughtfulness attracted much attention, was 'Two Essays on the Remnant,' 1896; more recently he has published more essays under the title of 'Pebbles from the Brook,' 1902.

WHAT IS THE REMNANT?

From 'Two Essays on the Remnant.'

A great literary period such as the nineteenth century opens with a joyous outburst of song, individual life rising buoyant on the wave of national life, and a few glad voices cresting with utterance the secular movement. Such voices were Goethe and Schiller in Germany; Wordsworth, Shelley, and others, in England. A studious lull ensues, and then comes a period of a more varied and ampler utterance, distinguished not alone by that early enthusiasm but enriched and enlarged through the ensuing interval of general culture: this is the period of art and criticism, still upborne on the flowing tide of national life; in the Victorian era it has been the period of the idyll, the essay, the novel. At present we see that taking place which has taken place at the close of all similar epochs—the Periclean, the Augustan. The tide of national life sets to ebb, and the general impulse of development subsiding with it, idealists inevitably divide into two classes—those who content themselves with maintaining a decadent literature, art, and science, and those who feel prompted to perpetuate the onward impulse in their own individual lives.

If in the previous epoch individual life finds ample scope in culture, observation, and production, it now casts about to discover and further in itself a power which will enable it to live in and by itself. It is an aspiration which may

bring inarticulateness and ineffectuality into the lives of those who embrace it; but such as it is, it is a real thing, an innate impulse of the mind, and the few who elect to live by it are alone fulfilling the conditions of existence at that point of time. Those who do so are the Remnant.

They are not unhappy, as the conventional suppose, but happy as those who are in love or fulfilling nature's purposes in any other way. The inheritor of nineteenth century culture seeks in his better moments no further inducement than that questioning impulse which works in his mind, as it worked in the minds of the Stoic inheritors of Greek and Roman culture. This it is with which he shall go forth and conquer. Behind him falls away the latest efflorescence of art and song, but in his seeming rejection of it he carries its seed into the future, the potentiality of new intellectual eras: for here is the paradox of the situation, that with this Remnant, which seems to cut itself adrift from all progress, the eternal cell of human progress is lodged. Cast off, as it were, from the parent stem, fertilization ensues in the individual mind through that which Plato described as the assimilation of truth: "What birth is to existence, belief is to truth." So surely as there is an epoch of utterance, of imagination, of culture, it is followed by one of assimilation, asceticism, belief. Ideas which in the previous epoch have been adequately manifested and expressed in art and criticism begin then to take on the nature and semblance of doctrine, and the terms of religion which relate to a radical change in personality come into force: "Ye have sown, now you must reap;" "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." The impulse of criticism, to see things as in themselves they really are, yields, when satisfied, to contemplation, which aspires to receive into the individual life the irrefragable and immortal quality of ideas themselves.

And yet our doctrine of a Chosen People, for whom the time is come that they should go forth into the wilderness and build the City of God, may appear, to say the least of it, a little crude. It might be thought that the existence of a Chosen People, of a tribe of idealists, in the heart of civilization, is an unmixed advantage for both it and them: that they, on their side, find there material on which to operate, stuff with which to cope, while, on the other side,

the State is continually renovated and quickened through the abode within it of such a tribe. And up to a certain point this is true. The ripening in a nation of the children of light to a Chosen People is the ripening too of that nation. When wisdom and foresight appear in a citizen he inevitably becomes, like Joseph, the adviser of Pharaoh.

And literature—what conceivable reason is there for its existence but the elevation of mankind? It is indeed no mean advantage for a State to have a Milton or a Bacon among its citizens. Whatever of grace and of spiritual impulse appears in a State, springs from the abode within it of a Chosen People. Yet there comes a time when the Chosen People and the State, if either are to fulfill the conditions of their existence, must take different ways—when Moses, or in our own time Thoreau, Whitman, Tolstoi, and others, appear, to call them forth to build in the wilderness the City of God. That is the period when the external application of ideas is become impossible, when the progress of the State comes to a standstill, when all development is individual and a Remnant is formed. Come forth, say then these prophets, you that believe or have good hope, ye have sown, now you must reap! Come forth, you that are quickened with that most ancient and most modern faculty by which men enjoy *themselves!* As your strength languishes without toil, so your wills languish without belief? Come forth and inherit your ideas, and live the great life beneath sun and moon!

In the present case it was less Pharaoh who would not let the Chosen People go than the Chosen People who have wished to remain. For whereas up to this, idealists had followed their proper task mostly for their private gratification and as a parergon—and even that, a little earlier, with one eye on the stake and the torture-chamber—there was now, as one result of the French Revolution, a huge demand created for ideas themselves all the world over. And whereas in Egypt the Chosen People had shown an available dexterity in brick-making, it was now mainly their skill in writing for which a use was found: a facility of theirs which has been found to fit in so well that in the course of the century they have been taking over almost all the literary work which crops up in an advanced stage of civilization. The pen indeed seems to grow to the hand

of an idealist, to carry his slender finger like an Arab horseman over the silent plains of foolscap. Take any one else and set him down to write: he will botch and hesitate where your born literary man, in a trice, will have whipped his thoughts into their due places, as if really thoughts were the material with which nature had best fitted him to cope. And in an age when facilities count for so much, this facility of the literary man with thoughts has suggested to those powers who control the reins of affairs, the withdrawal of him from tasks which others can do as well as he—brick-making and so on—and special licensing of him, as it were, to work according to his aptitude *in thoughts,* under wisely concessive supervision: to mold verses and build the lofty rhyme according to his liking.

In this capacity, then, of thought-artisans, or, speaking generally, artists and critics, it is that the chosen people have remained within the civil jurisdiction, and gradually swollen to what we have called that curiously situated class of Literary Men, who, in virtue of the dexterity described, and the ever-increasing demand for it, have been advanced from point to point of honor and influence, while remaining as they started a class subservient to alien interests. What though Pharaoh is greater on his throne, has he not said, According unto your word shall all my people be ruled? Thus amid the stress of a ruder and a noisier commerce do the idealists ply their trade in the heart of civilization, conforming the methods of their own with those of the other, and forgetting the austere delights of the wilderness in the solace of fine linen and a golden chain.

What is the essential difference between work and slavery? While we belong by our sympathies to a community, not the most menial task set us to the end of the general advantage can be called slavery. When our occupation is a manual drudgery imposed upon us without our consent, that is no doubt a form of slavery, but the mind can rise above it and even turn it to account, as did Epictetus. So long as the body labors for itself and for the mind, that is work. Once the mind consents to labor for the body, that is slavery. And it is the mind whose service conventional life requires—that faculty of original thought, at the center of each man's nature, which alone

utilizes all that the five senses bring him in and which alone makes it worth his while to be alive.

The case, so far as Literary Men are concerned, lies thus. Just as every man is born into the world with a certain amount of capacity for working with his hands, so is a certain capacity for thinking for himself implanted in the mind of each man, which it was the original intention of nature that he should develop. But just as the child of fortunate parents is not threatened with the alternative of manual labor or starvation, so the mind need not nowadays acquire ideas for itself in order to ward off vacuity. For here comes in the function of idealists—to minister intellectual interests in all kinds of ingenious ways to an unbelieving public: since indeed, under no conditions, must man live by bread alone.

And he who, rather than any other, may be likened to Joseph in Egypt, as having by reason of his prosperity become indirectly the cause of the captivity of his brethren, was Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, the artist. Not that he was an artist in the elder and absolute sense of the word in which Milton or Michael Angelo were artists, who put themselves, and not their dead selves, into their works; yet in connection with art his name is all-important, as that of one who discovered, at a time when the atmosphere of Europe was unduly charged with ideas, and threatened to enter the life of each man with disastrous consequences to society, the vast capacities of art as an absorbent medium. He was nothing less than the Franklin of idealism, whose discovery withdrew the excess of ideas from the air, and made them, what they had scarcely been before, agents of civilization. Plato, where he defines what he terms belief as being to truth what birth is to existence, indicates an identification on the part of each man with his ideas which has a strange, old-world sound to people like us, who can hold, in virtue of the imaginative reason, all ideas in turn without attaching ourselves to any.

In a word, Goethe inaugurated the method of St. Beuve as contrasted with that of St. Paul. And as Joseph, whatever subsequent miseries were traceable to his prosperity in Egypt, remains to this day one of the glories of Israel, so must Goethe remain forever one of the glories of idealism. We have ourselves made a pilgrimage to his labor-

atory in the peacefully laid out old town of Weimar, at that season when the year has rolled back its Autumnal mists and fruitfulness and the summer-dried roads are bright with dust under glooming skies—a square and self-sufficient mansion, with posterior gardens, standing back by itself in an open and elevated space. Disturbed only by the presence of a government official (who seemed to feel himself identified with at least Goethe's ideas), we stood in that small sanctum where, morning after morning, those powerful and luminous eyes, directed upon the tablet, drew the great ideas of the world to incarnate themselves thereon before them. Into this quiet little chamber came the restless and swarming ideas which had lately seemed to cloud all the plains of Europe under their wings and minister ecliptic darkness to the performance of evil deeds: they came and were compelled within the magic inclosures of 'Wilhelm Meister,' of 'Faust,' which the master had drawn on his desk. They came to him out of every land and out of every clime, ideas which had dwelt richly in the Greek mind, which had illuminated the dark faces of Hebrew seers, which had obsessed heretics to their doom. And when his memoirs came to be written and the secrets of his laboratory more or less transpired, it was found that he had used no other magic instrument than that of perfect physical well-being; and if at times the ignobilities incident to life, the breath of the gray east wind, or mere humor remaining over from an indiscretion of diet, dulled its edge, he could yield without any uncouth or pathetic struggle, and acknowledge the elder powers of time and fate. He associated young Schiller with himself as apprentice, or Zauberlehrling, and the work went forward briskly under their joint partnership: a glorious concern, which made of quiet little Weimar the very chief emporium of ideas in Europe. Out of their mere surplus, the two illustrious partners faced round on their contemporaries and amused themselves, like young men who fling hot pennies to the rabble, with discharging their desirable ideas, in form of epigrams, on people who had none.

A glorious time they had of it, tasting here on earth the life of gods. And when at last Goethe died—his worn-out apprentice long since under the sod—insatiate to the last of the common sunlight, and bequeathed his intellectual

fortunes to the artists (had he had his will he would have bequeathed unto them the kingdom of heaven!), it seemed indeed as though, by the establishment in each nation of a community of efficient idealists, the consummations of the promised land would not exclude the generosities of the flesh-pots of Egypt: as though that civilization which had made Goethe chief councilor would surrender its blind hand to the children of light, and suffer art to lead it into those new heavens and new earth of which our own Wordsworth and Shelley had caught a glimpse. But yet a little while, and the flood-tide which had upborne Goethe and Schiller had begun to ebb. Civilization parts off with its own concerns and its own huge problems, and idealists remain where the flood-tide has raised them. Or shall they sink with it? Many will no doubt elect to do so, and become to Goethe and Schiller what Silius Italicus and Statius became to Horace and Vergil, ministering with an ever-dwindling imaginative reason to the requirements of civilization. For the rest—the Remnant—nothing remains but to discover a motive for existence within themselves, to search for the promised land of believers.

As with a thousand articles of small ware—puppets, engravings, pencils, and what not—so the best thoughts may still be said to bear the impress, "made in Germany." They are made there out of the carcasses of old books, in a way somewhat like that which Vergil divulges for the manufacture of bees. Germany itself remains as passive as a bee-hive to the in- and outgoings of its air-born swarms, which fly humming in large numbers thence into the more honied plains of other lands, and sojourn beneath alien sycamores. If you would know how beautifully pedantry plays into the hands of poetry, go to one of the thought-raising districts of Germany, look down from the neighboring border of the forest upon a university town, and watch the lights come out at nightfall around the citadel, like spring primroses. At that hour the professors are leaving the libraries each with his day's gleanings put by securely in his note-book: two or three thoughts of the best quality disentangled patiently from tradition and ready for use. Where do they all go to? Well, a child might ask the same question of the constant grimy yield of northern England: his parent only wonders how New-

castle can warm so many hearths. So the wonder here is, how these quiet little places should be equal to the demand of idealists all the world over. The prosperity of England is largely due to its extraordinary supply of coals, and England is called *schmutzig* by Germany, whose national trade leaves it at least cleaner hands. Yet, to a thoughtful mind, the coal-trade of England and the ideal-trade of Germany excite analogous misgivings. Paradoxes, shreds of reading, and dry sticks fagoted, employed by the Chosen People, at work in each nation, in defect of the aboriginal and plastic idea, begin to suggest some of those shifts to which Israel was reduced in Egypt when it became necessary to produce bricks without straw.

Make haste, therefore, ye Remnant, and begone! Be assured that the wave which still floats you in prosperity will recede, as it has done again and yet again, so far back into history as our documents afford us a glimpse! Take your occasion, and be not found in the receding of the wave! Threatening times are behind, when the State, which now tolerates and caresses you and arrays some of you in fine linen, must remember that, after all, it *is* the State, and that if it is to deal effectively with difficulties and dangers which, after all, concern itself alone, it must draw itself together and clear of you, and go down, unbroken and resigned, in the great relapse.

WILLIAM MAGINN.

(1794—1842.)

Dr. Maginn was born in Cork, July, 1794, and was educated in his father's private school in that city. At the age of ten Maginn was a prodigy of learning. He entered Trinity College when quite young and was graduated in 1811 with distinction. In the same year he returned to Cork for the purpose of assisting his father. When Maginn was little over twenty his father died and he filled his place.

He was school-mastering in Cork when he began contributing to *Blackwood's* those sketches in which Cork people were not slow to recognize themselves. To Mr. Blackwood he was only "Mr. Scott." One day he presented himself at the office of the magazine and desired in a broad Irish brogue to see Mr. Blackwood. "On being closeted together," writes Dr. Moir, "Mr. Blackwood thought to himself, as he afterward informed me, 'Here at last is one of the wild Irishmen, and come for no good purpose, doubtless.'

"'You are Mr. Blackwood, I presume,' said the stranger.

"'I am,' answered that gentleman.

"'I have rather unpleasant business with you, regarding some things which appeared in your magazine. They are—so and so. Would you be so kind as to give me the name of the author?'

"'That requires consideration,' said Mr. Blackwood, 'and I must first be satisfied that—'

"'Your correspondent resides in Cork, doesn't he? You need not make any mystery about that.'

"'I decline at present,' said Mr. B., 'giving any information on that head, before I know more of this business—of your purpose—and who you are.'

"'You are very shy, sir,' said the stranger. 'I thought you corresponded with Mr. Scott of Cork,' mentioning the assumed name under which the doctor had hitherto communicated with the magazine.

"'I beg to decline giving any information on that subject,' was the response of Mr. Blackwood.

"'If you don't know him, then,' sputtered out the stranger, 'perhaps—perhaps you could know your own handwriting,' at the same time producing a packet of letters from his pocket. 'You need not deny your correspondence with that gentleman—I am that gentleman.'

"Such was the whimsical introduction of Dr. Maginn to Mr. Blackwood, and after a cordial shake of the hand and a hearty laugh the pair were in a few minutes up to the elbows in friendship."

He married in 1823, and shortly afterward gave up his school and removed to London.

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WILLIAM MAGINN.

From a pen and ink sketch

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William Ruffin

mended him to Murray, who thought for a time of intrusting him with the biography of Byron, who must soon have discovered that Maginn wanted the first qualification of a biographer, interest in his subject. Murray nevertheless enlisted him in his abortive journalistic enterprise, *The Representative*, but Maginn, according to an anecdote related by S. C. Hall and confirmed by an allusion in a letter from Lockhart, speedily incurred disgrace by yielding to what was becoming his besetting failing of intemperance. He was sent off to Paris as foreign correspondent, 'but,' says Dr. Smiles, 'proved better at borrowing money than writing articles.' He was brought back as editor of the lighter portion of the paper at £700 ($3,500) a year, and is accused of having hastened its inevitable catastrophe by imprudent paragraphs.

"While in Paris he had begun a novel apparently more serious and elaborate than usual with him, which David Macbeth Moir, to whom the chapters were shown by Blackwood, considered 'full of power, originality, and interest.' It was never completed, and appears to be lost. Returning to England, he became joint editor of *The Standard* along with Dr. Stanley Lees Giffard, a position which would have insured him a competence but for the unfortunate habits, which not only destroyed his health and his means, but overstrained the forbearance and confidence of his creditors. His powers, nevertheless, were still unimpaired, as he proved by an irresistibly grotesque and delightfully absurd extravaganza, 'Whitehall, or the Days of George IV.,' 1827, and a singular contrast, the dignified and impressive story of 'The City of the Demons,' in *The Literary Souvenir* in the following year. It was intended as the forerunner of a series of rabbinical tales which never appeared. Maginn's editorial connection with *The Standard* does not seem to have been of long duration, and it was probably upon its termination that he formed a less reputable and more permanent one with *The Age*, then edited by the notorious C. M. Westmacott.

"The suspension for some unexplained reason of his contributions to *Blackwood's* in 1828 left him free for the most memorable of his undertakings, the establishment of *Fraser's Magazine* in 1830. Having allied himself with Hugh Fraser, a clever Bohemian of the day, from whom, and not from the publisher, the magazine received its appellation, Maginn walked with his confederate into the shop of James Fraser, produced a quantity of manuscript ready for the printer, and arranged on the spot for the appearance of the periodical. The first three or four numbers were principally from Maginn's pen, but he never acted as editor. The new magazine was in the main an imitation of *Blackwood's*, whose characteristic features it equaled or surpassed ; but the junction of Carlyle, Thackeray, and other men of genius soon gave it an independent character, and for many years it stood decidedly at the head of English monthlies.

"None of its features, probably, was more generally popular than Maginn's 'Gallery of Literary Characters,' where his humorous letter-press, made incisive by the necessity of condensation, kept pace with Maclise's perfectly inimitable sketches, enough of caricatures to be laughable, enough of portraits to be valuable memorials of the persons depicted. Maginn here wrote at his best ; his paro-

dies of Disraeli and Carlyle are especially excellent. His deliberate unfairness to political and literary adversaries passed unnoticed, if not applauded, at a time of violent excitement. 'The Fraserians' and the 'Report on *Fraser's Magazine*' were also remarkable contributions; others, though even more amusing, were founded on practical jokes which a man of refined feeling would not have permitted himself.

"Resuming his connection with *Blackwood's* in 1834, he wrote for it 'The Story without a Tail,' and his masterpiece in humorous fiction, 'Bob Burke's Duel with Ensign Brady.' In 1836 his attack —credibly stated to have been written in an hour in Fraser's back parlors, 'when the whole party were heated with wine'—upon the Hon. Grantley Berkeley's worthless novel of 'Berkeley Castle' led to a most brutal assault upon the publisher by the exasperated author, and to a duel between him and Maginn, in which shots were thrice exchanged without effect."

The following year, 1837, is indicated by Maginn's biographers as the commencement of his decadence, when his constitution began to yield to the effects of prolonged dissipation and his embarrassments amounted to absolute bankruptcy. His literary talent, nevertheless, for a time showed no sign of decay. Drawing upon the stores of erudition which he must have accumulated while yet at Cork, he produced about this time his mock review of Southey's 'Doctor,' justly described by Professor Bates as "a farrago of Rabelaisian wit and learning," and his three essays on the 'Learning of Shakespeare,' "brilliant in treatment and discursive in illustration," says the same critic, "though leaving Farmer's essay where it found it." The pleasantness of Maginn's disquisition is somewhat marred by his aggressive tone toward his predecessor, and the unfounded notion under which he seems to labor, that ignorance of the classics was imputed to Shakespeare as a defect. He also contributed essays on Shakespeare as well as other articles to *Bentley's Miscellany*, the prologue to which was written by him. In 1838 he began to publish in *Fraser's* his 'Homeric Ballads,' versified episodes from the Odyssey, whose value depends entirely upon the point of view from which they are regarded. As exercises in the ballad style of poetry they are exceedingly clever, and justify Matthew Arnold's characterization of them as "genuine poems"; but if intended as restorations of the genuine spirit of Homer, they deserve all the withering scorn heaped upon them by the same critic as dismal perversions of the Homeric spirit. They certainly served to explode the conception of Homer as a kind of Greek "Blind Harry." If this service on Maginn's part was unintentional, it must be admitted that his notes display much scholarship and much acuteness. They were considerably abridged when the 'Ballads' were published separately in 1850, and the editor also allowed himself liberties with the text.

A much more successful though less known experiment followed in 1839; a series of reproductions of Lucian's Dialogues in the form of blank-verse comedies. Here the tone throughout is most felicitous, but the general effect was too refined for the average reader; and while the 'Homeric Ballads' have been reprinted and much

discussed, the Lucianic comediettas have disappeared without leaving a trace, except Peacock's manifest imitation in his version of the 'Querolus.' It is even said that some were returned to him by the publisher of the magazine, a liberty which Fraser would not have presumed to take a few years before. Maginn was evidently going down. The death of L. E. Landon, over whose life he had, inadvertently or otherwise, thrown so deep a shadow, is said to have occasioned him intense grief. He wrote more than ever in *The Age* and *Argus*, and compromised what little character for consistency he possessed by contributing at the same time to the radical *True Sun*, and eventually gave the full measure of his political cynicism in the 'Tobias Correspondence' in *Blackwood's*, which he declared to contain "the whole art and mystery of editing a newspaper."

This clever production was written while hiding from bailiffs in a garret in Wych Street. His circumstances were indeed desperate; he had broken with Fraser; the Conservatives, perhaps on account of his connection with disreputable journalists, refused to assist him by place or pension; private aid from the King of Hanover, Sir Robert Peel, Lockhart, Thackeray, and others proved insufficient; thrown into a debtor's prison, he was compelled to obtain his discharge as an insolvent, and emerged broken-hearted and in an advanced stage of consumption. He retired to Walton-on-Thames, where he died Aug. 21, 1842. His last moments should have been cheered by a munificent donation of £100 ($500) from Sir Robert Peel, but there is reason to believe that this was never communicated to him. Lockhart wrote his epitaph in lines whose superficial burlesque cannot conceal their real feeling. Two years afterward 'John Manesty,' a novel of Liverpool life in the eighteenth century, was published in his name by his widow, with a dedication to Lockhart. Editorship and dedication should insure its genuineness, but it is utterly unworthy of his powers, and, though illustrated by Cruikshank, has fallen into total oblivion.

Dr. Maginn's learning was almost past belief. German, Italian, French, and Spanish he could speak and write fluently, and he rhymed in Greek and Latin as easily as in English.

'Maginn's Miscellanies' were published in New York (1855–57) in five volumes, edited by Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, as follows: Vols. I. and II. contain 'The O'Doherty Papers,' Vol. III. 'The Shakespeare Papers,' Vol. IV. 'The Homeric Ballads,' Vol. V. 'The Fraserian Papers,' with a life of the author.

BOB BURKE'S DUEL WITH ENSIGN BRADY.

HOW BOB BURKE, AFTER CONSULTATION WITH WOODEN-LEG WADDY, FOUGHT THE DUEL WITH ENSIGN BRADY FOR THE SAKE OF MISS THEODOSIA MACNAMARA.

"At night I had fallen asleep fierce in the determination of exterminating Brady; but with the morrow, cool reflec-

tion came—made probably cooler by the aspersion I had suffered. How could I fight him when he had never given me the slightest affront? To be sure, picking a quarrel is not hard, thank God, in any part of Ireland; but unless I was quick about it he might get so deep into the good graces of Dosy, who was inflammable as tinder, that even my shooting him might not be of any practical advantage to myself. Then, besides, he might shoot me; and, in fact, I was not by any means so determined in the affair at seven o'clock in the morning as I was at twelve o'clock at night. I got home, however, dressed, shaved, etc., and turned out. 'I think,' said I to myself, 'the best thing I can do is to go and consult Wooden-leg Waddy; and, as he is an early man, I shall catch him now.' The thought was no sooner formed than executed; and in less than five minutes I was walking with Wooden-leg Waddy in his garden, at the back of his house, by the banks of the Blackwater.

"Waddy had been in the Hundred-and-First, and had seen much service in that distinguished corps."

"I remember it well during the war," said Anthony Harrison, "we used to call it the Hungry-and-Worst;—but it did its duty on a pinch nevertheless."

"No matter," continued Burke, "Waddy had served a good deal, and lost his leg somehow, for which he had a pension besides his half-pay, and he lived in ease and affluence among the Bucks of Mallow. He was a great hand at settling and arranging duels, being what we generally call in Ireland a *judgmatical* sort of a man—a word which, I think, might be introduced with advantage into the English vocabulary. When I called on him, he was smoking his meerschaum, as he walked up and down his garden in an old undress coat, and a fur cap on his head. I bade him good morning, to which salutation he answered by a nod, and a more prolonged whiff.

"'I want to speak to you, Wooden-leg,' said I, 'on a matter which nearly concerns me.' On which I received another nod, and another whiff in reply.

"'The fact is,' said I, 'that there is an Ensign Brady of the 48th quartered here, with whom I have some reason to be angry, and I am thinking of calling him out. I have come to ask your advice whether I should do so or not. He has deeply injured me by interfering between me and

the girl of my affections. What ought I to do in such a case?'

"'Fight him, by all means,' said Wooden-leg Waddy.

"'But the difficulty is this—he has offered me no affront, direct or indirect—we have no quarrel whatever—and he has not paid any addresses to the lady. He and I have scarcely been in contact at all. I do not see how I can manage it immediately with any propriety. What then can I do now?'

"'Do not fight him, by any means,' said Wooden-leg Waddy.

"'Still these are the facts of the case. He, whether intentionally or not, is coming between me and my mistress, which is doing me an injury perfectly equal to the grossest insult. How should I act?'

"'Fight him, by all means,' said Wooden-leg Waddy.

"'But then I fear if I were to call him out on a groundless quarrel, or one which would appear to be such, that I should lose the good graces of the lady, and be laughed at by my friends, or set down as a quarrelsome and dangerous companion.'

"'Do not fight him, by any means,' said Wooden-leg Waddy.

"'Yet as he is a military man, he must know enough of the etiquette of these affairs to feel perfectly confident that he has affronted me; and the opinion of a military man, standing in the rank and position of a gentleman, could not be overlooked without disgrace.'

"'Fight him, by all means,' said Wooden-leg Waddy.

"'But then, talking of gentlemen, I own he is an officer of the 48th, but his father is a fish-tackle seller in John Street, Kilkenny, who keeps a three-halfpenny shop where you may buy everything from a cheese to a cheese-toaster, from a felt hat to a pair of brogues, from a pound of brown soap to a yard of huckaback towels. He got his commission by his father's retiring from the Ormonde interest, and acting as whipper-in to the sham freeholders from Castlecomer; and I am, as you know, of the best blood of the Burkes—straight from the De Burgos themselves—and when I think of that I really do not like to meet this Mr. Brady.'

"'Do not fight him, by any means,' said Wooden-leg Waddy."

"This advice of your friend Waddy to you," said Tom Meggot, interrupting Burke, "much resembles that which Pantagruel gave Panurge on the subject of his marriage, as I heard a friend of mine, Percy of Gray's Inn, reading to me the other day."

"I do not know the people you speak of," continued Bob, "but such was the advice which Waddy gave me.

"'Why,' said I, 'Wooden-leg, my friend, this is like playing battledore and shuttlecock; what is knocked forward with one hand is knocked back with the other. Come, tell me what I ought to do.'

"'Well,' said Wooden-leg, taking the meerschaum out of his mouth, '*in dubiis suspice,* etc. Let us decide it by tossing a halfpenny. If it comes down *head*, you fight—if *harp*, you do not. Nothing can be fairer.'

"I assented.

"'Which,' said he, 'is it to be—two out of three, as at Newmarket, or the first toss to decide?'

"'Sudden death,' said I, 'and there will soon be an end of it.'

"Up went the halfpenny, and we looked with anxious eyes for its descent, when, unluckily, it stuck in a gooseberry bush.

"'I don't like that,' said Wooden-leg Waddy, 'for it's a token of bad luck. But here goes again.'

"Again the copper soared to the sky, and down it came —*head.*

"'I wish you joy, my friend,' said Waddy, 'you are to fight. That was my opinion all along, though I did not like to commit myself. I can lend you a pair of the most beautiful dueling pistols ever put into a man's hand—Wogden's, I swear. The last time they were out they shot Joe Brown of Mount Badger as dead as Harry the Eighth.'

"'Will you be my second?' said I.

"'Why, no,' replied Wooden-leg, 'I cannot; for I am bound over by a rascally magistrate to keep the peace, because I barely broke the head of a blackguard bailiff, who came here to serve a writ on a friend of mine, with one of my spare legs. But I can get you a second at once. My nephew, Major Mug, has just come to me on a few days'

visit, and, as he is quite idle, it will give him some amusement to be your second. Look up at his bedroom—you see he is shaving himself.'

"In a short time the Major made his appearance, dressed with a most military accuracy of costume. There was not a speck of dust on his well-brushed blue surtout—not a vestige of hair, except the regulation whiskers, on his closely-shaven countenance. His hat was brushed to the most glossy perfection—his boots shone in the jetty glow of Day and Martin. There was scarcely an ounce of flesh on his hard and weather-beaten face, and, as he stood rigidly upright, you would have sworn that every sinew and muscle of his body was as stiff as whipcord. He saluted us in military style, and was soon put in posession of the case. Wooden-leg Waddy insinuated that there were hardly as yet grounds for a duel.

"'I differ,' said Major Mug, 'decidedly—the grounds are ample. I never saw a clearer case in my life, and I have been principal or second in seven-and-twenty. If I collect your story rightly, Mr. Burke, he gave you an abrupt answer in the field, which was highly derogatory to the lady in question, and impertinently rude to yourself?'

"'He certainly,' said I, 'gave me what we call a short answer; but I did not notice it at the time, and he has since made friends with the young lady.'

"'It matters nothing,' observed Major Mug, 'what you may think or she may think. The business is now in *my* hands, and I must see you through it. The first thing to be done is to write him a letter. Send out for paper—let it be gilt-edged, Waddy—that we may do the thing genteelly. I 'll dictate, Mr. Burke, if you please.'

"And so he did. As well as I can recollect the note was as follows:—

"'Spa Walk, Mallow, June 3, 18—.
Eight o'clock in the morning.

"'Sir,—A desire for harmony and peace, which has at all times actuated my conduct, prevented me, yesterday, from asking you the meaning of the short and contemptuous message which you commissioned me to deliver to a certain young lady of our acquaintance, whose name I do not choose to drag into a correspondence. But now that

there is no danger of its disturbing any one, I must say that in your desiring me to tell that young lady she might consider herself as d——d, you were guilty of conduct highly unbecoming of an officer and a gentleman, and subversive of the discipline of the hunt. I have the honor to be, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

"'ROBERT BURKE.

"'P. S.—This note will be delivered to you by my friend Major Mug, of the 3d West Indian; and you will, I trust, see the propriety of referring him to another gentleman without further delay.'

"'That, I think, is neat,' said the Major. 'Now, seal it with wax, Mr. Burke, with wax—and let the seal be your arms. That's right. Now, direct it.'

"'Ensign Brady?'

"'No—no—the right thing would be, "Mr. Brady, Ensign, 48th Foot," but custom allows, "Esquire." That will do.—"Thady Brady, Esq., Ensign, 48th Foot, Barracks, Mallow." He shall have it in less than a quarter of an hour.'

"The Major was as good as his word, and in about half an hour he brought back the result of his mission. The Ensign, he told us, was extremely reluctant to fight, and wanted to be off on the ground that he had meant no offense, did not even remember having used the expression, and offered to ask the lady if she conceived for a moment he had any idea of saying anything but what was complimentary to her.

"'In fact,' said the Major, 'he at first plumply refused to fight; but I soon brought him to reason. Sir,' said I, 'you either consent to fight or refuse to fight. In the first case the thing is settled to hand, and we are not called upon to inquire if there was an affront or not; in the second case, your refusal to comply with a gentleman's request is, of itself, an offense for which he has a right to call you out. Put it, then, on any grounds, you must fight him. It is perfectly indifferent to me what the grounds may be; and I have only to request the name of your friend, as I too much respect the coat you wear to think that there can be any other alternative.' This brought the chap to his senses, and he referred me to Captain Codd, of

his own regiment, at which I felt much pleased, because Codd is an intimate friend of my own, he and I having fought a duel three years ago in Falmouth, in which I lost the top of this little finger, and he his left whisker. It was a near touch. He is as honorable a man as ever paced a ground; and I am sure that he will no more let his man off the field until business is done than I would myself.'

"I own," continued Burke, "I did not half relish this announcement of the firm purpose of our seconds; but I was in for it, and could not get back. I sometimes thought Dosy a dear purchase at such an expense, but it was no use to grumble. Major Mug was sorry to say that there was a review to take place immediately, at which the Ensign must attend, and it was impossible for him to meet me until the evening; 'but,' added he, 'at this time of the year it can be of no great consequence. There will be plenty of light till nine, but I have fixed *seven*. In the meantime, you may as well divert yourself with a little pistol practice, but do it on the sly, as, if they were shabby enough to have a trial, it would not tell well before the jury.'

"Promising to take a quiet chop with me at five, the Major retired, leaving me not quite contented with the state of affairs. I sat down and wrote a letter to my cousin, Phil Purdon of Kanturk, telling him what I was about, and giving directions what was to be done in the case of any fatal event. I communicated to him the whole story—deplored my unhappy fate in being thus cut off in the flower of my youth—left him three pair of buckskin breeches—and repented my sins. This letter I immediately packed off by a special messenger, and then began half-a-dozen others, of various styles of tenderness and sentimentality, to be delivered after my melancholy decease. The day went off fast enough, I assure you; and at five the Major and Wooden-leg Waddy arrived in high spirits.

"'Here, my boy,' said Waddy, handing me the pistols, 'here are the flutes; and pretty music, I can tell you, they make.'

"'As for dinner,' said Major Mug, 'I do not much care; but, Mr. Burke, I hope it is ready, as I am rather hungry. We must dine lightly, however, and drink not much. If we

come off with flying colors we may crack a bottle together by-and-by; in case you shoot Brady, I have everything arranged for our keeping out of the way until the thing blows over—if he shoot you, I 'll see you buried. Of course, you would not recommend anything so ungenteel as a prosecution. No. I 'll take care it shall all appear in the papers, and announce that Robert Burke, Esq., met his death with becoming fortitude, assuring the unhappy survivor that he heartily forgave him, and wished him health and happiness.'

"'I must tell you,' said Wooden-leg Waddy, 'it 's all over Mallow, and the whole town will be on the ground to see it. Miss Dosy knows of it, and is quite delighted—she says she will certainly marry the survivor. I spoke to the magistrate to keep out of the way, and he promised that, though it deprived him of a great pleasure, he would go and drive five miles off—and know nothing about it. But here comes dinner. Let us be jolly.'

"I cannot say that I played on that day as brilliant a part with the knife and fork as I usually do, and did not sympathize much in the speculations of my guests, who pushed the bottle about with great energy, recommending me, however, to refrain. At last the Major looked at his watch, which he had kept lying on the table before him from the beginning of dinner—started up—clapped me on the shoulder, and declaring it only wanted six minutes and thirty-five seconds of the time, hurried me off to the scene of action—a field close by the castle.

"There certainly was a miscellaneous assemblage of the inhabitants of Mallow, all anxious to see the duel. They had pitted us like game-cocks, and bets were freely taken as to the chances of our killing one another, and the particular spots. One bet on my being hit in the jaw, another was so kind as to lay the odds on my knee. A tolerably general opinion appeared to prevail that one or other of us was to be killed; and much good-humored joking took place among them while they were deciding which. As I was double the thickness of my antagonist, I was clearly the favorite for being shot; and I heard one fellow near me say, 'Three to two on Burke, that he 's shot first—I bet in ten-pennies.'

"Brady and Codd soon appeared, and the preliminaries

were arranged with much punctilio between our seconds, who mutually and loudly extolled each other's gentlemanlike mode of doing business. Brady could scarcely stand with fright, and I confess that I did not feel quite as Hector of Troy, or the Seven Champions of Christendom, are reported to have done on similar occasions. At last the ground was measured—the pistols handed to the principals—the handkerchief dropped—whiz! went the bullet within an inch of my ear—and crack! went mine exactly on Ensign Brady's waistcoat pocket. By an unaccountable accident, there was a five-shilling piece in that very pocket, and the ball glanced away, while Brady doubled himself down, uttering a loud howl that might be heard half a mile off. The crowd was so attentive as to give a huzza for my success.

"Codd ran up to his principal, who was writhing as if he had ten thousand colics, and soon ascertained that no harm was done.

"'What do you propose,' said he to my second—'What do you propose to do, Major?'

"'As there is neither blood drawn nor bone broken,' said the Major, 'I think that shot goes for nothing.'

"'I agree with you,' said Captain Codd.

"'If your party will apologize,' said Major Mug, 'I 'll take my man off the ground.'

"'Certainly,' said Captain Codd, 'you are quite right, Major, in asking the apology, but you know that it is my duty to refuse it.'

"'You are correct, Captain,' said the Major. 'I then formally require that Ensign Brady apologize to Mr. Burke.'

"'I as formally refuse it,' said Captain Codd.

"'We must have another shot, then,' said the Major.

"'Another shot, by all means,' said the Captain.

"'Captain Codd,' said the Major, 'you have shown yourself in this, as in every transaction of your life, a perfect gentleman.'

"'He who would dare to say,' replied the Captain, 'that Major Mug is not among the most gentlemanlike men in the service, would speak what is untrue.'

"Our seconds bowed, took a pinch of snuff together, and proceeded to load the pistols. Neither Brady nor I was

particularly pleased at these complimentary speeches of the gentlemen, and, I am sure, had we been left to ourselves, would have declined the second shot. As it was, it appeared inevitable.

"Just, however, as the process of loading was completing, there appeared on the ground my cousin, Phil Purdon, rattling in on his black mare as hard as he could lick. When he came in sight he bawled out—

"'I want to speak to the plaintiff in this action—I mean, to one of the parties in this duel. I want to speak to you, Bob Burke.'

"'The thing is impossible, sir,' said Major Mug.

"'Perfectly impossible, sir,' said Captain Codd.

"'Possible or impossible is nothing to the question,' shouted Purdon; 'Bob, I *must* speak to you.'

"'It is contrary to all regulation,' said the Major.

"'Quite contrary,' said the Captain.

"Phil, however, persisted, and approached me. 'Are you fighting about Dosy Mac?' said he to me in a whisper.

"'Yes,' I replied.

"'And she is to marry the survivor, I understand.'

"'So I am told,' said I.

"'Back out, Bob, then; back out, at the rate of a hunt. Old Mick Macnamara is married.'[1]

"'Married!' I exclaimed.

"'Poz,' said he, 'I drew the articles myself. He married his housemaid, a girl of eighteen; and'—here he whispered.

"'What,' I cried, 'six months!'

"'Six months,' said he, 'and no mistake.'

"'Ensign Brady,' said I, immediately coming forward, 'there has been a strange misconception in this business. I here declare, in presence of this honorable company, that you have acted throughout like a man of honor and a gentleman, and you leave the ground without a stain on your character.'

"Brady hopped three feet off the ground with joy at the unexpected deliverance. He forgot all etiquette, and came forward to shake me by the hand.

"'My dear Burke,' said he, 'it must have been a mistake; let us swear eternal friendship.'

[1] Mick Macnamara was an old bachelor uncle of the lady's, whose wealth she expected to inherit.

"'For ever,' said I, 'I resign you Miss Theodosia.'

"'You are too generous,' he said, 'but I cannot abuse your generosity.'

"'It is unprecedented conduct,' growled Major Mug. 'I 'll never be a second to a *Pekin* again.'

"'*My* principal leaves the ground with honor,' said Captain Codd, looking melancholy nevertheless.

"'Humph!' grunted Wooden-leg Waddy, lighting his meerschaum.

"The crowd dispersed much displeased, and I fear my reputation for valor did not rise among them. I went off with Purdon to finish a jug at Carmichael's and Brady swaggered off to Miss Dosy's. His renown for valor won her heart. It cannot be denied that I sunk deeply in her opinion. On that very evening Brady broke his love, and was accepted. Mrs. Mac. opposed, but the red-coat prevailed.

"'He may rise to be a general,' said Dosy, 'and be a knight, and then I will be Lady Brady.'

"'Or if my father should be made an earl, angelic Theodosia, you would be Lady Thady Brady,' said the ensign.

"'Beautiful prospect!' cried Dosy, 'Lady Thady Brady! What a harmonious sound!'

"But why dally over the detail of my unfortunate loves? Dosy and the Ensign were married before the accident which had befallen her uncle was discovered; and, if they were not happy, why, then you and I may be. They have had eleven children, and, I understand, he now keeps a comfortable eating-house close by Cumberland Basin in Bristol. Such was my duel with Ensign Brady of the 48th."

DANIEL O'ROURKE.[1]

People may have heard of the renowned adventures of Daniel O'Rourke, but how few are there who know that the cause of all his perils, above and below, was neither more nor less than his having slept under the walls of the Phooka's tower. I knew the man well: he lived at the

[1] This was written for Crofton Croker by Dr. Maginn, together with other stories, and, as they were included in the former's 'Fairy Legends' without a signature, they have been hitherto assigned to Croker.

bottom of Hungry Hill, just at the right-hand side of the road as you go towards Bantry. An old man was he, at the time that he told me the story, with gray hair, and a red nose; and it was on the 25th of June, 1813, that I heard it from his own lips, as he sat smoking his pipe under the old poplar tree, on as fine an evening as ever shone from the sky. I was going to visit the caves in Dursey Island, having spent the morning at Glengariff.

"I am often *axed* to tell it, sir," said he, "so that this is not the first time. The master's son, you see, had come from beyond foreign parts, in France and Spain, as young gentlemen used to go, before Bonaparte or any such was ever heard of; and sure enough there was a dinner given to all the people on the ground, gentle and simple, high and low, rich and poor. The *ould* gentlemen were the gentlemen after all, saving your honor's presence. They 'd swear at a body a little, to be sure, and maybe give one a cut of a whip now and then, but we were no losers by it in the end, and they were so easy and civil, and kept such rattling houses, and thousands of welcomes; and there was no grinding for rent, and there was hardly a tenant on the estate that did not taste of his landlord's bounty often and often in a year, but now it 's another thing; no matter for that, sir, for I 'd better be telling you my story.

"Well, we had everything of the best, and plenty of it; and we ate, and we drank, and we danced, and the young master by the same token danced with Peggy Barry, from the Bohereen—a lovely young couple they were, though they are both low enough now. To make a long story short, I got, as a body may say, the same thing as tipsy almost. And so as I was crossing the stepping-stones of the ford of Ballyasheenogh, I missed my foot, and souse I fell into the water. 'Death alive!' thought I, 'I 'll be drowned now!' However, I began swimming, swimming, swimming away for the dear life, till at last I got ashore, somehow or other, but never the one of me can tell how, upon a *dissolute* island.

"I wandered and wandered about there, without knowing where I wandered, until at last I got into a big bog. The moon was shining as bright as day, or your fair lady's eyes, sir (with your pardon for mentioning her), and I looked east and west, and north and south, and every way,

and nothing did I see but bog, bog, bog. I began to scratch my head, and sing the Ullagone[1]—when all of a sudden the moon grew black, and I looked up, and saw something for all the world as if it was moving down between me and it, and I could not tell what it was. Down it came with a pounce, and looked at me full in the face; and what was it but an eagle? as fine a one as ever flew from the kingdom of Kerry. So he looked at me in the face, and says he to me, 'Daniel O'Rourke,' says he, 'how do you do?' 'Very well, I thank you, sir,' says I; 'I hope you 're well;' wondering out of my senses all the time how an eagle came to speak like a Christian. 'What brings you here, Dan?' says he. 'Nothing at all, sir,' says I; 'only I wish I was safe home again.' 'Is it out of the island you want to go, Dan?' says he. ''T is, sir,' says I, so I up and told him how I had taken a drop too much, and fell into the water. 'Dan,' says he, after a minute's thought, 'though it is very improper for you to get drunk on Lady-day, yet as you are a decent sober man, who 'tends mass well, and never flings stones at me or mine, nor cries out after us in the fields—my life for yours,' says he, 'so get up on my back, and grip me well for fear you 'd fall off, and I 'll fly you out of the bog.' 'I am afraid,' says I, 'your honor 's making game of me; for who ever heard of riding a horseback on an eagle before?' ''Pon the honor of a gentleman,' says he, putting his right foot on his breast, 'I am quite in earnest; and so now either take my offer or starve in the bog—besides, I see that your weight is sinking the stone.'

"It was true enough as he said, for I found the stone every minute going from under me. I had no choice; so thinks I to myself, faint heart never won fair lady, and this is fair persuadence. 'I thank your honor,' says I, 'for the loan of your civility; and I 'll take your kind offer.' I therefore mounted upon the back of the eagle, and held him tight enough by the throat, and up he flew in the air like a lark. Little I knew the thrick he was going to serve me. Up—up—up, God knows how far up he flew. 'Why, then,' said I to him—thinking he did not know the right road home—very civilly, because why? I was in his power entirely; 'sir,' says I, 'please your honor 's

[1] *Ullagone*, lament.

glory, and with humble submission to your better judgment, if you 'd fly down a bit, you 're now just over my cabin, and I could be put down there, and many thanks to your worship.'

"'*Arrah,* Dan,' said he, 'do you think me a fool? Look down in the next field, and don't you see two men and a gun? By my word it would be no joke to be shot this way, to oblige a drunken blackguard that I picked up off a *cowld* stone in a bog.' 'Bother you,' said I to myself, but I did not speak out, for where was the use? Well, sir, up he kept flying, flying, and I asking him every minute to fly down, and all to no use. 'Where in the world are you going, sir?' says I to him. 'Hold your tongue, Dan,' says he: 'mind your own business, and don't be interfering with the business of other people.' 'Faith, this is my business, I think,' says I. 'Be quiet, Dan,' says he; so I said no more.

"At last where should we come to, but to the moon itself. Now you can't see it from this, but there is, or there was in my time, a reaping-hook sticking out of the side of the moon, this way [drawing the figure thus ☾ on the ground with the end of his stick].

"'Dan,' said the eagle, 'I 'm tired with this long fly; I had no notion 't was so far.' 'And, my lord, sir,' said I, 'who in the world *axed* you to fly so far—was it I? did not I beg and pray and beseech you to stop half-an-hour ago?' 'There 's no use talking, Dan,' says he; 'I 'm tired bad enough, so you must get off, and sit down on the moon until I rest myself.' 'Is it sit down on the moon?' said I; 'is it upon that little round thing, then? why, then, sure I 'd fall off in a minute, and be *kilt* and spilt, and smashed all to bits; you are a vile deceiver, so you are.' 'Not at all, Dan,' said he; 'you can catch fast hold of the reaping-hook that 's sticking out of the side of the moon, and 't will keep you up.' 'I won't then,' said I. 'May be not,' said he, quite quiet. 'If you don't, my man, I shall just give you a shake, and one slap of my wing, and send you down to the ground, where every bone in your body will be smashed as small as a drop of dew on a cabbage-leaf in the morning.' 'Why, then, I 'm in a fine way,' said I to myself, 'ever to have come along with the likes of you;' and so giving him a hearty curse in Irish, for fear he 'd know what I said, I

got off his back with a heavy heart, took hold of the reaping-hook, and sat down upon the moon, and a mighty cold seat it was, I can tell you that.

"When he had me there fairly landed, he turned about on me, and said, 'Good morning to you, Daniel O'Rourke,' said he, 'I think I 've nicked you fairly now. You robbed my nest last year' ('t was true enough for him, but how he found it out is hard to say), 'and in return you are freely welcome to cool your heels dangling upon the moon like a cockthrow.'

"'Is that all, and is this the way you leave me, you brute, you?' says I. 'You ugly unnatural *baste,* and is this the way you serve me at last? Bad luck to yourself, with your hooked nose, and to all your breed, you blackguard.' 'T was all to no manner of use; he spread out his great big wings, burst out a laughing, and flew away like lightning. I bawled after him to stop; but I might have called and bawled for ever, without his minding me. Away he went, and I never saw him from that day to this —sorrow fly away with him! You may be sure I was in a disconsolate condition, and kept roaring out for the bare grief, when all at once a door opened right in the middle of the moon, creaking on its hinges as if it had not been opened for a month before—I suppose they never thought of greasing 'em, and out there walks—who do you think, but the man in the moon himself? I knew him by his bush.

"'Good morrow to you, Daniel O'Rourke,' said he; 'how do you do?' 'Very well, thank your honor,' said I. 'I hope your honor 's well.' 'What brought you here, Dan?' said he. So I told him how I was a little overtaken in liquor at the master's, and how I was cast on a *dissolute* island, and how I lost my way in the bog, and how the thief of an eagle promised to fly me out of it, and how instead of that he had fled me up to the moon.

"'Dan,' said the man in the moon, taking a pinch of snuff when I was done, 'you must not stay here.' 'Indeed, sir,' says I, ''t is much against my will I 'm here at all; but how am I to go back?' 'That 's your business,' said he; 'Dan, mine is to tell you that here you must not stay, so be off in less than no time.' 'I 'm doing no harm,' says I, 'only holding on hard by the reaping-hook, lest I fall

off.' 'That 's what you must not do, Dan,' says he. 'Pray, sir,' says I, 'may I ask how many you are in family, that you would not give a poor traveler lodging; I 'm sure 't is not so often you 're troubled with strangers coming to see you, for 't is a long way.' 'I 'm by myself, Dan,' says he; 'but you 'd better let go the reaping-hook.' 'And with your leave,' says I, 'I 'll not let go the grip, and the more you bids me, the more I won't let go—so I will.' 'You had better, Dan,' says he again. 'Why, then, my little fellow,' says I, taking the whole weight of him with my eye from head to foot, 'there are two words to that bargain; and I 'll not budge, but you may if you like.' 'We 'll see how that is to be,' says he; and back he went, giving the door such a great bang after him (for it was plain he was huffed) that I thought the moon and all would fall down with it.

"Well, I was preparing myself to try strength with him, when back again he comes, with the kitchen cleaver in his hand, and without saying a word he gives two bangs to the handle of the reaping-hook that was keeping me up, and *whap!* it came in two. 'Good morning to you, Dan,' says the spiteful little old blackguard, when he saw me cleanly falling down with a bit of the handle in my hand; 'I thank you for your visit, and fair weather after you, Daniel.' I had not time to make any answer to him, for I was tumbling over and over, and rolling and rolling, at the rate of a fox-hunt. 'God help me!' says I, 'this is a pretty pickle for a decent man to be seen in at this time of night; I am now sold fairly.' The word was not out of my mouth when, whiz! what should fly by close to my ear but a flock of wild geese; all the way from my own bog of Ballyasheenogh, else how should they know *me?* The *ould* gander, who was their general, turning about his head, cried out to me, 'Is that you, Dan?' 'The same,' said I, not a bit daunted now at what he said, for I was by this time used to all kinds of *bedevilment,* and, besides, I knew him of *ould.* 'Good morrow to you,' says he, 'Daniel O'Rourke; how are you in health this morning?' 'Very well, sir,' says I, 'I thank you kindly,' drawing my breath, for I was mightily in want of some. 'I hope your honor 's the same.' 'I think 't is falling you are, Daniel,' says he. 'You may say that, sir,' says I. 'And where are you going all the way so fast?' said the gander. So I told him how I had

taken the drop, and how I came on the island, and how I lost my way in the bog, and how the thief of an eagle flew me up to the moon, and how the man in the moon turned me out. 'Dan,' said he, 'I 'll save you; put out your hand and catch me by the leg, and I 'll fly you home.' 'Sweet is your hand in a pitcher of honey, my jewel,' says I, though all the time I thought within myself that I don't much trust you; but there was no help, so I caught the gander by the leg, and away I and the other geese flew after him as fast as hops.

"We flew, and we flew, and we flew, until we came right over the wide ocean. I knew it well, for I saw Cape Clear to my right hand, sticking up out of the water. 'Ah! my lord,' said I to the goose, for I thought it best to keep a civil tongue in my head any way, 'fly to land if you please.' 'It is impossible, you see, Dan,' said he, 'for a while, because you see we are going to Arabia.' 'To Arabia!' said I, 'that 's surely some place in foreign parts, far away. Oh! Mr. Goose; why then, to be sure, I 'm a man to be pitied among you.' 'Whist, whist, you fool,' said he, 'hold your tongue; I tell you Arabia is a very decent sort of place, as like West Carbery as one egg is like another, only there is a little more sand there.'

"Just as we were talking a ship hove in sight, scudding so beautiful before the wind; 'Ah! then, sir,' said I, 'will you drop me on the ship, if you please?' 'We are not fair over her,' said he. 'We are,' said I. 'We are not,' said he; 'if I dropped you now you would go splash into the sea.' 'I would not,' says I; 'I know better than that, for it is just clean under us, so let me drop now at once.' 'If you must, you must,' said he; 'there, take your own way;' and he opened his claw, and, faith, he was right—sure enough I came down plump into the very bottom of the salt sea! Down to the very bottom I went, and I gave myself up then for ever, when a whale walked up to me, scratching himself after his night's sleep, and looked me full in the face, and never the word did he say, but lifting up his tail, he splashed me all over again with the cold salt water till there wasn't a dry stitch upon my whole carcass; and I heard somebody saying—'t was a voice I knew too—'Get up, you drunken brute, off o' that;' and with that I woke up, and there was Judy with a tub full of water, which she

was splashing all over me—for, rest her soul! though she was a good wife, she never could bear to see me in drink, and had a bitter hand of her own. 'Get up,' said she again; 'and of all places in the parish would no place *sarve* your turn to lie down upon but under the *ould* walls of Carrigaphooka? and uneasy resting I am sure you had of it.' And sure enough I had, for I was fairly bothered out of my senses with eagles, and men of the moon, and flying ganders, and whales driving me through bogs, and up to the moon, and down to the bottom of the green ocean. If I was in drink ten times over, long would it be before I 'd lie down in the same spot again, I know that."

JOHN FRANCIS MAGUIRE.

(1815—1872.)

JOHN FRANCIS MAGUIRE was born in Cork in 1815. He was designed for the bar; but his tastes turned to journalism, and in 1841 he established the *Cork Examiner*, which rapidly advanced in public favor and became a recognized authority on national affairs. In 1843 Mr. Maguire was called to the bar, but he was so deeply immersed in literature and politics that he could not give much time to his profession. In 1852 he was elected Member of Parliament for Dungarvan. In 1853 he was elected Mayor of Cork, and distinguished his year of office by earnest endeavors for the improvement of the city. In 1856 he visited Rome, paid his respects to Pius the Ninth, and gleaned sufficient information to enable him to write his popular work, 'Rome and its Ruler,' or, as it was subsequently named in an improved edition, 'The Pontificate of Pius the Ninth.' The 'Life of Father Mathew,' published in 1862, is pleasing and popular, and was written from personal knowledge. In 1866 Mr. Maguire resigned his seat for Dungarvan, and became Member for his native city of Cork.

In the same year he visited America, with the view of making observations upon Irish life in this country. 'The Irish in America' appeared shortly after his return and gained immense popularity, not only among Irish people in all parts of the world, but in quarters where its contents might effect the object he had in view, viz., the righting of what he supposed to be Irish wrongs. Mr. Maguire was an advocate of woman's rights and a supporter of female suffrage. His novel 'The Next Generation,' published in 1871, was written with the design of setting forth the possible state of society when these so-called rights should obtain. A number of his articles on Home Rule, which appeared in *The Examiner*, were published in book form shortly before his death, which took place at his residence, Stephen's Green, Dublin, Nov. 1, 1872. He was unselfishly devoted to the cause of his country and his people, especially advocating home manufactures and the removal of personal disabilities. He succeeded in putting through Parliament a bill to give relief to Irish paupers in England after a residence of six months instead of five years.

THE IRISH IN THE WAR.

From 'The Irish in America.'

From the very circumstances of their position it was almost a matter of inevitable necessity that the Irish citizens of America should ally themselves with the political party which, with respect to the foreigner and the stranger, adopted the liberal and enlightened policy of

Jefferson and Madison. The Irish, then, being Democrats, naturally sympathized with the prevailing sentiment of the Southern States, which was strongly Democratic. And yet, notwithstanding this sympathy, the result of a general concurrence of opinion with that of the South, the Irish of the Northern States not merely remained faithful to the flag of the Union, but were amongst the foremost and the most enthusiastic of those who rallied in its defense, and the most steadfast in their support of the Federal cause, from the moment that the first gun, fired in Charleston, echoed through the land, to the hour when Lee surrendered, and the war was at an end. Whatever their opinions or feelings as to the conduct of those who, justly or unjustly, were held responsible for bringing about or precipitating the contest, and deeply as they felt the injury which war was certain to inflict on the country of their adoption, the Irish-born citizens never wavered in their duty. None more bitterly deplored than they did the sad consequences of civil strife—a conflict which would bring into deadly collision kindred races even of their own people; but once the rupture was irrevocable, they calmly accepted their position. From the first moment to the last, they were animated by a high sense of duty, and an earnest feeling of patriotism. Fortunately for the honor and fame of the Irish, there was in their motives an utter absence of the baneful passions of hatred and revenge, or the least desire to crush or humiliate their opponents. War with all its tremendous consequences they faced as a stern and terrible necessity; but they entered into it with a chivalrous and Christian spirit, which never deserted them throughout the prolonged struggle. They did not stop to argue or split hairs as to the constitutional rights alleged to be involved; they acted, as they felt, with the community amid whom they lived, and with whom their fortunes were identified.

The feeling was the same at both sides of the line. The Irish in the South stood with the State to which, as they believed, they owed their first allegiance, and, as was the case in the North, they caught the spirit of the community of whom they formed part. They were also profoundly grieved at the necessity for war, and would have gladly avoided the calamity of an open rupture. Southern Irish-

men have told me that they shed tears of bitter anguish when, in vindication of what they held to be the outraged independence of their State, which to them was the immediate home of their adoption, they first fired on the flag of that glorious country which had been an asylum to millions of their people. The Northern Irishman went into the war for the preservation of the Union—the Southern Irishman for the independence of his State. And each, in his own mind, was as thoroughly justified, both as to right and duty, principle and patriotism, as the other.

With the political or constitutional question involved at either side I have no business whatever; and were I competent to disentangle it from the maze into which conflicting opinions and subtle disquisitions have brought it, I should still, from a feeling of delicacy, decline dealing with a subject which may not, as yet, be freely handled without exciting anger and irritation. I have heard the undisguised sentiments of Irishmen at both sides of the line—every man of them loving America with a feeling of profound attachment, and I, who stand, as it were, on neutral ground, have as full faith in the patriotism and purity of motive of the Northern as the Southern, the Confederate as the Federal.

In their zeal for the cause which Irishmen on each side mutually and of necessity espoused, they did not at all times, perhaps could not, make due allowance for the feelings and convictions of their countrymen who fought under opposing banners, or fairly consider the position in which they were placed, and the influences by which they were surrounded. Thus, while the Northern Irishman could not comprehend how it was that the Southern Irishman, though sympathizing with every passionate throb of the community in which he lived, and whose every feeling or prejudice he thoroughly shared, could possibly take up arms against the Union—against the Stars and Stripes—that "terror of tyrants and hope of the oppressed;" in the same way, the Southern Irishman could not reconcile it to his notions of consistency, that the very men who sought to liberate their native land from British thraldom should join with those who were doing their utmost to subjugate and trample under foot the liberties of a people fighting for their independence. But, were the struggle

to be fought over again, both—Irishmen of the North and Irishmen of the South—would fall inevitably into the same ranks, and fight under the same banner; and though each could not, at least for a time, do justice to the motives of the other, every dispassionate observer, who took their mutual positions into account, should do so.

An American general, one of the most thoughtful and intelligent men whom I have ever met, remarked to me one day: "Nothing during the war was more admirable than the fidelity of your countrymen, at both sides, to the State in which they lived. North or South, they were equally devoted, equally faithful, sharing in every emotion of the community of which they formed part. I know that some of your countrymen at our side could not make allowance for those of the other side, and in fact would hear nothing said in their defense; but I always held the conviction that not only could they not have done otherwise, consistently with their duty, but that the manner in which they did it redounds to their lasting honor. The war has tried the Irish, and they stood the test well, as good citizens and gallant soldiers. This has been my opinion from the first; and it is the same now that the war is happily at an end."

Perhaps to no other man of Irish blood was the Federal government more indebted than to that gifted and gallant Irishman over whom, in the mystery and darkness of the night, the turbid waters of the Missouri rolled in death—Thomas Francis Meagher. Passionately attached to the land which for so many years had been the asylum and hope of millions of the Irish people, he infused into his brilliant oratory all the ardor of his soul, and the strong fidelity of his heart. The Union was the object of his veneration; its flag the emblem of its greatness and glory. Meagher "of the sword" was in his element at least; and as his fiery words rang through the land, they roused the enthusiasm of a race whose instincts are essentially warlike, and whose fondest aspirations are for military renown. Animated no less by a sense of their duties as citizens, than thrilled by accents that stimulated their national pride, the very flower of the Irish youth of the Northern States rallied under the flag of the Union. . . .

America is a country of wonders, where things are to be seen of which the Old World mind can have no conception.

But nothing that I beheld impressed me with the same admiration, and indeed with the same astonishment, as the manner in which a people, whose tremendous struggle of four long years' duration enchained the attention of every civilized nation, returned to the peaceful pursuit of civil life. To my mind, there was something great beyond description in this unrivaled spectacle. A few months before, and the earth resounded with the clash of armed legions, mightier and more numerous than any which Europe had assembled for centuries; and where is the trace of this colossal conflict in the hearing and deportment of the people? You may behold its marks and traces in the desolate track of the conqueror; in the sedge-broom now usurping the once fruitful soil; in rifled and ruined dwellings abandoned to decay; in buried cities arising anew from their ashes: in crumbling embankments and road-side ramparts, which cost so much blood and so many gallant lives to take or to defend,—but in the calm dignified attitude of the great American people, who have sheathed the sword and laid aside the rifle, you cannot perceive them.

Where, you unconsciously ask, are the soldiers, the fighting men, the heroes, who bore a distinguished part in that protracted contest? Have the brigades, the divisions, the corps, the armies, of which we read in bulletin and report —have they sunk into the earth, or have they vanished into the air? If not, how are these men of war employed?—can they settle down to the ordinary pursuits of life; or have they been fatally intoxicated by the smoke and excitement of battle, and utterly demoralized by the license of the camp? You shall see.

Who is that remarkable-looking man, with something of the clanking saber in his carriage, yet with nothing more warlike in his hand than a memorandum book, with a bundle of harmless papers protruding from the breast-pocket of a coat that seems to cling to his broad chest as if it were a uniform? A commercial agent. Yes, now; but what was he a few months since? One at whose mere mention wives and mothers paled, and with the incantation of whose name nurses hushed their fractious charge—a daring leader of cavalry, whose swoop was as fierce and sudden as the eagle's.

Here, down in this new city, in the midst of the tall pines, you see that coach factory, full of wagons and buggies of all kinds; and what is that bearded man employed at? A sewing-machine? Impossible; it can't be—and yet it is. Yes, it is. That tall bearded man held high rank in his corps; but, the war over, and halting idleness, he established this thriving factory; and with his own hands he is now sewing and embroidering the curtains of that carriage which is to be sent for in a day or two by its purchaser.

At yon lawyer's desk, covered with open or tape-bound documents, an anxious client awaiting his opinion of that knotty case, sits one, now immersed in the intricacy of a legal problem, whose natural element seemed to be amid the thickest press of battle, where squadrons rushed on serried bayonets, or dashed at belching batteries.

Calmly giving some minute instruction to a deferential clerk, respecting a delayed train, or dictating an answer to some impatient inquiry concerning a missing parcel or a bale of dry goods left behind, is a man whose wisdom and whose courage were the hope of a cause; prudent in council, skillful in strategy, calm and cool in conflict.

Behind that counter, in that store, or perched on that office desk, is he who has done so many brilliant feats, to the wonder of the foe, and the rapture of his friends.

Rushing headlong through the street, in his eagerness to keep an appointment, in which there is to be much talk of bales of cotton, cargoes of corn, or hogsheads of strong wine, is the soldier whose movements were of lightning celerity, who, by right of his lavished blood, had established a kind of vested interest in every desperate undertaking.

And here, at this editor's table, with ink, and paste, and scissors at elbow, up to his eyes in "proofs," and young "devils" clamorous for "copy," you have a dashing colonel, a fortunate general, a famous artillery officer—now as tranquilly engaged in the drudgery of his "daily" as if he had never led his regiment at the charge, never handled a division or a corps, or never decided a victory with his guns; as if, in fact, he had only learned of war in the pages of Grecian or Roman history, or read of it in one of his European "exchanges."

Hush! you are in a seat of learning, in which the hopeful citizen of a great country is being trained for its future citizenship. You perceive that quiet-looking elderly gentleman smiling kindly on that bright eager lad, as he speaks to him with gentle voice. That quiet-looking gentleman is the man of men, whose very name was worth an army to the side he espoused. Every home in America, every village in Europe, has heard of that quiet-looking gentleman.

And look again: here is a learned professor instructing his class—not at all a wonderful sight, you may say; but on the wide ocean, in every mart of commerce, on every exchange, in every nook and corner in which risks of sea, enhanced by the casualties of war, are keenly calculated there were those who thought by day and dreamed by night of that learned professor.

Go where you will, in field or mine, in workshop, in factory, in store, in counting-house, in hotel—at either side of the line—whether on land or water—everywhere—you behold, now absorbed in honest toil and patient industry, the men, high and low, of every rank and grade, and of every nationality too, who, a few months since, were engaged in desperate strife! This spectacle, which the Old World has never seen surpassed, is more wonderful than Niagara, more majestic than the Mississippi, more sublime than the snow-clad pinnacles of the loftiest of the Sierras.

JOHN PENTLAND MAHAFFY.

(1839——)

THERE are few writings which bring home to us more forcibly the fact that human nature is at all times and in all places fundamentally the same than do those of Professor Mahaffy. Pursuing his antiquarian researches on the soil of Greece itself, and steeped to the lips in the results of the painstaking investigations of German scholars, he succeeds in making the people of the dead past live, and in reconstructing the social side of Greek life as no other historian has done.

John Pentland Mahaffy was born Feb. 26, 1839. He was brought up in Germany and received his early education from his parents. In 1856 he entered Trinity College, Dublin, and after a highly successful undergraduate course obtained a fellowship in 1864. He was appointed precentor of the college chapel in 1867, and his love for, and knowledge of music enabled him to introduce great reforms in the choir. In 1871 he became professor of ancient history in the University, and is now a Senior Fellow ; in 1873 he was the Donnellan lecturer. His interest in ancient and modern Greece has been recognized by the King of Greece, who in 1877 conferred upon him the Gold Cross of the Order of the Redeemer.

His first work was a translation of Kuno Fischer's well-known book on the great German philosopher, which appeared in 1866 under the title 'Commentary on Kant.' In 1868 were published 'Twelve Lectures on Primitive Civilization'; in 1871 'Kant's Critical Philosophy for English Readers'; and in the same year 'Prolegomena to Ancient History.' A subject perhaps less recondite, and certainly more popular, was discussed in 'Social Life in Greece from Homer to Menander,' a work which has already passed through several editions. A book on 'Greek Antiquities' followed in 1876, and in the same year appeared 'Rambles and Studies in Greece.'

Mr. Mahaffy is, besides, a constant contributor to periodical literature. His other works are : 'Greek Education,' 'A History of Classical Greek Literature,' 'The Decay of Modern Preaching,' 'The Story of Alexander's Empire,' 'Greek Life and Thought from Alexander to the Roman Empire,' 'The Art of Conversation,' 'The Greek World under Roman Sway,' 'Greek Pictures,' 'Problems in Greek History,' 'Sketch of the Life and Teachings of Descartes,' 'The Empire of the Ptolemies,' etc.

CHILDHOOD IN ANCIENT GREECE.

From 'Greek Education.'

We find in Homer, especially in the Iliad, indications of the plainest kind that Greek babies were like the babies of modern Europe: equally troublesome, equally delightful to

their parents, equally uninteresting to the rest of society. The famous scene in the sixth book of the Iliad, when Hector's infant Astyanax screams at the sight of his father's waving crest, and the hero lays his helmet on the ground that he may laugh and weep over the child; the love and tenderness of Andromache, and her pathetic laments in the twenty-second book,—are familiar to all. She foresees the hardships and unkindness to her orphan boy, "who was wont upon his father's knees to eat the purest marrow and the rich fat of sheep, and when sleep came upon him, and he ceased his childish play, he would lie in the arms of his nurse, on a soft cushion, satisfied with every comfort." So again, a protecting goddess is compared to a mother keeping the flies from her sleeping infant; and a pertinacious friend, to a little girl who, running beside her mother, begs to be taken up, holding her mother's dress and delaying her, and with tearful eyes keeps looking up till the mother denies her no longer. These are only stray references, and yet they speak no less clearly than if we had asked for an express answer to a direct inquiry. So we have the hesitation of the murderers sent to make away with the infant Cypselus, who had been foretold to portend danger to the Corinthian Herods of that day.

The smile of the baby unmans—or should we rather say unbrutes?—the first ruffian, and so the task is passed on from man to man. This story in Herodotus is a sort of natural Greek parallel to the great Shakespearean scene, where another child sways his intended torturer with an eloquence more conscious and explicit, but not perhaps more powerful, than the radiant smile of the Greek baby. Thus Euripides, the great master of pathos, represents Iphigenia bringing her infant brother Orestes to plead for her, with that unconsciousness of sorrow which pierces us to the heart more than the most affecting rhetoric. In modern art a little child playing about its dead mother, and waiting with contentment for her awakening, is perhaps the most powerful appeal to human compassion which we are able to conceive.

On the other hand, the troubles of infancy were than as now very great. We do not indeed hear of croup, or teething, or measles, or whooping-cough. But these are occasional matters, and count as nothing beside the inexor-

able tyranny of a sleepless baby. For then as now, mothers and nurses had a strong prejudice in favor of carrying about restless children, and so soothing them to sleep. The unpractical Plato requires that in his fabulous Republic two or three stout nurses shall be in readiness to carry about each child; because children, like gamecocks, gain spirit and endurance by this treatment! What they really gain is a gigantic power of torturing their mothers. Most children can readily be taught to sleep in a bed, or even in an arm-chair, but an infant once accustomed to being carried about will insist upon it; and so it came that Greek husbands were obliged to relegate their wives to another sleeping-room, where the nightly squalling of the furious infant might not disturb the master as well as the mistress of the house. But the Greek gentleman was able to make good his damaged rest by a midday siesta, and so required but little sleep at night. The modern father in northern Europe, with his whole day' work and waking, is therefore in a more disadvantageous position.

Of course very fashionable people kept nurses; and it was the highest tone at Athens to have a Spartan nurse for the infant, just as an English nurse is sought out among foreign noblesse. We are told that these women made the child hardier, that they used less swathing and bandaging, and allowed free play for the limbs; and this, like all the Spartan physical training, was approved of and admired by the rest of the Greek public, though its imitation was never suggested save in the unpractical speculations of Plato.

Whether they also approved of a diet of marrow and mutton suet, which Homer, in the passage just cited, considers the luxury of princes, does not appear. As Homer was the Greek Bible,—an inspired book containing perfect wisdom on all things, human and divine,—there must have been many orthodox parents who followed his prescription. But we hear no approval or censure of such diet. Possibly marrow may have represented our cod-liver oil in strengthening delicate infants. But as the Homeric men fed far more exclusively on meat than their historical successors, some vegetable substitute, such as olive oil, must have been in use later on. Even within our memory, mutton suet boiled in milk was commonly recommended by

physicians for the delicacy now treated by cod-liver oil.

The supposed strengthening of children by air and exposure, or by early neglect of their comforts, was as fashionable at Sparta as it is with many modern theorists; and it probably led in both cases to the same result,—the extinction of the weak and delicate. These theorists parade the cases of survival of stout children—that is, their exceptional soundness—as the effect of this harsh treatment, and so satisfy themselves that experience confirms their views. Now with the Spartans this was logical enough; for as they professed and desired nothing but physical results, as they despised intellectual qualities and esteemed obedience to be the highest of moral ones, they were perhaps justified in their proceeding. So thoroughly did they advocate the production of healthy citizens for military purposes, that they were quite content that the sickly should die. In fact, in the case of obviously weak and deformed infants, they did not hesitate to expose them in the most brutal sense,—not to cold and drafts, but to the wild beasts in the mountains.

This brings us to the first shocking contrast between the Greek treatment of children and ours. We cannot really doubt, from the free use of the idea in Greek tragedies, in the comedies of ordinary life, and in theories of political economy, that the exposing of new-born children was not only sanctioned by public feeling, but actually practiced throughout Greece. Various motives combined to justify or to extenuate this practice. In the first place, the infant was regarded as the property of its parents, indeed of its father, to an extent inconceivable to most modern Europeans. The State only, whose claim overrode all other considerations, had a right for public reasons to interfere with the dispositions of a father. Individual human life had not attained what may be called the exaggerated value derived from sundry superstitions, which remains even after those superstitions have decayed. And moreover, in many Greek States, the contempt for commercial pursuits, and the want of outlet for practical energy, made the supporting of large families cumbersome, or the subdivision of patrimonies excessive. Hence the prudence or the selfishness of parents did not hesitate to use an escape which modern civilization condemns as not only criminal but as horribly cruel.

How little even the noblest Greek theorists felt this objection appears from the fact that Plato, the Attic Moses, sanctions infanticide under certain circumstances or in another form, in his ideal State. In the genteel comedy it is often mentioned as a somewhat painful necessity, but enjoined by prudence. Nowhere does the agony of the mother's heart reach us through their literature save in one illustration used by the Platonic Socrates, where he compares the anger of his pupils, when first confuted out of their prejudices, to the fury of a young mother deprived of her first infant. There is something horrible in the very allusion, as if in after life Attic mothers became hardened to this treatment. We must suppose the exposing of female infants to have been not uncommon, until the just retribution of barrenness fell upon the nation, and the population dwindled away by a strange atrophy.

In the many family suits argued by the Attic orators, we do not (I believe) find a case in which a large family of children is concerned. Four appears a larger number than the average. Marriages between relations as close as uncle and niece, and even half-brothers and sisters, were not uncommon; but the researches of modern science have removed the grounds for believing that this practice would tend to diminish the race. It would certainly increase any pre-existing tendency to hereditary disease; yet we do not hear of infantile diseases any more than we hear of delicate infants. Plagues and epidemics were common enough; but as already observed, we do not hear of measles, or whooping-cough, or scarlatina, or any of the other constant persecutors of our nurseries.

As the learning of foreign languages was quite beneath the notions of the Greek gentleman, who rather expected all barbarians to learn *his* language, the habit of employing foreign nurses, so useful and even necessary to good modern education, was well-nigh unknown. It would have been thought a great misfortune to any Hellenic child to be brought up speaking Thracian or Egyptian. Accordingly foreign slave attendants, with their strange accent and rude manners, were not allowed to take charge of children till they were able to go to school and had learned their mother tongue perfectly.

But the women's apartments, in which children were

kept for the first few years, are closed so completely to us that we can but conjecture a few things about the life and care of Greek babies. A few late epigrams tell the grief of parents bereaved of their infants. Beyond this, classical literature affords us no light. The backwardness in culture of Greek women leads us to suspect that then, as now, Greek babies were more often spoilt than is the case among the serious northern nations. The term "Spartan mother" is, however, still proverbial; and no doubt in that exceptional State, discipline was so universal and so highly esteemed that it penetrated even to the nursery. But in the rest of Greece, we may conceive the young child arriving at his schoolboy age more willful and headstrong than most of our more watched and worried infants. Archytas the philosopher earned special credit for inventing the rattle, and saving much damage to household furniture by occupying children with this toy.

The external circumstances determining a Greek boy's education were somewhat different from ours. We must remember that all old Greek life—except in rare cases, such as that of Elis, of which we know nothing—was distinctly *town life;* and so, naturally, Greek schooling was day-schooling, from which the children returned to the care of their parents. To hand over boys, far less girls, to the charge of a boarding school, was perfectly unknown, and would no doubt have been gravely censured. Orphans were placed under the care of their nearest male relative, even when their education was provided (as it was in some cases) by the State. Again, as regards the age of going to school, it would naturally be early, seeing that the day-schools may well include infants of tender age, and that in Greek households neither father nor mother was often able or disposed to undertake the education of the children.

Indeed, we find it universal that even the knowledge of the letters and reading were obtained from a schoolmaster. All these circumstances would point to an early beginning of Greek school life; whereas, on the other hand, the small number of subjects required in those days, the absence from the programme of various languages, of most exact sciences, and of general history and geography, made it unnecessary to begin so early or work so hard, as our unfortunate children have to do. Above all, there were no

competitive examinations, except in athletics and music. The Greeks never thought of promoting a man for "dead knowledge," but for his living grasp of science or of life.

Owing to these causes, we find the theorists discussing, as they now do, the expediency of waiting till the age of seven before beginning serious education: some advising it, others recommending easy and half-playing lessons from an earlier period. And then, as now, we find the same curious silence on the really important fact that the exact number of years a child has lived is nothing to the point in question; and that while one child may be too young at seven to commence work, many more may be distinctively too old.

At all events, we may assume in parents the same varieties of over-anxiety, of over-indulgence, of nervousness, and of carelessness, about their children; and so it doubtless came to pass that there was in many cases a gap between infancy and school life which was spent in playing and doing mischief. This may be fairly inferred, not only from such anecdotes as that of Alcibiades playing with his fellows in the street, evidently without the protection of any pedagogue, but also from the large nomenclature of boys' games preserved to us in the glossaries of later grammarians.

THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS AND THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

It was my good fortune, a few months after I had seen the Acropolis, to visit a ruin in Ireland which, to my great surprise, bore many curious resemblances to it—I mean the Rock of Cashel. Both were strongholds of religion—honored and hallowed above all other places in their respective countries—both were covered with buildings of various dates, each representing their peculiar ages and styles in art. And as the Greeks, I suppose for effect's sake, have varied the posture of their temples, so that the sun illumines them at different moments, the old Irish have varied the orientation of their churches, that the sun might rise directly over against the east window on the anniversary of the patron saint. There is at Cashel the great



THE ROCK AND RUINS OF CASHEL.

From a photograph



Cathedral—in loftiness and grandeur the Parthenon of the place; there is the smaller and more beautiful Cormac's Chapel, the holiest of all, like the Erechtheum of Athens. Again, the great sanctuary upon the Rock of Cashel was surrounded by a cluster of other abbeys about its base, which were founded there by pious men on account of the greatness and holiness of the archiepiscopal seat. Of these one remains, like the Theseum at Athens, eclipsed by the splendor of the Acropolis.

The prospect from the Irish sanctuary has, indeed, endless contrasts to that from the Pagan stronghold, but they are suggestive contrasts, and such as are not without a certain harmony. The plains around both are framed by mountains of which the Irish are probably the more picturesque; and if the light upon the Greek hills is the fairest, the native color of the Irish is infinitely more rich. So, again, the soil of Attica is light and sandy, whereas the Golden Vale of Tipperary is among the richest in the world. But who would not choose the historic treasures of the former in preference to the bucolic value of the latter? Still, both places were the noblest homes, each in their own country, of religions which civilized, humanized, and exalted the human race; and if the Irish Acropolis is left in dim obscurity by the historical splendor of the Parthenon, on the other hand, the gods of the Athenian stronghold have faded out before the moral greatness of the faith preached upon the Rock of Cashel.

FRANCIS SYLVESTER MAHONY.

(1805—1866.)

FRANCIS SYLVESTER MAHONY is better known as "Father Prout." His real name was O'Mahony, but he dropped the "O" during part of his London career—resuming it before his death. He was born in Cork in 1805. He was educated for the priesthood at Amiens and Paris, and joined the Jesuit order. He then went to the Irish College in Rome, where he wrote 'The Bells of Shandon,' and in the corner of the room where his bed stood are still to be seen traced on the wall the first lines of the poem. After some years, however, he practically gave up his clerical functions, and went to London, where he led a Bohemian life.

There his learning was soon widely appreciated and his 'Prout Papers' in *Fraser's Magazine* quickly attracted public attention. Mahony was one of the best linguists of his day, and his remarkable powers were shown in his Latin and Greek versions of Moore's 'Melodies,' which he facetiously named 'Moore's Plagiarisms,' to the intense annoyance of the poet and his own quiet enjoyment. He wrote Millikin's 'Groves of Blarney' in French, Greek, Latin, and Italian. Its author could scarcely have anticipated that years afterward, sung by Garibaldian soldiers, it would awaken the echoes in the groves on the shores of Lake Como. Seeking a change from life in London, he wandered through Egypt, Greece, Hungary, and Asia Minor, and in 1846 at the request of Charles Dickens he became Roman correspondent for *The Daily News*. His articles were afterward published under the title of 'Facts and Figures from Italy, by Don Jeremy Savonarola, Benedictine Monk.' He ultimately settled down in Paris, where he might often be seen "trudging along the boulevards with his arms clasped behind him; his nose in the air; his hat worn as French caricaturists insist all Englishmen wear hat or cap; his quick, clear, deep-seeking eye wandering sharply to the right or left; and sarcasm—not of the sourest kind—playing like jack-o'-lantern in the corners of his mouth," as Blanchard Jerrold tells us.

Father Prout introduced Maginn to Thackeray, and the Irish and English *littérateurs* started a magazine, Maginn being editor. It turned out a failure and Thackeray wanted to dispose of it, but Maginn had a share and thought he ought to be consulted. Mr. Jerrold thus gives his father's reminiscences of the affair: "I brought them together, Maginn in a towering passion, but he was capital. In the meeting, at the old place, the Crown, he volunteered an Eastern tale. It was capitally done, with all the glow and draperies; a very good Eastern story too, of two pashas, close friends, and how they divided their property in a manner which gave all of it to one of them. You will wonder, but Thackeray listened delightedly to the end, and didn't see Billy Maginn's drift. The boys! the boys! All this was before you were born." During the last eight years of Mahony's life his articles formed the



FRANCIS MAHONY (FATHER PROUT)

From an engraving



chief attraction of *The Globe* newspaper. "They were put together like mosaics," says his biographer, "on little scraps of paper bit by bit, a tint being added wherever he could pick it up on his daily saunterings. The gossip of the day never failed to stir something good out of the full caldron of his brain." Father Prout survived many of the brilliant band who had been associated with him in the first days of *Fraser's*, and died peacefully at his residence in the Rue des Moulins, Paris, May 18, 1866. 'The Reliques of Father Prout,' which originally appeared in two volumes, 1836, illustrated by Maclise, were reissued in *Bohn's Illustrated Library*.

His inimitable genius and wit stand together in a class entirely by itself. He had the *verve*, the sparkle, and the *abandon* of the French, and the humor and love of teasing which are so characteristically Irish. A profound scholar, widely read in classic lore, a remarkable linguist, he scattered the pearls of his learning and genius with a reckless pen. Furthermore, he was, as has been finely said, "a loving friend, a faithful, steadfast Irishman, and a Christian gentleman."

In the 'Reliques of Father Prout' there is a picture by Maclise, the famous Irish painter, of the group of "Fraserians," as the early contributors to *Fraser's* were called, and as one looks at the circle beginning with Maginn, and continued by Barry Cornwall, Southey, Thackeray, Churchill, Murphy, Ainsworth, Coleridge, Hogg, Fraser, Crofton Croker, Lockhart, Theodore Hook, D'Orsay, and Carlyle, to Mahony and our own Washington Irving, one cannot help feeling that there were indeed "giants in those days."

'The Last Reliques of Father Prout,' by Blanchard Jerrold, appeared in 1876.

THE ROGUERIES OF TOM MOORE.

From 'The Reliques of Father Prout.'

The Blarney stone in my neighborhood has attracted hither many an illustrious visitor; but none has been so assiduous a pilgrim in my time as Tom Moore. While he was engaged in his best and most unexceptionable work on the melodious ballads of his country, he came regularly every summer, and did me the honor to share my humble roof repeatedly. He knows well how often he plagued me to supply him with original songs which I had picked up in France among the merry troubadours and carol-loving inhabitants of that once happy land, and to what extent he has transferred these foreign inventions into the 'Irish Melodies.' Like the robber Cacus, he generally dragged the plundered cattle by the tail, so as that, moving backwards in his cavern of stolen goods, the foot tracks might

not lead to detection. Some songs he would turn upside down, by a figure in rhetoric called ὕστερον πρότερον; others he would disguise in various shapes; but he would still worry me to supply him with the productions of the Gallic muse; "for, d' ye see, old Prout," the rogue would say,

> "The best of all ways
> To lengthen our lays,
> Is to steal a few thoughts from the French, 'my dear.'"

Now I would have let him enjoy unmolested the renown which these 'Melodies' have obtained for him, but his last treachery to my round-tower friend [O'Brien] has raised my bile, and I shall give evidence of the unsuspected robberies.

> "Abstractæque boves abjuratæque rapinæ
> Cœlo ostendentur."

It would be easy to point out detached fragments and stray metaphors, which he has scattered here and there in such gay confusion that every page has within its limits a mass of felony and plagiarism sufficient to hang him. For instance, I need only advert to his 'Bard's Legacy.' Even on his dying bed this "dying bard" cannot help indulging his evil pranks; for, in bequeathing his "heart" to his "mistress dear," and recommending her to "borrow" balmy drops of port wine to bathe the relic, he is all the while robbing old Clement Marot, who thus disposes of his remains:—

> "Quand je suis mort, je veux qu'on m'entèrre
> Dans la cave où est le vin;
> Le corps sous un tonneau de Madére,
> Et la bouche sous le robin."

But I won't strain at a gnat when I can capture a camel—a huge dromedary laden with pilfered soil; for would you believe it if you had never learned it from Prout, the very opening and foremost song of the collection,

> "Go where glory waits thee,"

is but a literal and servile translation of an old French ditty, which is among my papers, and which I believe to have been composed by that beautiful and interesting "ladye," Françoise de Foix, Comtesse de Châteaubriand,

born in 1491, and the favorite of Francis I., who soon abandoned her; indeed, the lines appear to anticipate his infidelity. They were written before the battle of Pavia.

CHANSON

De la Comtesse de Châteaubriand à François I.

Va où la gloire t'invite
Et quand d'orgueil palpite
Ce Cœur, qu'il pense à moi!
Quand l'éloge enflamme
Toute l'ardeur de ton âme,
Pense encore à moi!
Autres charmes peut-être
Tu voudras connaître,
Autre amour en maître
Regnera sur toi;
Mais quand ta lèvre presse
Celle qui te caresse,
Méchant, pense à moi!

Quand au soir tu erres
Sous l'astre des bergères,
Pense aux doux instans
Lorsque cette étoile,
Qu'un beau ciel dévoile,
Guida deux amans!
Quand la fleur, symbole
D'été qui s'envole,
Penche sa tête molle,
S'exhalant à l'air,
Pense á la guirlande,
De ta mie l'offrande—
Don qui fut si cher!
Quand la feuille d'automme
Sous tes pas resonne,
Pense alors à moi!

Quand de la famille
L'antique foyer brille,
Pense encore à moi!
Et si de la chanteuse
La voix melodieuse
Berce ton âme heureuse
Et ravit tes sens,
Pense à l'air que chante
Pour toi ton amante—
Tant aimés accens!

TOM MOORE.

Translation of this song in the 'Irish Melodies.'

Go where glory waits thee;
But while fame elates thee,
Oh, still remember me!
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh, then remember me!
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee—
All the joys that bless thee
Dearer far may be;
But when friends are dearest,
And when joys are nearest,
Oh, then remember me!

When at eve thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh, then remember me!
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning—
Oh, then remember me!
Oft as summer closes,
When thy eye reposes
On its lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them—
Her who made thee love them—
Oh, then remember me!
When around thee, dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh, then remember me!

And at night when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh, still remember me!
Then, should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee—
Oh, then remember me!

Any one who has the slightest tincture of French literature must recognize the simple and unsophisticated style of a genuine love song in the above, the language being that of the century in which Clement Marot and Maître

Adam wrote their incomparable ballads, and containing a kindly mixture of gentleness and sentimental delicacy, which no one but a "ladye" and a loving heart could infuse into the composition. Moore has not been infelicitous in rendering the charms of the wondrous original into English lines adapted to the measure and tune of the French. The air is plaintive and exquisitely beautiful; but I recommend it to be tried first on the French words, as it was sung by the charming lips of the Countess of Châteaubriand to the enraptured ear of the gallant Francis I. . . .

Everything was equally acceptable in the way of a song to Tommy; and provided I brought grist to his mill he did not care where the produce came from—even the wild oats and the thistles of native growth on Watergrasshill—all was good provender for his Pegasus. There was an old Latin song of my own, which I made when a boy, smitten with the charms of an Irish milkmaid, who crossed by the hedge school occasionally, and who used to distract my attention from 'Corderius' and 'Erasmi Colloquia.' I have often laughed at my juvenile gallantry when my eye has met the copy of verses in overhauling my papers. Tommy saw it, grasped it with avidity; and I find he has given it, word for word, in an English shape, in his 'Irish Melodies.' Let the intelligent reader judge if he has done common justice to my young muse.

IN PULCHRAM LACTIFERAM.

Carmen, Auctore Prout.

Lesbia semper hinc et inde
Oculorum tela movit;

Captat omnes, sed deinde
Quis ametur nemo novit.

Palpebrarum, Nora cara,
Lux tuarum non est foris,

Flamma micat ibi rara,
Sed sinceri lux amoris.

Nora Creina sit regina,
Vultu, gressu tam modesto!

Hæc, puellas inter bellas,
Jure omnium dux esto!

TO A BEAUTIFUL MILKMAID.

A Melody by Thomas Moore.

Lesbia hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at, no one dreameth.
Sweeter 't is to gaze upon
My Nora's lid, that seldom rises;
Few its looks, but every one
Like unexpected light surprises.
O my Nora Creina, dear,
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,
Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But Love in yours, my Nora Creina!

Lesbia vestes auro graves
Fert, et gemmis, juxta normam;

Gratiæ sed, eheu! suaves
Cinctam reliquere formam.

Noræ tunicam præferres,
Flante zephyro volantem;

Oculis et raptis erres
Contemplando ambulantem!

Vesta Nora tam decora
Semper indui momento,

Semper puræ sic naturæ
Ibis tecta vestimento.

Lesbia mentis præfert lumen
Quod coruscat perlibenter;

Sed quis optet hoc acumen,
Quondo acupuncta dentur?

Noræ sinu cum recliner,
Dormio luxuriose

Nil corrugat hoc pulvinar,
Nisi crispæ ruga rosæ.

Nora blanda, lux amanda,
Expers usque tenebrarum,

Tu cor mulces per tot dulces
Dotes, fons illecebrarum!

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
But all so tight the nymph hath laced it,
Not a charm of beauty's mold
Presumes to stay where nature placed it.
O, my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.
Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,
My simple, graceful Nora Creina!
Nature's dress
Is loveliness—
The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina!

Lesbia hath a wit refined;
But when its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell if they 're designed
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
Pillowed on my Nora's heart,
In safer slumber Love reposes—
Bed of peace! whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses.
O, my Nora Creina, dear,
My mild my artless Nora Creina!
Wit, though bright,
Hath no such light
As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina!

It will be seen by these specimens that Tom Moore can eke out a tolerably fair translation of any given ballad; and, indeed, to translate properly, retaining all the fire and spirit of the original, is a merit not to be sneezed at—it is the next best thing to having a genius of one's own; for he who can execute a clever forgery, and make it pass current, is almost as well off as the capitalist who can draw a substantial check on the bank of sterling genius; so, to give the devil his due, I must acknowledge that in terseness, point, pathos, and elegance, Moore's translations of these French and Latin trifles are very near as good as the primary compositions themselves.[1] He has not been half

[1] The French and Latin "trifles" are of course Prout's own "forgeries" for the occasion.

so lucky in hitting off Anacreon; but he was a young man then, and a "wild fellow," since which time it is thought that he has got to that climacteric in life to which few poets attain, *viz.*, the years of discretion. A predatory sort of life, the career of a literary freebooter, has had great charms for him from his cradle; and I am afraid he will pursue it on to final impenitence. He seems to care little about the stern reception he will one day receive from that inflexible judge, Rhadamanthus, who will make him confess all his rogueries,—"*Castigatque dolos, subigitque fateri,*"—our bard being of that epicurean and careless turn of mind so strikingly expressed in these lines of 'Lalla Rookh'—

> "Oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
> It is this! it is this!"

Which verses, by the by, are alone enough to convict him of downright plagiarism and robbery; for they are (as Tommy knows right well) to be seen written in large letters in the Mogul language over the audience chamber of the king of Delhi; in fact, to examine and overhaul his 'Lalla Rookh' would be a most diverting task, which I may one day undertake. He will be found to have been a chartered pirate in the Persian Gulf, as he was a highwayman in Europe—"*spoliis Orientis onustum.*" . . .

A simple hint was sometimes enough to set his Muse at work; and he not only was, to my knowledge, an adept in translating accurately, but he could also string together any number of lines in any given measure, in imitation of a song or ode which casually came in his way. This is not such arrant robbery as what I have previously stigmatized; but it is a sort of quasi-pilfering, a kind of petty larceny, not to be encouraged. There is, for instance, his 'National Melody,' or jingle, called in the early edition of his poems 'Those Evening Bells, a Petersburg Air,' of which I could unfold the natural history. It is this: In one of his frequent visits to Watergrasshill, Tommy and I spent the evening in talking of our continental travels, and more particularly of Paris and its mirabilia; of which he seemed quite enamored. The view from the tower of the central church, Notre Dame, greatly struck his fancy; and I drew the conversation to the subject of the simultaneous ringing of all the bells in all the steeples of that vast metropolis on

some feast day, or public rejoicing. The effect, he agreed with me, is most enchanting, and the harmony most surprising. At that time Victor Hugo had not written his glorious romance, the 'Hunchback Quasimodo;' and, consequently, I could not have read his beautiful description: "In an ordinary way, the noise issuing from Paris in the daytime is the talking of the city; at night, it is the breathing of the city; in this case, it is the singing of the city. Lend your ear to this opera of steeples. Diffuse over the whole the buzzing of half a million of human beings, the eternal murmur of the river, the infinite piping of the wind, the grave and distant quartet of the four forests, placed like immense organs on the four hills of the horizon; soften down as with a demitint all that is too shrill and too harsh in the central mass of sound,—and say if you know anything in the world more rich, more gladdening, more dazzling, than that tumult of bells—than that furnace of music—than those ten thousand brazen tones, breathed all at once from flutes of stone three hundred feet high—than that city which is but one orchestra—than that symphony rushing and roaring like a tempest." All these matters, we agreed, were very fine; but there is nothing, after all, like the associations which early infancy attaches to the well-known and long-remembered chimes of our own parish steeple; and no magic can equal the effect on our ear when returning after long absence in foreign, and perhaps happier countries. As we perfectly coincided in the truth of this observation, I added, that long ago, while at Rome, I had thrown my ideas into the shape of a song, which I would sing him to the tune of the 'Groves.'

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

Sabbata Pango,
Funera Plango,
Solemnia Clango.
—*Inscription on an old bell.*

With deep affection
And recollection
I often think on
Those Shandon bells,

Whose sounds so wild would,
In days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.
On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee.

I 've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine;
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate,
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine;
For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry, knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee.

I 've heard the bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious,
Singing uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame;
But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly.
Oh! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee.

There 's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk, O!
In Saint Sophia
  The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit
  Of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there 's an anthem
  More dear to me,—
'T is the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the River Lee.

Shortly afterwards Moore published his 'Evening Bells, a Petersburg Air.' But any one can see that he only rings a few changes on my Roman ballad, cunningly shifting the scene as far north as he could, to avoid detection. He deserves richly to be sent on a hurdle to Siberia.

EDMUND MALONE.

(1741—1812.)

EDMUND MALONE was born in Dublin in the year 1741. His father was a judge in the Irish Court of Common Pleas. After graduating at Trinity College, Dublin, he entered the Inner Temple, London, in 1763, and was called to the Irish bar. He traveled the Munster circuit and was acquiring reputation and a good practice, when a fortune was left him sufficient to make him independent. He at once deserted the law for literature, removed to London in 1777, and thenceforward devoted himself to a life of literary criticism and research. In London he soon became acquainted with Johnson, Goldsmith, Edmund Burke, Bishop Percy, and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

In 1778 Malone published two supplementary volumes to Johnston and Steevens' editions of Shakespeare, containing the poems and some doubtful plays. In 1790 he published a new edition of Shakespeare in ten volumes, which was undoubtedly the best that had appeared up to that time. He also rendered valuable aid in detecting the Shakespearean forgeries put forward by Mr. W. H. Ireland. He wrote many valuable articles on the old dramatic literature and collateral subjects. Besides these minor labors of his pen, he produced in 1790 'An Historical Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Stage'; in 1797 'The Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with a Memoir'; in 1800 an edition of 'Dryden's Prose Works,' never before collected, and in 1808 'The Works of William Gerard Hamilton, with a Sketch of his Life.' In later life he was engaged in the correction and improvement of his edition of Shakespeare, and was on the point of issuing a revised edition when his death took place May 25, 1812. He desired that his valuable library should go to Trinity College, Dublin, where he had received his education, but his brother, Lord Sunderlin, in the belief that it would be more useful there, presented it to the Bodleian at Oxford.

Modern scholarship has in its treatment of Shakespeare's text gone far beyond Malone, but he did much good and useful work which has been of service to later commentators; and his other antiquarian work, where the opportunities for error and misconception were fewer, is industrious and careful, of considerable value to scholars, and of interest to the general public of to-day.

THE EARLY STAGE.

From 'An Historical Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Stage.'

So early as the year 1378 the singing boys of St. Paul's represented to the king that they had been at a considerable expense in preparing a stage representation at Christ-

mas. These, however, cannot properly be called comedians, nor am I able to point out the time when the profession of a player became common and established. It has been supposed that the license granted by Queen Elizabeth to James Burbage and others in 1574 was the first regular license ever granted to comedians in England; but this is a mistake, for Heywood informs us that similar licenses had been granted by her father King Henry the Eighth, King Edward the Sixth, and Queen Mary. Stowe records that "when King Edward the Fourth would show himself in state to the view of the people, he repaired to his palace at St. John's, where he was accustomed to see the city actors." In two books in the remembrancer's office in the exchequer, containing an account of the daily expenses of King Henry the Seventh, are the following articles, from which it appears that at that time players, both French and English, made a part of the appendages of the court, and were supported by regal establishment. . . .

"Item to the French players in reward, 20s. Item to the tumblers upon the ropes, 20*s*. For healing a sick maid, 6*s*. 8*d*. (probably the piece of gold given by the king in touching for the evil). Item to my lord prince's organ-player for a quarter wages, 10*s*. Item to the players of London in reward, 10*s*. Item to Master Barnard, the blind poet, 100 shillings." The foregoing extracts are from a book of which almost every page is signed by the king's own hand, in the thirteenth year of his reign. The following are taken from a book containing an account of expenses in the ninth year of his reign: "Item to Cart for writing of a book, 6*s*. 8*d*. Item paid for two plays in the hall, 26*s*. 8*d*. Item to the king's players for a reward, 100 shillings. Item to the king to play at cards, 100 shillings. Lost to my Lord Morging at buttes, 6*s*. 8*d*. To Harry Pyning, the king's godson, in reward, 20*s*. Item to the players that begged by the way, 6*s*. 8*d*."

Some of these articles I have preserved as curious, though they do not relate to the subject immediately before us. This account ascertains that there was then not only a regular troop of players in London, but also a royal company. The intimate knowledge of the French language and manners which Henry must have acquired during his long sojourn in foreign courts (from 1471 to 1485) ac-

counts for the article relative to the company of French players.

In a manuscript in the Cottonian Library in the Museum a narrative is given of the shows and ceremonies exhibited at Christmas in the fifth year of this king's reign. "On Candle mass day the king and queen, my lady the king's mother, with the substance of all the lords temporal present at the parliament, &c., went in procession from the chapel into the hall. The king was that day in a rich gown of purple, purled with gold, furred with sables. At night the king, the queen, and my lady the king's mother, came into the white hall and there had a play." . . .

It has already been mentioned that originally plays were performed in churches. Though Bonner, bishop of London, issued a proclamation to the clergy of his diocese in 1542, prohibiting "all manner of common plays, games, or interludes, to be played, set forth, or declared within their churches, chapels, &c.," the practice seems to have been continued occasionally during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, for the author of 'The Third Blast of Retreat from Plays and Players' complains in 1580 that "the players are permitted to publish their mammetrie in every temple of God, and that throughout England." And this abuse is taken notice of in one of the canons of King James the First, given soon after his accession in the year 1603.

Early, however, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, the established players of London began to act in temporary theaters constructed in the yards of inns, and about the year 1570, I imagine, one or two regular play-houses were erected. Both the theater in Blackfriars and that in Whitefriars were certainly built before 1580, for we learn from a puritanical pamphlet published in the last century that soon after that year "many goodly citizens and well-disposed gentlemen of London, considering that play-houses and dicing-houses were traps for young gentlemen and others, and perceiving that many inconveniences and great damage would ensue upon the long-suffering of the same, acquainted some pious magistrates therewith, who thereupon made humble suit to Queen Elizabeth and her privy-council, and obtained leave from her majesty to thrust the players out of the city, and to pull down all play-houses and dicing-houses within their liberties; which ac-

cordingly was effected, and the play-houses in Gracious street, Bishopsgate Street, that nigh Paul's, that on Ludgate Hill, and the Whitefriars were quite pulled down and suppressed by the care of these religious senators."

The theater in Blackfriars, not being within the liberties of the city of London, escaped the fury of these fanatics. Elizabeth, however, though she yielded in this instance to the frenzy of the time, was during the whole course of her reign a favorer of the stage, and a frequent attendant upon plays. So early as in the year 1569, as we learn from another puritanical writer, the children of her chapel (who are described as "her majesty's unfledged minions"), "flaunted it in their silks and satins," and acted plays on profane subjects in the chapel royal. In 1574 she granted a license to James Burbage, probably the father of the celebrated tragedian, and four others, servants to the Earl of Leicester, to exhibit all kinds of stage plays, during pleasure, in any part of England, "as well for the recreation of her loving subjects, as for her own solace and pleasure when she should think good to see them;" and in the year 1583, soon after a furious attack had been made on the stage by the Puritans, twelve of the principal comedians of the time, at the earnest request of Sir Francis Walsingham, were selected from the companies then subsisting under the license and protection of various noblemen, and were sworn her majesty's servants. Eight of them had an annual stipend of £3 6*s.* 8*d.* each. At that time there were eight companies of comedians, each of which performed twice or thrice a week. "For," says an old sermon, "reckoning with the least the gain that is reaped of eight ordinary places in the city (which I know) by playing but once a week, whereas many times they play twice and even thrice, it amounteth to two thousand pounds by the year."

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

(1803—1849.)

JAMES MANGAN (he assumed the name of Clarence) was born in Dublin in 1803, and received his education at a humble school in Derby Square, near to his father's grocer shop and to Dean Swift's birthplace. When fifteen years old he was placed in a scrivener's office, where as a copyist he labored for seven years at a small weekly salary. He left this employment for an attorney's office, where he spent two years; in all, nine years of misery. His fellow-clerks, with whom he had no thought in common, laughed at what they could not understand; and he early realized the truth of the words, "A man's foes are those of his own household," in a home where he was constantly reminded of his poverty and the necessity of unceasing toil for his own and the household's support.

The family at this time consisted of a mother, sister, and brother. The constant reproaches of these relatives, and their want of affection or even common gratitude, at length did their fell work upon the sensitive nature of the unhappy poet. We may well ask with his biographer: "Is it wonderful that he sought at times to escape from consciousness by taking for bread opium, and for water brandy?" To add to his misfortune, also, it seems that the poet had fixed his affections upon an unworthy object, a certain "Frances," the fairest of three sisters, who, after encouraging his passion for a time and amusing herself with his fervor, cruelly jilted him.

His contributions to the Dublin periodicals of short poems from the Irish and German began to attract attention about 1830, and through the interest of Doctors Anster, Petrie, and Todd he got employment in preparing a new catalogue for Trinity College Library. His appearance at this time is thus described by John Mitchel: "It was an unearthly and ghostly figure in a brown garment, the same garment (to all appearance) which lasted till the day of his death. The blanched hair was totally unkempt; the corpse-like features still as marble; a large book was in his arms, and all his soul was in the book. I had never heard of Clarence Mangan before, and knew not for what he was celebrated, whether as a magician, a poet, or a murderer."

Three years later he was employed in conjunction with O'Donovan, Eugene O'Curry, and others, on the staff of the topographical department of the Ordnance Survey, under the direction of Dr. Petrie. In this congenial work he continued for some years, at the same time contributing poems to the magazines. In 1840, when Dr. Petrie edited *The Irish Penny Journal*, he was one of its principal contributors. He wrote much, but many of his poems are either now altogether lost or exist without his name; even Mr. Mitchel, who has made a large collection of them, states that he believes the work does not contain more than two-thirds of the poet's productions. As to his translations, those from the Irish were supplied to



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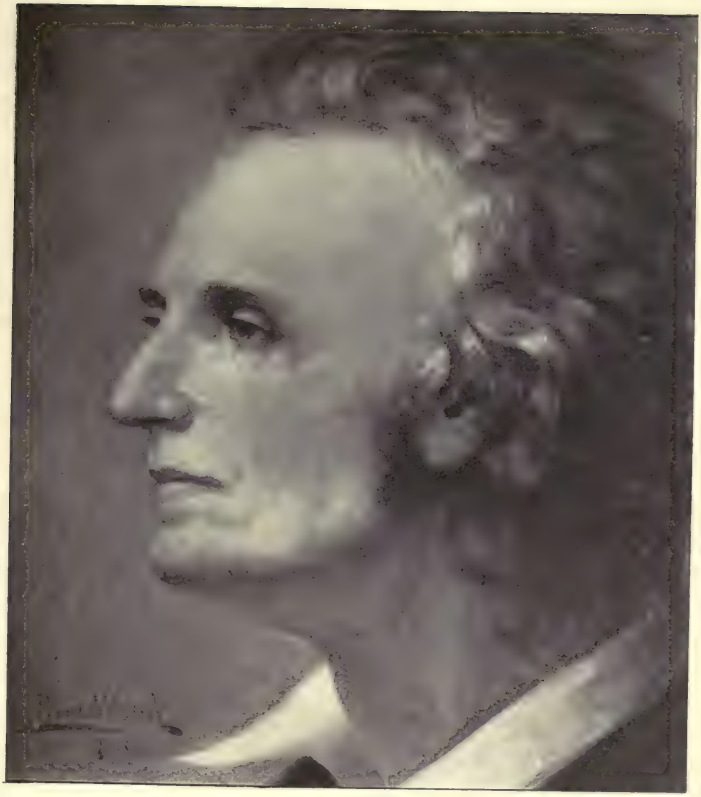
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JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

From the portrait by Sir Frederick Barton

After the sketch by Miss Dora Sigerson (now Mrs. Clement Shorter).

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him in literal prose by his friends O'Donovan, O'Daly, and others; yet the spirit of the original was so happily caught, as in the poems 'Dark Rosaleen' and 'The Woman of Three Cows,' that many of his readers have concluded that he had a sufficient knowledge of the language to translate it for himself. His poems from the German were chiefly and avowedly translations.

Some have supposed that his translations from the Oriental are original poems, but there is no definite proof. His own admission that "Hafiz is more acceptable to editors than Mangan," is the only evidence adduced in proof of their originality. Certain it is that they show as intimate a knowledge of the idioms of Eastern poetry as does Moore's 'Lalla Rookh.' In 1842 he began to contribute to *The Nation* and some of his best productions appeared in its columns during a period of five years. When Mr. Mitchel started *The United Irishman*, Mangan, although taking no active part in politics, sympathized so deeply in his friend's sentiments that he wrote for it almost entirely.

In spite of his own efforts and those of his friends, he found himself drifting toward what he himself calls "the gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns," and like Poe and Chatterton he flew for comfort to the twin fiends which were sapping his life. "Sometimes," says his biographer, "he could not be found for weeks; and then he would reappear, like a ghost or a ghoul, with a wildness in his blue glittering eye, as of one who has seen specters." Through all his degradation and misfortune his tried friends never deserted him, and had he only permitted Father Meehan, Petrie, Anster, and others to assist him in the right way, his fate might have been a happier one. But he would brook neither advice nor remonstrance, and held to his own course, although no one could bewail his conduct more than himself, the constant cry of his spirit being, "Miserable man that I am, who will deliver me from the wrath to come!" His 'German Anthology' was published in 1845. It comprises his translations from the German, many of which are remarkable for sweetness and beauty of finish. Early in June, 1849, he was seized with cholera, and on the 20th of that month he died. Let us hope that the wish he expresses in his poem 'The Nameless One,' for "a grave in the bosoms of the pitying," may be accorded to the gifted but ill-fated poet.

"He has not, and perhaps never had," says Charles Gavan Duffy, "any rival in mastery of the metrical and rhythmical resources of the English tongue; his power over it is something wholly wonderful."

"Few poets," says Mr. Lionel Johnson in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry,' "more imperatively demand to have their lives considered in any estimate of their poems. Over Mangan's life is writ large the inscription of hopelessness and incapacity to be strong; he let go the helm, to drift through life and through the worlds of poetry, metaphysics, curious lore of many kinds, finding anchorage in any harbor. He squandered his power and mastery over verse upon matter mediocre or worse; and even that in a desultory, capricious fashion, as the humor of the hour took him. An alien in the world, he had desires, but no ambitions; he cared nothing for literary

fame, and everything for some indefinable ideal with which his daily life was in fearful contrast. Before his later years he knew no positive definite suffering but such as a firm will could have overcome; but, without incurring Dante's curse upon those who 'willfully live in sadness,' he would seem from the first to have persuaded himself that the valley of the shadow was to be his way through life."

"His work, at its worst," says Miss Imogen Guiney in her study of Mangan, "has the faults inseparable from the conditions under which it was wrought: it is stumbling, pert, diffuse, distraught. What Mr. Gosse has named the 'overflow,' the flux of a line ending into the next line's beginning, so that it becomes difficult to read both aloud, and preserve the stress and rhyme,—this bad habit of good poets completely ruins several of Mangan's longer pieces. He had in full that racial luxuriance and fluency, which, wonderful to see in their happier action, tend always to carry a writer off his feet, and wash him into the deep sea of slovenliness. Mangan's scholarship, painfully, intermittently acquired, never distilled itself into him, to react imperiously on all he wrote, smoothing the rough and welding the disjointed. Again, his mental strength, crowded back from the highways of literature, wreaked itself in feats not the worthiest: in the taming of unheard-of meters, in illegal decoration of other men's fabrics, in orthoepic and homonymic freaks of all kinds, not to be matched since the Middle Ages. . . .

"His Eastern fictions, like most of his Western ones, deal usually with a mood of reminiscence and regret, and they have the arch and poignant pathos in which English song is not rich. The mournful echo of days gone by, the light tingeing a present cloud from the absent sun, are everywhere in Mangan's world. He looks back forever, not with moping, but with a certain shrewd sense of triumph and heartiness. . . . Out of his imagination his 'rich Bagdad' never existed; though it be cherished there as only the solitary and disregarded intelligence can cherish its ideal, he is lord of it yet, and can bid it vanish, at one imperious gesture of relinquishment. Down tumbles Bagdad! The crash thereof is in the public ears; and who will refuse to believe that there was a Clarence Mangan who knew something of the blessed Orient, something, too, of felicity, even though it passed?"

The one collection of his poems published during his life is the 'Anthologia Germanica.' After his death there appeared 'Poets and Poetry of Munster,' edited by John O'Daly; 'Poems,' edited by John Mitchel; 'Essays on Prose and Verse,' edited by the Rev. C. P. Meehan; 'Selections,' edited by Miss Imogen Guiney, with a study; and a 'Life and Writings,' by D. J. O'Donoghue.

LAMENT

FOR THE TYRONIAN AND TYRCONNELLIAN PRINCES BURIED AT ROME.

From the Irish of Owen Ward.

["As the circumstances connected with the flight of the northern earls, which led to the subsequent confiscation of the six Ulster counties by James I., may not be immediately in the recollection of

many of our readers, it may be proper briefly to state that it was caused by the discovery of a letter directed to Sir William Ussher, Clerk of the Council, dropped in the Council chamber on the 7th of May, and which accused the northern chieftains generally of a conspiracy to overthrow the government. The charge is now totally disbelieved. As an illustration of the poem, and as an interesting piece of hitherto unpublished literature, we extract the account of the flight as recorded in the 'Annals of the Four Masters,' and translated by Mr. O'Donovan :—

"'Maguire (Cuconnaught) and Donogh, son of Mahon, who was son of the Bishop O'Brien, sailed in a ship to Ireland, and put in at the harbor of Swilly. They then took with them from Ireland the Earl O'Neill (Hugh, son of Fedoragh) and the Earl O'Donnell (Rory, son of Hugh, who was son of Magnus), and many others of the nobles of the province of Ulster. These are the persons who went with O'Neill—namely, his countess, Catherina, daughter of Magennis, and her three sons, Hugh the baron, John, and Brian ; Art Oge, son of Cormac, who was son of the baron ; Fedoragh, son of Con, who was son of O'Neill ; Hugh Oge, son of Brian, who was son of Art O'Neill ; and many others of his most intimate friends. These were they who went with the Earl O'Donnell—namely, Caffer his brother, with his sister Nuala ; Hugh, the earl's child, wanting three weeks of being one year old ; Rose, daughter of O'Dogherty and wife of Caffer, with her son Hugh, aged two years and three months ; his (Rory's) brother's son, Donnell Oge, son of Donnell ; Naghtan, son of Calvach, who was son of Donogh Cairbreach O'Donnell, and many others of his intimate friends. They embarked on the festival of the Holy Cross, in autumn. This was a distinguished company ; and it is certain that the sea has not borne and the wind has not wafted in modern times a number of persons in one ship more eminent, illustrious, or noble, in point of genealogy, heroic deeds, valor, feats of arms, and brave achievements, than they. Would that God had but permitted them to remain in their patrimonial inheritances until the children should arrive at the age of manhood ! Woe to the heart that meditated, woe to the mind that conceived, woe to the council that recommended the project of this expedition, without knowing whether they should, to the end of their lives, be able to return to their native principalities or patrimonies.'"]

O, Woman of the Piercing Wail,
Who mournest o'er yon mound of clay
With sigh and groan,
Would God thou wert among the Gael!
Thou would'st not then from day to day
Weep thus alone.
'T were long before, around a grave
In green Tirconnell, one could find
This loneliness;
Near where Beann-Boirche's banners wave
Such grief as thine could ne'er have pined
Compassionless.

Beside the wave, in Donegall,
In Antrim's glens, or fair Dromore,
Or Killilee,
Or where the sunny waters fall,
At Assaroe, near Erna's shore,
This could not be.
On Derry's plains—in rich Drumclieff—
Throughout Armagh the Great, renowned
In olden years,
No day could pass but woman's grief
Would rain upon the burial-ground
Fresh floods of tears!

O, no!—from Shannon, Boyne, and Suir,
From high Dunluce's castle-walls,
From Lissadill,
Would flock alike both rich and poor;
One wail would rise from Cruachan's halls
To Tara's hill;
And some would come from Barrow-side,
And many a maid would leave her home,
On Leitrim's plains,
And by melodious Banna's tide,
And by the Mourne and Erne, to come
And swell thy strains!

O, horses' hoofs would trample down
The Mount where on the martyr-saint[1]
Was crucified.
From glen and hill, from plain and town,
One loud lament, one thrilling plaint,
Would echo wide.
There would not soon be found, I ween,
One foot of ground among those bands
For museful thought,
So many shriekers of the *keen*
Would cry aloud and clap their hands,
All woe-distraught!

Two princes of the line of Conn
Sleep in their cells of clay beside
O'Donnell Roe:

[1] Saint Peter. This passage is not exactly a blunder, though at first it may seem one: the poet supposes the grave itself transferred to Ireland, and he naturally includes in the transference the whole of the immediate locality around the grave.—J. C. M.

Three royal youths, alas! are gone,
  Who lived for Erin's weal, but died
    For Erin's woe!
Ah! could the men of Ireland read
  The names those noteless burial-stones
    Display to view,
Their wounded hearts afresh would bleed,
  Their tears gush forth again, their groans
    Resound anew!

The youths whose relics molder here
  Were sprung from Hugh, high Prince and Lord
    Of Aileach's lands;
Thy noble brothers, justly dear,
  Thy nephew, long to be deplored
    By Ulster's bands.
Theirs were not souls wherein dull Time
  Could domicile decay or house
    Decrepitude!
They passed from earth ere manhood's prime,
  Ere years had power to dim their brows
    Or chill their blood.

And who can marvel o'er thy grief,
  Or who can blame thy flowing tears,
    That knows their source?
O'Donnell, Dunnasava's chief,
  Cut off amid his vernal years,
    Lies here a corse
Beside his brother Cathbar, whom
  Tirconnell of the Helmets mourns
    In deep despair—
For valor, truth, and comely bloom,
  For all that greatens and adorns
    A peerless pair.

O, had these twain, and he, the third,
  The Lord of Mourne, O'Niall's son,
    Their mate in death—
A prince in look, in deed, and word—
  Had these three heroes yielded on
    The field their breath,
O, had they fallen on Criffan's plain,
  There would not be a town or clan
    From shore to sea,
But would with shrieks bewail the slain,
  Or chant aloud the exulting *rann*
    Of jubilee!

When high the shout of battle rose,
On fields where Freedom's torch still burned
Through Erin's gloom,
If one, if barely one of those
Were slain, all Ulster would have mourned
The hero's doom!
If at Athboy, where hosts of brave
Ulidian horsemen sank beneath
The shock of spears,
Young Hugh O'Neill had found a grave,
Long must the North have wept his death
With heart-rung tears!

If on the day of Ballach-myre
The Lord of Mourne had met thus young
A warrior's fate,
In vain would such as thou desire
To mourn, alone, the champion sprung
From Niall the great!
No marvel this—for all the dead,
Heaped on the field, pile over pile,
At Mullach-brack,
Were scarce an *eric*[1] for his head,
If death had stayed his footsteps while
On victory's track!

If on the Day of Hostages
A marshaled file, a long array
Been rudely torn
In sight of Munster's bands—Mac-Nee's,
Such blow the blood of Conn, I trow,
Could ill have borne.
If on the day of Ballach-boy
Some arm had laid, by foul surprise,
The chieftain low,
Even our victorious shout of joy
Would soon give place to rueful cries
And groans of woe!

If on the day the Saxon host
Were forced to fly—a day so great
For Ashanee—
The chief had been untimely lost,
Our conquering troops should moderate
Their mirthful glee.

[1] *Eric*, a compensation or fine.

There would not lack on Lifford's day,
From Galway, from the glens of Boyle,
From Limerick's towers,
A marshaled file, a long array
Of mourners, to bedew the soil
With tears in showers!

If on the day a sterner fate
Compelled his flight from Athenree,
His blood had flowed,
What numbers all disconsolate,
Would come unasked, and share with thee
Affliction's load!
If Derry's crimson field had seen
His life-blood offered up, though 't were
On Victory's shrine,
A thousand cries would swell the *keen,*
A thousand voices of despair
Would echo thine!

O, had the fierce Dalcassian swarm
That bloody night on Fergus' banks
But slain our chief,
When rose his camp in wild alarm—
How would the triumph of his ranks
Be dashed with grief!
How would the troops of Murbach mourn
If on the Curlew Mountains' day,
Which England rued,
Some Saxon hand had left them lorn,
By shedding there, amid the fray,
Their prince's blood!

Red would have been our warriors' eyes
Had Roderick found on Sligo's field
A gory grave,
No northern chief would soon arise
So sage to guide, so strong to shield,
So swift to save.
Long would Leith-Cuinn have wept if Hugh
Had met the death he oft had dealt
Among the foe;
But, had our Roderick fallen too,
All Erin must alas have felt
The deadly blow!

What do I say? Ah, woe is me!
Already we bewail in vain
Their fatal fall!
And Erin, once the great and free,
Now vainly mourns her breakless chain
And iron thrall!
Then, daughter of O'Donnell! dry
Thine overflowing eyes, and turn
Thy heart aside;
For Adam's race is born to die,
And sternly the sepulchral urn
Mocks human pride!

Look not, nor sigh, for earthly throne,
Nor place thy trust in arm of clay—
But on thy knees
Uplift thy soul to God alone,
For all things go their destined way
As he decrees.
Embrace the faithful crucifix,
And seek the path of pain and prayer
Thy Saviour trod!
Nor let thy spirit intermix
With earthly hope and worldly care
Its groans to God!

And thou, O mighty Lord! whose ways
Are far above our feeble minds
To understand,
Sustain us in these doleful days,
And render light the chain that binds
Our fallen land!
Look down upon our dreary state,
And through the ages that may still
Roll sadly on,
Watch thou o'er hapless Erin's fate,
And shield at least from darker ill
The blood of Conn!

GONE IN THE WIND.[1]

I.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
Like the swift shadows of Noon, like the dreams of the blind,
Vanish the glories and pomps of the earth in the wind.

II.

Man! canst thou build upon aught in the pride of thy mind?
Wisdom will teach thee that nothing can tarry behind;
Though there be thousand bright actions embalmed and enshrined,
Myriads and millions of brighter are snow in the wind.

III.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
All that the genius of man hath achieved or designed
Waits but its hour to be dealt with as dust by the wind.

IV.

Say, what is Pleasure! A phantom, a mask undefined.
Science? An almond, whereof we can pierce but the rind.
Honor and Affluence? Firmans that Fortune hath signed,
Only to glitter and pass on the wings of the wind.

V.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
Who is the Fortunate? He who in anguish hath pined!
He shall rejoice when his relics are dust in the wind!

VI.

Mortal! be careful with what thy best hopes are entwined;
Woe to the miners for Truth—where the Lampless have mined!
Woe to the seekers on earth for—what none ever find!
They and their trust shall be scattered like leaves on the wind.

[1] Mangan describes this as a translation from the German of Rückert. It has, however, no German original—the phrase "gone in the wind" being practically all that it possesses in common with a certain poem of Rückert's, and there the phrase is used differently.

VII.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
Happy in death are they only whose hearts have consigned
All Earth's affections and longings and cares to the wind.

VIII.

Pity, thou, reader! the madness of poor humankind,
Raving of knowledge—and Satan so busy to blind!
Raving of glory,—like me,—for the garlands I bind
(Garlands of Song) are but gathered, and strewn in the wind.

IX.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
I, Abul-Namez, must rest; for my fire hath declined,
And I hear voices from Hades like bells on the wind.

ST. PATRICK'S HYMN BEFORE TARAH.[1]

At Tarah to-day, in this awful hour,
  I call on the holy Trinity:
Glory to him who reigneth in power,
The God of the elements, Father and Son
And Paraclete Spirit, which Three are the One,
  The ever-existing Divinity!

At Tarah to-day I call on the Lord,
  On Christ, the omnipotent Word,
Who came to redeem from death and sin
      Our fallen race;
      And I put and I place
The virtue that lieth and liveth in
      His incarnation lowly,
      His baptism pure and holy,
His life of toil and tears and affliction,
His dolorous death—his crucifixion,
His burial, sacred and sad and lone,
  His resurrection to life again,
His glorious ascension to Heaven's high throne,
And, lastly, his future dread
  And terrible coming to judge all men—
Both the living and dead. . . .

[1] See also the very much closer rendering by Dr. Whitley Stokes.

At Tarah to-day I put and I place
The virtue that dwells in the seraphim's love,
And the virtue and grace
That are in the obedience
And unshaken allegiance
Of all the archangels and angels above,
And in the hope of the resurrection
To everlasting reward and election,
And in the prayers of the fathers of old,
And in the truths the prophets foretold,
And in the Apostles' manifold preachings,
And in the confessors' faith and teachings;
And in the purity ever dwelling
Within the immaculate Virgin's breast,
And in the actions bright and excelling
Of all good men, the just and the blest. . . .

At Tarah to-day, in this fateful hour,
I place all heaven with its power,
And the sun with its brightness,
And the snow with its whiteness,
And fire with all the strength it hath,
And lightning with its rapid wrath,
And the winds with their swiftness along their path,
And the sea with its deepness,
And the rocks with their steepness,
And the earth with its starkness,—
All these I place,
By God's almighty help and grace,
Between myself and the powers of darkness.

At Tarah to-day
May God be my stay!
May the strength of God now nerve me!
May the power of God preserve me!
May God the Almighty be near me!
May God the Almighty espy me!
May God the Almighty hear me!
May God give me eloquent speech!
May the arm of God protect me!
May the wisdom of God direct me!
May God give me power to teach and to preach!

May the shield of God defend me!
May the host of God attend me,
And ward me,
And guard me

Against the wiles of demons and devils,
Against the temptations of vices and evils,
Against the bad passions and wrathful will
Of the reckless mind and the wicked heart,—
Against every man who designs me ill,
Whether leagued with others or plotting apart!

In this hour of hours,
I place all those powers
Between myself and every foe
Who threaten my body and soul
With danger or dole,
To protect me against the evils that flow
From lying soothsayers' incantations,
From the gloomy laws of the Gentile nations,
From heresy's hateful innovations,
From idolatry's rites and invocations.
Be those my defenders,
My guards against every ban—
And spell of smiths, and Druids, and women;
In fine against every knowledge that renders
The light Heaven sends us dim in
The spirit and soul of man!

May Christ, I pray,
Protect me to-day
Against poison and fire,
Against drowning and wounding;
That so, in His grace abounding,
I may earn the preacher's hire!

Christ as a light
Illumine and guide me!
Christ as a shield o'ershadow and cover me!
Christ be under me!—Christ be over me!
Christ be beside me,
On left hand and right!
Christ be before me, behind me, about me;
Christ this day be within and without me!

Christ, the lowly and meek,
Christ the All-Powerful be
In the heart of each to whom I speak,
In the mouth of each who speaks to me!
In all who draw near me,
Or see me or hear me!

At Tarah to-day, in this awful hour,
I call on the Holy Trinity!
Glory to Him who reigneth in power,
The God of the elements, Father and Son
And Paraclete Spirit, which Three are the One,
The ever-existing Divinity!

Salvation dwells with the Lord,
With Christ, the omnipotent Word.
From generation to generation
Grant us, O Lord, thy grace and salvation!

DARK ROSALEEN.

From 'The Irish.'

Oh! my dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh, do not weep!
The priests are on the ocean green,
They march along the deep.
There 's wine from the royal Pope
Upon the ocean green,
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,
My dark Rosaleen!

Over hills and through dales
Have I roamed for your sake;
All yesterday I sailed with sails
On river and on lake.
The Erne, at its highest flood,
I dashed across unseen,
For there was lightning in my blood,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Oh! there was lightning in my blood,
Red lightning lightened through my blood,
My dark Rosaleen!

All day long, in unrest,
To and fro do I move.

The very soul within my breast
  Is wasted for you, love!
The heart in my bosom faints
  To think of you, my Queen,
My life of life, my saint of saints,
  My dark Rosaleen!
  My own Rosaleen!
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
  My dark Rosaleen!

Woe and pain, pain and woe,
  Are my lot, night and noon,
To see your bright face clouded so,
  Like to the mournful moon.
But yet will I rear your throne
  Again in golden sheen;
'T is you shall reign, shall reign alone,
  My dark Rosaleen!
  My own Rosaleen!
'T is you shall have the golden throne,
'T is you shall reign, and reign alone,
  My dark Rosaleen!

Over dews, over sands,
  Will I fly for your weal:
Your holy delicate white hands
  Shall girdle me with steel.
At home in your emerald bowers,
  From morning's dawn till e'en,
You 'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
  My dark Rosaleen!
  My own Rosaleen!
You 'll think of me through daylight's hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
  My dark Rosaleen!

I could scale the blue air,
  I could plow the high hills,
Oh! I could kneel all night in prayer,
  To heal your many ills!
And one beamy smile from you
  Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
  My dark Rosaleen!
  My own Rosaleen!
Would give me life and soul anew,

A second life, a soul anew,
My dark Rosaleen!

Oh! the Erne shall run red
With redundance of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames wrap hill and wood,
And gun-peal and slogan-cry
Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
The Judgment Hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My dark Rosaleen!

THE NAMELESS ONE.

Roll forth, my song, like the rushing river
That sweeps along to the mighty sea;
God will inspire me while I deliver
My soul to thee!

Tell thou the world, when my bones lie whitening
Amid the last homes of youth and eld,
That there once was one whose veins ran lightning
No eye beheld.

Tell how his boyhood was one drear night-hour,
How shone for him, through his griefs and gloom,
No star of all heaven sends to light our
Path to the tomb.

Roll on, my song, and to after-ages
Tell how, disdaining all earth can give,
He would have taught men from wisdom's pages
The way to live.

And tell how trampled, derided, hated,
And worn by weakness, disease, and wrong,
He fled for shelter to God, who mated
His soul with song—

With song which alway, sublime or vapid,
Flowed like a rill in the morning beam,

Perchance not deep, but intense and rapid—
A mountain stream.

Tell how the Nameless, condemned for years long
To herd with demons from hell beneath,
Saw things that made him, with groans and tears, long
For even death.

Go on to tell how, with genius wasted
Betrayed in friendship, befooled in love,
With spirit shipwrecked, and young hopes blasted
He still, still strove.

Till, spent with toil, dreeing death for others,
And some whose hands should have wrought for him
(If children live not for sires and mothers),
His mind grew dim.

And he fell far through that pit abysmal,
The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,
And pawned his soul for the Devil's dismal
Stock of returns.

But yet redeemed it in days of darkness,
And shapes and signs of the final wrath,
When death, in hideous and ghastly starkness,
Stood in his path.

And tell how now, amid wreck and sorrow,
And want, and sickness, and houseless nights,
He bides in calmness the silent morrow
That no ray lights.

And lives he still, then? Yes! Old and hoary
At thirty-nine, from despair and woe,
He lives, enduring what future story
Will never know.

Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,
Deep in your bosoms! There let him dwell!
He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble,
Here and in hell.

THE TIME OF THE BARMECIDES.

My eyes are filmed, my beard is gray,
I am bowed with the weight of years;
I would I were stretched in my bed of clay
With my long-lost Youth's compeers!
For back to the past, though the thought brings woe
My memory ever glides—
To the old, old time, long, long ago,
The time of the Barmecides!
To the old, old time, long, long ago,
The time of the Barmecides!

Then youth was mine, and a fierce wild will
And an iron arm in war,
And a fleet foot high upon Ishkar's hill,
When the watch-lights glimmered afar,
And a barb as fiery as any I know
That Khoord or Beddaween rides,
Ere my friends lay low—long, long ago,
In the time of the Barmecides;
Ere my friends lay low—long, long ago,
In the time of the Barmecides.

One golden goblet illumed my board,
One silver dish was there;
At hand my tried Karamanian sword
Lay always bright and bare.
For those were the days when the angry blow
Supplanted the word that chides—
When hearts could glow—long, long ago,
In the time of the Barmecides;
When hearts could glow—long, long ago,
In the time of the Barmecides.

Through city and desert my mates and I
Were free to rove and roam,
Our diapered canopy the deep of the sky
Or the roof of the palace dome—
Oh! ours was that vivid life to and fro
Which only sloth derides—
Men spent Life so, long, long ago,
In the time of the Barmecides;
Men spent Life so, long, long ago,
In the time of the Barmecides.

I see rich Bagdad once again,
With its turrets of Moorish mold,
And the Kailif's twice five hundred men
Whose binishes flamed with gold;
I call up many a gorgeous show
Which the Pall of Oblivion hides—
All passed like snow, long, long ago,
With the time of the Barmecides;
All passed like snow, long, long ago,
With the time of the Barmecides.

But mine eye is dim, and my beard is gray,
And I bend with the weight of years—
May I soon go down to the House of Clay,
Where slumber my Youth's compeers!
For with them and the Past, though the thought wakes woe,
My memory ever abides;
And I mourn for the times gone long ago—
For the times of the Barmecides!
I mourn for the times gone long ago,
For the times of the Barmecides.

SIBERIA.

In Siberia's wastes
The ice-wind's breath
Woundeth like the toothéd steel.
Lost Siberia doth reveal
Only blight and death.

Blight and death alone.
No Summer shines.
Night is interblent with Day.
In Siberia's wastes alway
The blood blackens, the heart pines.

In Siberia's wastes
No tears are shed,
For they freeze within the brain.
Nought is felt but dullest pain,
Pain acute, yet dead;

Pain as in a dream,
When years go by

Funeral-paced, yet fugitive—
When man lives and doth not live
Doth not live—nor die.

In Siberia's wastes
Are sands and rocks.
Nothing blooms of green or soft,
But the snowpeaks rise aloft
And the gaunt ice-blocks.

And the exile there
Is one with those;
They are part, and he is part,
For the sands are in his heart,
And the killing snows.

Therefore in those wastes
None curse the Czar;
Each man's tongue is cloven by
The North Blast, who heweth nigh
With sharp scimitar.

And such doom each drees,
Till, hunger-gnawn
And cold-slain, he at length sinks there
Yet scarce more a corpse than ere
His last breath was drawn.

THE BARD O'HUSSEY'S ODE TO THE MAGUIRE.

Where is my chief, my master, this bleak night, mavrone?
Oh cold, cold, miserably cold is this bleak night for Hugh;
Its showery, arrowy, speary sleet, pierceth one through and through,
Pierceth one to the very bone.

Rolls real thunder? Or was that red, livid light
Only a meteor? I scarce know; but through the midnight dim
The pitiless ice-wind streams. Except the hate that persecutes him,
Nothing hath crueller, venomy might.

An awful, a tremendous night is this meseems,
The flood-gates of the rivers of heaven, I think, have been burst wide;

Down from the overcharged clouds, like unto headlong ocean's tide,
Descends gray rain in roaring streams.

Though he were even a wolf, ranging the round green woods,
Though he were even a pleasant salmon in the untamable sea,
Though he were a wild mountain eagle he could scarce bear he
This sharp, sore sleet, these howling floods.

Oh mournful is my soul this night for Hugh Maguire;
Darkly as in a dream he strays; before him and behind
Triumphs the tyrannous anger of the wounding wind,
The wounding wind that burns as fire.

It is my bitter grief, it cuts me to the heart,
That in the country of Clan-Darry this should be his fate;
Oh woe is me! where is he? wandering, houseless, desolate,
Alone, without a guide or chart.

Medreams I see but now his face, the strawberry-bright,
Uplifted to the blackened heavens, while the tempestuous winds
Blow fiercely over and round him, and the smiting sleet shower blinds
The hero of Galang to-night.

Large, large afflictions unto me and mine it is,
That one of his majestic bearing, his fair, stately form,
Should thus be tortured and o'erborne, that this unsparing storm
Should wreak its wrath on head like his.

That his great hand, so oft the avenger of the oppressed,
Should, this chill, churlish night, perchance, be paralyzed by frost;
While through some icicle-hung thicket, as one lorn and lost,
He walks and wanders without rest.

The tempest-driven torrent deluges the mead,
It overflows the low banks of the rivulets and ponds;
The lawns and pasture-grounds lie locked in icy bonds,
So that the cattle cannot feed.

The pale, bright margins of the streams are seen by none;
Rushes and sweeps along the untamable flood on every side,

It penetrates and fills the cottagers' dwellings, far and wide,
Water and land are blent in one.

Through some dark wood 'mid bones of monsters Hugh now strays,
As he cries unto the storm with anguished heart but manly brow;
Oh, what a sword-wound to that tender heart of his, were now
A backward glance at peaceful days!

But other thoughts are his, thoughts that can still inspire
With joy and an onward-bounding hope the bosom of Mac-Nee;
Thoughts of his warriors charging like bright billows of the sea,
Borne on the wind's wings, flashing fire.

And though frost glaze to-night the clear dew of his eyes,
And white ice-gauntlets glove his noble, fine, fair fingers o'er,
A warm dress is to him that lightning garb he ever wore,
The lightning of the soul, not skies.

AVRAN.

Hugh marched forth to the fight—I grieved to see him so depart;
And lo! to-night, he wanders frozen, rain-drenched, sad, betrayed;
But the memory of the lime-white mansions his right hand hath laid
In ashes, warms the hero's heart.

LOVE BALLAD.

From the Irish.

Lonely from my home I come
To cast myself upon your tomb,
And to weep.
Lonely from my lonesome home,
My lonesome house of grief and gloom;
While I keep
Vigil often all night long,
For your dear, dear sake,

Praying many a prayer so wrong
That my heart would break.

Gladly, oh my blighted flower,
Sweet apple of my bosom's tree,
Would I now
Stretch me in your dark death-bower
By your side, and lovingly
Kiss your brow.
But we 'll meet ere many a day,
Never more to part,
Even now I feel the clay
Gathering round my heart.

In my soul doth darkness dwell,
And through its dreary, winding caves
Ever flows,
Ever flows with moaning swell
One ebbless flood of many waves,
Which are woes.
Death, love, has me in his lures,
But that grieves not me;
So my spirit meet with yours
On yon moon-loved lea.

When the neighbors near my cot,
Think me sunk in slumber deep
I arise;
For oh it is a weary lot,
This watching long and wooing sleep
With hot eyes.
I arise and seek your grave,
And pour forth my tears,
While the winds that nightly rave
Whistle in my ears.

Often turns my memory back
To that dear evening in the dell,
When we twain,
Sheltered by the sloe-bush black,
Laughed and talked while thick sleet fell,
And cold rain.
Thanks to God, no guilty leaven
Dashed our childish mirth;
You rejoice for this in Heaven,
I not less on earth.

Love, the priests are wroth with me
To find I shrine your image still
In my breast,
Since you are gone eternally,
And your body lies in the chill
Grave at rest.
But true love outlives the shroud,
Knows not check nor change,
And beyond time's world of cloud
Still must reign and range.

Well may now your kindred mourn
The threats, the wiles, the cruel arts
They long tried
On the child they left forlorn.
They broke the tenderest heart of hearts
When you died.
Curse upon the love of show,
Curse on pride and greed,
They would wed you high, and woe!
Here behold their meed!

TWENTY GOLDEN YEARS AGO.

Oh, the rain, the weary, dreary rain,
How it plashes on the window sill!
Night, I guess too, must be on the wane,
Strass and gass[1] are grown so still.
Here I sit, with coffee in my cup—
Ah! 't was rarely I beheld it flow
In the tavern where I loved to sup
Twenty golden years ago!

Twenty years ago, alas!—but stay—
On my life, 't is half-past twelve o'clock!
After all, the hours *do* slip away;
Come, here goes to burn another block!
For the night, or morn, is wet and cold,
And my fire is dwindling rather low:
I had fire enough when young and bold
Twenty golden years ago.

[1] *Strass and gass*, street and lane.

Dear! I don't feel well at all somehow:
  Few in Weimar dream how bad I am;
Floods of tears grow common with me now—
  High-Dutch floods, that Reason cannot dam.
Doctors think I 'll neither live nor thrive
  If I mope at home so. I don't know—
Am I living *now?* I *was* alive
  Twenty golden years ago!

Wifeless, friendless, flagonless, alone—
  Not quite bookless, though, unless I choose—
Left with naught to do, except to groan,
  Not a soul to woo, except the Muse—
Oh! this is hard for me to bear,
  Me, who whilome lived so much *en haut,*
Me, who broke all hearts like China ware,
  Twenty golden years ago!

Perhaps 't is better—time's defacing waves
  Long have quenched the radiance of my brow—
They who curse me nightly from their graves
  Scarce could love me were they living now.
But my loneliness hath darker ills—
  Such dun duns as Conscience, Thought, and Co.,
Awful Gorgons! worse than tailors' bills
  Twenty golden years ago!

Did I paint a fifth of what I feel,
  Oh, how plaintive you would ween I was!
But I won't, albeit I have a deal
  More to wail about than Kerner has!
Kerner's tears are wept for withered flowers,
  Mine for withered hopes—my scroll of woe
Dates, alas! from youth's deserted bowers,
  Twenty golden years ago!

Yet, may Deutschland's bardlings flourish long;
  Me, I tweak no beak among them—hawks
Must not pounce on hawks: besides, in song
  I could once beat all of them by chalks.
Though you find me, as I near my goal,
  Sentimentalizing like Rousseau,
Oh! I had a grand Byronian soul
  Twenty golden years ago!

Tick-tick, tick-tick!—not a sound save Time's,
And the wind-gust as it drives the rain—
Tortured torturer of reluctant rhymes,
Go to bed and rest thine aching brain!
Sleep! no more the dupe of hopes or schemes;
Soon thou sleepest where the thistles blow—
Curious anticlimax to thy dreams
Twenty golden years ago!

ALDFRID'S ITINERARY.

During the seventh century so great was the fame of the Irish schools that many foreign princes were sent to Ireland to receive their education. Among them was Aldfrid, King of Northumbria, who was trained in all the learning of Erin, and who always aided and abetted the Irish in England. On leaving Ireland he composed a poem in the Irish language and meter, which Mangan translated "more closely than was his wont," as Mr. Douglas Hyde says.

I found in Innisfail the fair,
In Ireland, while in exile there,
Women of worth, both grave and gay men,
Many clerics and many laymen.

I traveled its fruitful provinces round,
And in every one of the five I found,
Alike in church and in palace hall,
Abundant apparel, and food for all.

Gold and silver I found in money;
Plenty of wheat and plenty of honey;
I found God's people rich in pity,
Found many a feast, and many a city.

I also found in Armagh the splendid,
Meekness, wisdom, and prudence blended,
Fasting as Christ hath recommended,
And noble councilors untranscended.

I found in each great church moreo'er,
Whether on island or on shore,
Piety, learning, fond affection,
Holy welcome and kind protection.

I found the good lay monks and brothers
Ever beseeching help for others,
And, in their keeping, the Holy Word,
Pure as it came from JESUS the LORD.

I found in Munster, unfettered of any,
Kings and queens and poets a many,
Poets well-skilled in music and measure,
Prosperous doings, mirth and pleasure.

I found in Connaught the just, redundance
Of riches, milk in lavish abundance;
Hospitality, vigor, fame,
In Cruachan's land of heroic name.

. . . . . .

I found in Ulster from hill to glen,
Hardy warriors, resolute men;
Beauty that bloomed when youth was gone,
And strength transmitted from sire to son.

. . . . . .

I found in Leinster the smooth and sleek,
From Dublin to Slewmargy's peak,
Flourishing pastures, valor, health,
Song-loving worthies, commerce, wealth.

I found besides from Ara to Glea
In the broad rich country of Ossorie,
Sweet fruits, good laws for all and each,
Great chess-players, men of truthful speech.

I found in Meath's fair principality,
Virtue, vigor, and hospitality;
Candor, joyfulness, bravery, purity—
Ireland's bulwark and security.

I found strict morals in age and youth,
I found historians recording truth;
The things I sing of in verse unsmooth
I found them all I have written sooth.

KINKORA.[1]

From the Irish of Mac-Liag.

O where, Kinkora! is Brian the Great,
And where is the beauty that once was thine?
O where are the princes and nobles that sate
At the feasts in thy halls, and drank the red wine?
Where, O Kinkora?

O where, Kinkora! are thy valorous lords?
O whither, thou hospitable! are they gone?
O where are the Dalcassians of the golden swords?[2]
And where are the warriors Brian led on?
Where, O Kinkora?

And where is Morrough, the descendant of kings,
The defeater of a hundred, the daringly brave,
Who set but slight store by jewels and rings,
Who swam down the torrent and laughed at its wave?
Where, O Kinkora?

And where is Donogh, King Brian's worthy son?
And where is Conaing, the beautiful chief?
And Kian and Corc? Alas! they are gone:
They have left me this night alone with my grief!
Left me, Kinkora!

And where are the chiefs with whom Brian went forth?
The sons never-vanquished of Evin the brave,
The great King of Osnacht, renowned for his worth,
And the hosts of Baskinn from the western wave?
Where, O Kinkora?

O where is Duvlann of the swift-footed steeds?
And where is Kian who was son of Molloy?
And where is King Lonergan, the fame of whose deeds
In the red battle-fields no time can destroy?
Where, O Kinkora?

[1] This poem is ascribed to Mac-Liag, the secretary of Brian Boruimha, who fell at the battle of Clontarf, in 1014; and the subject of it is a lamentation for the fallen condition of Kinkora, the palace of that monarch, consequent on his death. The decease of Mac-Liag is recorded in the 'Annals of the Four Masters,' as having taken place in 1015. A great number of his poems are still in existence, but none of them has obtained a popularity so widely extended as his 'Lament.' The palace of Kinkora, which was situated on the banks of the Shannon, near Killaloe, is now a heap of ruins.

[2] *Colg n-or*, or the swords of gold, *i. e.* of the gold-hilted swords.

And where is that youth of majestic height,
The faith-keeping Prince of the Scots? Even he
As wide as his fame was, as great as was his might,
Was tributary, Kinkora, to thee!
Thee, O Kinkora!

They are gone, those heroes of royal birth
Who plundered no churches, and broke no trust;
'T is weary for me to be living on earth
When they, O Kinkora, lie low in the dust.
Low, O Kinkora!

O never again will princes appear,
To rival the Dalcassians [1] of the cleaving swords;
I can never dream of meeting afar or anear,
In the east or the west, such heroes and lords!
Never, Kinkora!

O dear are the images my memory calls up
Of Brian Boru! how he never would miss
To give me at the banquet the first bright cup.
Ah! why did he heap on me honor like this?
Why, O Kinkora?

I am Mac-Liag, and my home is on the lake:
Thither often, to that palace whose beauty is fled,
Came Brian to ask me, and I went for his sake.—
O my grief! that I should live, and Brian be dead!
Dead, O Kinkora!

THE FAIR HILLS OF EIRÉ, O.

From the Irish of Donogh Mac Con-Mara.[2]

Take a blessing from my heart to the land of my birth,
And the fair hills of Eiré, O!
And to all that yet survive of Eibhear's tribe on earth,
On the fair hills of Eiré, O!
In that land so delightful the wild thrush's lay
Seems to pour a lament forth from Eiré's decay.
Alas, alas, why pine I a thousand miles away
From the fair hills of Eiré, O!

[1] *Dalcassians*, Brian's body-guard.

[2] Donogh Mac Con-Mara (a name sometimes incorrectly given as Macnamara), a native of County Waterford, wrote this very lovely lyric in Gaelic, while he was keeping a boy's school in Hamburg. He was a great traveler, and had a most adventurous life. He was born in 1738, and, dying in 1814, was buried at home.

The soil is rich and soft, the air is mild and bland,
Of the fair hills of Eiré, O!
Her barest rock is greener to me than this rude land;
O the fair hills of Eiré, O!
Her woods are tall and straight, grove rising over grove;
Trees flourish in her glens below and on her heights above;
Ah, in heart and in soul I shall ever, ever love
The fair hills of Eiré, O!

A noble tribe, moreover, are the now hapless Gael,
On the fair hills of Eiré, O!
A tribe in battle's hour unused to shrink or fail
On the fair hills of Eiré, O!
For this is my lament in bitterness outpoured
To see them slain or scattered by the Saxon sword:
O woe of woes to see a foreign spoiler horde
On the fair hills of Eiré, O!

Broad and tall rise the *cruachs*[1] in the golden morning glow
On the fair hills of Eiré, O!
O'er her smooth grass for ever sweet cream and honey flow
On the fair hills of Eiré, O!
Oh, I long, I am pining, again to behold
The land that belongs to the brave Gael of old.
Far dearer to my heart than a gift of gems or gold
Are the fair hills of Eiré, O!

The dewdrops lie bright mid the grass and yellow corn
On the fair hills of Eiré, O!
The sweet-scented apples blush redly in the morn
On the fair hills of Eiré, O!
The water-cress and sorrel fill the vales below,
The streamlets are hushed till the evening breezes blow,
While the waves of the Suir, noble river! ever flow
Neath the fair hills of Eiré, O!

A fruitful clime is Eiré's, through valley, meadow, plain,
And the fair hills of Eiré, O!
The very bread of life is in the yellow grain
On the fair hills of Eiré, O!
Far dearer unto me than the tones music yields
Is the lowing of the kine and the calves in her fields,
In the sunlight that shone long ago on the shields
Of the Gaels, on the fair hills of Eiré, O!

[1] *Cruachs*, mountain peaks.

THE GRAVE, THE GRAVE.

Mahlmann.

Blest are the dormant
In death: they repose
From bondage and torment,
From passions and woes,
From the yoke of the world and the snares of the traitor.
The grave, the grave is the true liberator!

Griefs chase one another
Around the earth's dome:
In the arms of the mother
Alone is our home.
Woo pleasure, ye trifiers! The thoughtful are wiser:
The grave, the grave is their one tranquillizer!

Is the good man unfriended
On life's ocean-path,
Where storms have expended
Their turbulent wrath?
Are his labors requited by slander and rancor?
The grave, the grave is his sure bower-anchor!

To gaze on the faces
Of lost ones anew,
To lock in embraces
The loved and the true,
Were a rapture to make even Paradise brighter.
The grave, the grave is the great reuniter!

Crown the corpse then with laurels,
The conqueror's wreath,
Make joyous with carols
The chamber of death,
And welcome the victor with cymbal and psalter:
The grave, the grave is the only exalter!

KATHALEEN NY-HOULAHAN.

A JACOBITE RELIC.

From the Irish.

Long they pine in weary woe—the nobles of our land—
Long they wander to and fro, proscribed, alas! and banned;

Feastless, houseless, altarless, they bear the exile's brand,
But their hope is in the coming-to of Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan.

Think not her a ghastly hag, too hideous to be seen;
Call her not unseemly names, our matchless Kathaleen;
Young she is, and fair she is, and would be crowned a queen,
Were the king's son at home here with Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan.

Sweet and mild would look her face—Oh! none so sweet and mild—
Could she crush the foes by whom her beauty is reviled;
Woolen plaids would grace herself and robes of silk her child,
If the king's son were living here with Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan.

Sore disgrace it is to see the Arbitress of thrones
Vassal to a Saxoneen of cold and sapless bones!
Bitter anguish wrings our souls—with heavy sighs and groans
We wait the Young Deliverer of Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan.

Let us pray to Him who holds life's issues in His hands,
Him who formed the mighty globe, with all its thousand lands:
Girding them with sea and mountains, rivers deep, and strands,
To cast a look of pity upon Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan.

He who over sands and waves led Israel along—
He who fed, with heavenly bread, that chosen tribe and throng;
He who stood by Moses when his foes were fierce and strong,
May He show forth His might in saving Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan.

JOHN MARTLEY.

(1844—1882.)

JOHN MARTLEY was born in Dublin, May 15, 1844. He was educated at Cheltenham College; at St. Columba's College, Rathfarnham; and at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his degree of B.A. in 1866. In 1875 he was called to the Irish bar, but, obtaining an appointment in the Landed Estates Court, he did not practice. He wrote both for *Kottabos*, of which he was for some time assistant editor, and for *Froth*, a Dublin periodical, over the name of "Caleb in Search of a Wife." He married Miss Frances Howorth, sister of Mr. H. Howorth, M.P., and died Aug. 25, 1882.

His writings were collected and published after his death under the title of 'Fragments in Prose and Verse.'

He was a clever parodist and a skillful versifier, full of culture, tenderness, and taste.

THE VALLEY OF SHANGANAGH.

Written for the air 'The Wearing of the Green.'

In the Valley of Shanganagh, where the songs of skylarks teem,
And the rose perfumes the ocean-breeze, as love the hero's dream,
'T was there I wooed my Maggie. In her dark eyes there did dwell
A secret that the billows knew, but yet could never tell.

Oh! light as fairy tread her voice fell on my bounding heart;
And like the wild bee to the flower still clinging we would part.
"Sweet Valley of Shanganagh," then I murmured, "though I die,
My soul will never leave thee for the heaven that 's in the sky!"

In the Valley of Shanganagh, where the sullen sea-gulls gleam,
And the pine-scent fills the sighing breeze as death the lover's dream,
'T was there I lost my Maggie. Why that fate upon us fell
The powers above us knew, perhaps, if only they would tell.

Oh! like the tread of mournful feet it fell upon my heart,
When, as the wild bee leaves the rose, her spirit did depart.
In the Valley still I linger, though it 's fain I am to die,
But it 's hard to find a far-off heaven when clouds are in the sky.

EDWARD MARTYN.

(1859——)

EDWARD MARTYN was born at Masonbrook, near Loughrea, County Galway, Ireland, on the 31st of January, 1859. He was educated at Belvedere College, Dublin, at Beaumont College, Windsor, and at Christ Church, Oxford, but it is stated that "his only real education was that which he gave to himself." In his Oxford years he wrote poetry, and in 1885 he thought of publishing a volume of poems, but is said to have destroyed them. In 1890 he published, under the pen name of "Sirius," a satirical romance, 'Morgante the Lesser, his Notorious Life and Wonderful Deeds,' one of the most powerful satires on the materialistic and pseudo-scientific philosophy of that time—before "the bankruptcy of science"—that has been written; a book not unworthy to be placed beside the satires of the mighty Swift. In 1899 he published two plays, 'The Heather Field' and 'Maeve,' with a characteristic introduction from the pen of Mr. George Moore. 'The Heather Field' and Mr. W. B. Yeats' 'Countess Cathleen' were the first plays produced by the Irish Literary Theater, in May, 1899, and both met with great and immediate success. 'The Heather Field' was also well received at Terry's Theater in London, June, 1899, and was soon after performed with marked appreciation in New York City and has repeatedly been given in Ireland since, and has been translated into German for performance on the German stage.

Mr. Martyn belongs to the school of Ibsen, but avoids that overemphasis on morbid themes which mars so much of the work of the Norwegian. In 1902 Mr. Martyn published a volume containing two plays, 'The Tale of a Town' (a theme previously handled by Mr. George Moore in his play 'The Bending of the Bough') and 'An Enchanted Sea.' All of his plays are wrought with a fine literary and artistic style and are in happy contrast to the unfortunately too frequent travesty on Irish character by the "stage Irishman."

Mr. Martyn, together with Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. George Moore, and Lady Gregory, was one of the founders of the Irish National Theater in the year 1889. He is a well known and ardent Nationalist and has recently resigned as one of the magistrates of his native country as a protest against English misgovernment in Ireland. He is a well-known critic of music, and some two years ago gave the sum of £10,000 ($50,000) to found a Palestrina choir in Dublin.

ON WIND.

From 'Morgante the Lesser.'

We have now, we hope, conclusively proved that the consumption of admiration is the modern method of acquir-

ing true happiness, and that the means whereby the said admiration may be conveyed into the system is by the action of wind. Therefore we may without doubt, and in full justice, claim to have made a real and stupendous scientific discovery, the long hid philosopher's stone (a confusion of metaphor in our enthusiasm is surely here pardonable), the crowning intellectual triumph, which the restless spirit of inquiry of the nineteenth century has brought to birth. Verily, has not wind, from this time forth, an incontrovertible right to be considered as chief of the elements and the greatest of blessings corporally and intellectually to man? For, besides being the primary support of life, without which we could not breathe and consequently must cease to live, it, in a hundred ways, ministers to the convenience of humanity. It propels vast ships, it carries balloons, it turns windmills, it dries the land, it seasons timber, hay, turf, and everything, in fact, that is improved and rendered useful by seasoning. It acts for our benefit in a host of other ways which we have not space to mention here. And now we find by this last and greatest of all physical discoveries that it is the agent whereby passionate rapture is brought within the resources of every human being. Assuredly we do not exaggerate when we say, that all is folly and error except wind.

In order to secure admiration, let a man pose as a philosopher and atheist—(though, we fear, this *rôle* has been played so often that it will be necessary to resort to some newer and more original means of attracting the attention of the masses, as they may probably refuse to be surprised at so well-worn a cast); or, if, by the help of magnificent abilities, another should happen to rise to a position of great power, let him labor in his infatuation to break up a constitution, and receive the plaudits of the wise, as attended by his interesting family he enjoys the healthful recreation of felling trees in the intervals of his more serious work of felling an empire; or, let another, from his august position, and by the force of his scandalous example, lower and corrupt the standard of morals among the upper classes in his country; or, let another adopt swindling on a huge scale and call it speculation; or, again, let a fanatic, forming a religious organization,

drill his followers in the public streets, and instruct them in the art of mingling unconscious blasphemy with hysterical devotion; or, let another, if he be a clergyman of the Church of England, preach sermons of such free-thinking tendencies as shall startle his congregation; or, if in the case of a woman, let her—but, no! we shall not attempt to offer any advice to the female sex on a question as to the best manner of seeking admiration. It would be a decided impertinence for us to endeavor to lecture women about a science wherein they are confessedly our superiors. In fact, our parting admonition to all men engaged in the study of this noble science is, to sit at the feet of women and to learn of them diligently. There are no creatures on earth who can give better lessons: then, when they feel they have aroused a sufficiency of wonder, let them swallow —not inhale, mind—as much wind as they possibly can hold, and they will infallibly experience the new modern ecstasy. At first they must deliberately swallow wind, but, with a little practice, they will do so unconsciously, and as naturally as a young animal takes to milk.

THE END OF A DREAM.

From 'The Heather Field.'

Mr. George Moore in his Introduction to 'The Heather Field' says: "Carden Tyrrell is a man whose dreams are in conflict with reality. He might have lived in some quiet library or some dim museum, happy in antiquarian research, but attracted by her beauty he married a narrow-minded conventional woman of the world, and his dreams, instead of being expended in art, turn to the reclamation of the Heather Field. Mortgage after mortgage is placed upon the property, and the future of his wife and child is compromised. The play resolves itself into a duel between husband and wife, and one of its merits is that, although all right and good sense are on the wife's side, the sympathy is always with Carden. We forget the ruin he is bringing on his family, and we love him for his dreams, for his dreams are the eternal aspiration of man for the ideal. He hears voices, magical voices, on the mountainside, and in his heart the sound of a silver harpstring.

"The Heather Field is the symbol of his incurable nature; whatever its circumstances, it will seek its destiny out and find it; and with the flowering of the Heather Field, Carden passes quietly over the borderland. The years, with all their hideous realities, fall

behind him; wife, domestic misfortunes, and middle age, all that has been done becomes undone; his wife becomes Miss Desmond; his little son, Kit, becomes his brother Miles; Carden is young again and babbles of the rainbow, of the Rhine, the gold of the Rhine and its legends; he attains his lost youth, the soft scent and color of the spring mornings, the green leaf, and the meadow starred with daffodils.

"'It is always morning now for me,' he exclaims. The others watch him, baffled and unhappy—they are still involved in the cruel coil of reality which he has shaken off—and he leads the child to see the rainbow, 'that mystic highway of man's speechless longings.'"

KIT TYRRELL, *carrying a small white bundle, enters through door at back.*

Kit. (*Placing the bundle on sofa.*) Barry, the pony is splendid. I had such galloping over the heather field.

Ussher. Well, did you bring back any flowers?

Kit. They have not yet come out. All I could find were these little buds in my handkerchief. (*Unties the bundle.*) Look.

Ussher. (*With a start.*) What—buds of heather? Has your father seen these, Kit?

Kit. Yes, I told him I found them growing all over the heather field.

Ussher. You did, boy—and what did he say?

Kit. Nothing for a while. But he looked—he looked—well, I have never seen him look like that before.

Ussher. Ha—and then—?

Kit. Oh, then he seemed to forget all about it. He became so kind, and, oh, Barry, what do you think, he called me? "his little brother Miles." So I am really his brother, he says, after all—

MILES TYRRELL, *in haste and violent trepidation, enters through door at back.*

Miles. Barry, for pity's sake—(*Sees Kit and suddenly checks himself, then brings Ussher over to fireplace*)—Barry, something dreadful has come over Carden. He does not know me.

Ussher. (*In a trembling voice, as he gazes fixedly before him.*) The vengeance of the heather field.

Miles. Oh! for pity's sake, come to him. Come to him—

Ussher. Where is he?

Miles. Wandering helpless about the garden. Oh, heavens, what shall we do?

Ussher. (*With suppressed terror.*) Let us find him. (*He turns to go.*)

CARDEN TYRRELL *appears outside doorway at back. He has a strange, collected look.*

Ussher. (*Starting.*) Carden!

Tyrrell. (*Coming in.*) Well, Barry?—Why, what has happened to you since yesterday? My goodness, you look at least ten years older. (*Glancing at Miles.*) Who is that? He was annoying me about something just now in the fuchsia walk.

Miles. Oh, I cannot stand this torture. Carden, dear Carden, look at me—

Tyrrell. (*Retreats like a frightened animal towards Ussher, keeping always his eyes fixed on Miles.*) Barry, what is the matter with him? Don't leave me alone with him, Barry. Get him to go away.

Ussher. You need not fear him, Carden. (*He signs to Miles, who retires with an inconsolable expression and stands by fireplace.*)

Tyrrell. (*After a moment, mysteriously.*) Barry—

Ussher. Yes, Carden.

Tyrrell. (*Looking cautiously around.*) You remember our conversation yesterday.

Ussher. (*Puzzled.*) Yesterday? I did not see you yesterday.

Tyrrell. (*With impatience.*) We did not walk together on the cliff yesterday, when you advised me not to marry Grace Desmond? What do you mean?

Ussher. (*Suddenly recollecting.*) Oh, I remember, I remember. (*Then in a trembling voice*) But Carden—Carden, that was ten years ago. Don't you know that you are now married to her?

Tyrrell. (*With a surprised baffled look.*) I am?

Ussher. (*Very gently.*) Yes, indeed.

Tyrrell. Oh! (*His expression for a moment grows vaguely painful, then gradually passes into one of vacant calm. After a short pause*) Barry, you are quite right.

Ussher. (*Joyfully.*) I knew you would understand me, Carden.

Tyrrell. Yes, I will take your advice. I will not ask her to be my wife.

Ussher. (*With cruel disappointment.*) Hopeless—I see it is hopeless now.

Tyrrell. (*Unheeding.*) I do not care for her any more. I know now I never cared for her.

Ussher. Do you? Why?

Tyrrell. (*Distressfully.*) Oh, I have had such a dreadful dream.

Ussher. A dream?

Tyrrell. I must tell it to you. Let me see, what was it? No—I cannot remember—no—it has gone completely from me before the beauty of the morning. (*Looks out at back and stretches his arms.*) Oh, is not this spring morning divine?

Ussher. But—Carden, can you not see that it is evening?

Tyrrell. Ah, I must have been a long time asleep—a long, long time. Yet it looks like the morning. Yes, it seems as if it would always be morning now for me.

Ussher. (*With interest.*) Indeed—is that so?

Tyrrell. Yes—its genius somehow is always about me.

Ussher. And what do you call this genius of the morning?

Tyrrell. (*With a strange ecstacy.*) Joy! Joy!

Ussher. (*After looking at him for a while in wonder.*) Then you are happy, Carden?

Tyrrell. Oh, yes—so happy! Why not?

Ussher. (*With hesitation.*) You have no troubles, have you?

Tyrrell. Troubles—? No, except sometimes in dreams—but oh, when I awake to the joy of this great beauty—

Ussher. Yet—great beauty—is it not for ever far away?

Tyrrell. No—it is for ever by me. (*Then as if suddenly recollecting*) Ah, now I can tell you my dreadful dream. (*Slowly*) I dreamed that my lot was to wander through common luxurious life—seeing now and then, in glimpses, that beauty—but so far away! And when the vision left me—ah, you do not know the anguish I felt in looking again at my lot in life.

Ussher. And this was only a dream?

Tyrrell. (*Fervently.*) Thank heaven—only a dream! (*He goes to the sofa, where Kit all this time has been playing with the heather buds.*)

Ussher. (*Meditatively sorrowful.*) And are beauty and happiness mere illusions after all? (*Goes towards Miles.*) I am dazed in the presence of this awful misfortune.

Miles. (*Approaching Ussher.*) Oh, the misery of seeing him like this! He thinks he is living in the old days.

Ussher. It has come upon him again—that eerie ethereal youth I remember so well.

Miles. And for which he would yearn with such fond regret. But Grace and the child—oh, what is to become of them? I fear their ruin is now certain and complete.

Ussher. (*As if suddenly awakened.*) Not so—It may be possible to save them now that there is no danger of further expenditure. And I *will* save them. I will be security for the payment of all their debts. I will save the estate, if it costs me every penny I have in the world.

Miles. (*Grasping Ussher by the hand.*) Oh, Barry, this is good of you. (*They go towards the fireplace in earnest discourse.*)

Tyrrell. (*Placing a heather wreath on Kit's head.*) There—you are like a young field-faun now.

Kit. What sort of thing is that?

Tyrrell. Why, one of the field-fairies, fresh and clean as those soft heather-shoots around your hair.

Kit. (*Delighted.*) What—the fairies that live in green hillocks, and dance by the river bank, in the valley over there? Oh, tell me of them again.

Tyrrell. Yes, beautiful child-fairies that play with the water nymphs—those sirens, you know, who sing in the wistful depths of the stream. (*With a sudden transport.*) Oh, we must go to Lorlei as last year, where the river is lit with their gold. (*Pointing out at back.*) See, even now, the sky is darkening as in that storm scene of the old legend I told you on the Rhine. See, the rain across a saffron sun trembles like gold harp-strings, through the purple Irish spring!

MRS. GRACE TYRRELL *enters by door at right, dressed for going out, with her face thinly veiled, and looking altogether younger and more handsome.*

Grace. (*To Tyrrell.*) I am just starting to visit the Shrules for some days.

Tyrrell. (*Turns surprised.*) Miss Desmond—Oh—(*With emotion and signs of struggle.*) Oh, where is that beauty now—that music of the morning? (*Suddenly arrested.*) Such strange solemn harmonies. (*Listens.*) The voices—yes, they are filling the house—those white-stoled children of the morning. (*His eyes after a moment wander slowly to the doorway at back.*) Oh, the rainbow. (*To Kit.*) Come quick! see the lovely rainbow! (*They go to watch it hand in hand.*) Oh, mystic highway of man's speechless longings! My heart goes forth upon the rainbow to that horizon of joy! (*With a fearful exaltation.*) The voices—I hear them now triumphant in a silver glory of song!

Grace. (*Looking bewildered from Miles to Ussher.*) What—what is all this?

Ussher. Ah, your fears have come true, Mrs. Tyrrell. You have not heard——

Grace. No. What has happened? For heaven's sake speak!

Ussher. The wild heath has broken out again in the heather field.

FRANK MATHEW.

(1865 ——)

FRANK MATHEW is a grand-nephew of Father Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance. He was born in 1865, and was educated at Beaumont, King's College School, and London University. In 1889 he became a solicitor, but has since given up the profession for that of novel-writing. His first literary work was a biography of his illustrious uncle. His other books are: 'At the Rising of the Moon,' a collection of stories of Irish life which appeared in *The Idler;* 'The Wood of the Brambles,' 'A Child in the Temple,' 'The Spanish Wine,' 'Defender of the Faith,' 'One Queen Triumphant,' 'Love of Comrades,' and 'The Royal Sisters.'

THEIR LAST RACE.

I.—THE FACTION FIGHT.

In the heart of the Connemara Highlands, Carrala Valley hides in a triangle of mountains. Carrala Village lies in the corner of it towards Loch Ina, and Aughavanna in the corner nearest Kylemore. Aughavanna is a wreck now: if you were to look for it you would see only a cluster of walls grown over by ferns and nettles; but in those remote times, before the Great Famine, when no English was spoken in the Valley, there was no place more renowned for wild fun and fighting; and when its men were to be at a fair, every able-bodied man in the countryside took his *kippeen*—his cudgel—from its place in the chimney, and went out to do battle with a glad heart.

Long Mat Murnane was the king of Aughavanna. There was no grander sight than Mat smashing his way through a forest of *kippeens*, with his enemies staggering back to the right and left of him; there was no sweeter sound than his voice, clear as a bell, full of triumph and gladness, shouting, "Hurroo! whoop! Aughavanna for ever!" Where his *kippeen* flickered in the air his followers charged after, and the enemy rushed to meet him, for it was an honor to take a broken head from him.

But Carrala Fair was the black day for him. That day

Carrala swarmed with men—fishers from the near coast, dwellers in lonely huts by the black lakes, or in tiny ragged villages under the shadow of the mountains, or in cabins on the hillsides—every little town for miles, by river or seashore or mountain-built, was emptied. The fame of the Aughavanna men was their ruin, for they were known to fight so well that every one was dying to fight them. The Joyces sided against them; Black Michael Joyce had a farm in the third corner of the Valley, just where the road through the bog from Aughavanna (the road with the cross by it) meets the high-road to Leenane, so his kin mustered in force. Now Black Michael, "Meehul Dhu," was Long Mat's rival; though smaller he was near as deadly in fight, and in dancing no man could touch him, for it was said he could jump a yard into the air and kick himself behind with his heels in doing it.

The business of the Fair had been hurried so as to leave the more time for pleasure, and by five of the afternoon every man was mad for the battle. Why, you could scarcely have moved in Callanan's Field out beyond the churchyard at the end of the Village, it was so packed with men—more than five hundred were there, and you could not have heard yourself speak, for they were jumping and dancing, tossing their *caubeens*, and shouting themselves hoarse and deaf—"Hurroo for Carrala!" "Whoop for Aughavanna!" Around them a mob of women, old men and children, looked on breathlessly. It was dull weather, and the mists had crept half-way down the dark mountain walls, as if to have a nearer look at the fight.

As the chapel clock struck five, Long Mat Murnane gave the signal. Down the Village he came, rejoicing in his strength, out between the two last houses, past the churchyard and into Callanan's Field; he looked every inch a king; his *kippeen* was ready, his frieze coat was off, with his left hand he trailed it behind him holding it by the sleeve, while with a great voice he shouted—in Irish—"Where's the Carrala man that dare touch my coat? Where's the cowardly scoundrel that dare look crooked at it?"

In a moment Black Michael Joyce was trailing his own coat behind him, and rushed forward, with a mighty cry, "Where's the face of a trembling Aughavanna man?" In

a moment their *kippeens* clashed; in another, hundreds of *kippeens* crashed together, and the grandest fight ever fought in Connemara raged over Callanan's Field. After the first roar of defiance the men had to keep their breath for the hitting, so the shout of triumph and the groan as one fell were the only sounds that broke the music of the *kippeens* clashing and clicking on one another, or striking home with a thud.

Never was Long Mat nobler: he rushed ravaging through the enemy, shattering their ranks and their heads; no man could withstand him; Red Callanan of Carrala went down before him; he knocked the five senses out of Dan O'Shaughran of Earrennamore, that herded many pigs by the sedgy banks of the Owen Erriff; he hollowed the left eye out of Larry Mulcahy, that lived on the Devil's Mother Mountain—never again did Larry set the two eyes of him on his high mountain-cradle; he killed Black Michael Joyce by a beautiful swooping blow on the side of the head—who would have dreamt that Black Michael had so thin a skull?

For near an hour Mat triumphed, then suddenly he went down under foot. At first he was missed only by those nearest him, and they took it for granted that he was up again and fighting. But when the Aughavanna men found themselves outnumbered and driven back to the Village, a great fear came on them, for they knew that all Ireland could not outnumber them if Mat was to the fore. Then disaster and rout took them, and they were forced backwards up the street, struggling desperately, till hardly a man of them could stand.

And when the victors were shouting themselves dumb, and drinking themselves blind, the beaten men looked for their leader. Long Mat was prone, his forehead was smashed, his face had been trampled into the mud—he had done with fighting. His death was untimely, yet he fell as he would have chosen—in a friendly battle. For when a man falls under the hand of an enemy (as of any one who differs from him in creed or politics), revenge and black blood live after him; but he who takes his death from the kindly hand of a friend leaves behind him no ill-will, but only gentle regret for the mishap.

II.—THEIR LAST RACE.

When the dead had been duly waked for two days and nights, the burying day came. All the morning Long Mat Murnane's coffin lay on four chairs by his cabin, with a kneeling ring of disheveled women *keening* round it. Every soul in Aughavanna and their kith and kin had gathered to do him honor. And when the Angelus bell rang across the Valley from the chapel, the mourners fell into ranks, the coffin was lifted on the rough hearse, and the motley funeral—a line of carts with a mob of peasants behind, a few riding, but most of them on foot—moved slowly towards Carrala. The women were crying bitterly, *keening* like an Atlantic gale; the men looked as sober as if they had never heard of a wake, and spoke sadly of the dead man, and of what a pity it was that he could not see his funeral.

The Joyces too had waited, as was the custom, for the Angelus bell, and now Black Michael's funeral was moving slowly towards Carrala along the other side of the bog. Before long either party could hear the *keening* of the other, for you know the roads grow nearer as they converge on Carrala. Before long either party began to fear that the other would be there first.

There is no knowing how it happened, but the funerals began to go quicker, keeping abreast; then still quicker, till the women had to break into a trot to keep up; then still quicker, till the donkeys were galloping, and till every one raced at full speed, and the rival parties broke into a wild shout of "Aughavanna *abu!*" "Meehul Dhu for ever!"

For the dead men were racing—feet foremost—to the grave; they were rivals even in death. Never did the world see such a race, never was there such whooping and shouting. Where the roads meet in Callanan's Field the hearses were abreast; neck to neck they dashed across the trampled fighting-place, while the coffins jogged and jolted as if the two dead men were struggling to get out and lead the rush; neck to neck they reached the churchyard, and the hearses jammed in the gate. Behind them the carts crashed into one another, and the mourners shouted as if they were mad.

But the quick wit of the Aughavanna men triumphed, for they seized their long coffin and dragged it in, and Long Mat Murnane won his last race. The shout they gave then deafened the echo up in the mountains, so that it has never been the same since. The victors wrung one another's hands; they hugged one another.

"Himself would be proud," they cried, "if he hadn't been dead!"

THEOBALD MATHEW.

(1790—1856.)

THEOBALD MATHEW, the "Apostle of Temperance," was born Oct. 10, 1790, at Thomastown Castle in Kilkenny. In boyhood, his gentleness, amiability of disposition, and utter unselfishness endeared him to all hearts. He was educated in Kilkenny; at nineteen he entered college, and partly in Maynooth, and later under the care of the Rev. Celestine Corcoran of Dublin, he completed his studies for the priesthood. In 1814 he was ordained.

After a short time in Kilkenny he was removed to Cork, as assistant to the Rev. Francis Donovan, a member of the Capuchin Order, to which Father Mathew belonged. Here the untiring zeal and devotion of the young priest began to bear fruit, and his fame as a spiritual director spread far and wide. Mr. Maguire, his biographer, mentions as one of the current sayings of the town, that "if a carman from Kerry brought a firkin of butter into the Cork market, he would not return home till he had gone to confession to Father Mathew."

The cause of temperance had already found advocates in Cork. A Church clergyman, a Unitarian gentleman, and a Quaker named William Martin had combined to form a temperance society, but the work made very slow progress. Father Mathew's influence was known to be enormous, and Mr. Martin made urgent appeals to him to give his assistance. "Oh, Theobald Mathew, if thou wouldst but take the cause in hand," he would say, "thou couldst do such good to these poor creatures." The priest deeply reflected on this appeal, and determined to give it his support. For this purpose he held a meeting in his own schoolroom, and after indicating in a short speech his intention and convictions he went over to the table, and, with the words "Here goes in the name of God," signed the pledge.

The rest is matter of history and need not be particularized here. From that hour the movement went on like a swift stream, gathering strength as it advanced, till the broad river of success swept aside every obstacle.

In December, 1839, Father Mathew visited Limerick. In 1841 he visited Ulster, in 1842 Glasgow, and the summer of 1843 saw Father Mathew on a tour through England. Everywhere he went he persuaded thousands to follow his example. Through the terrible years of the famine fever—which had been foreseen and deplored by O'Connell before his death—Father Mathew took sole charge of the south depot in Cork when the Committee suspended operations, and fed between 5,000 and 6,000 starving creatures daily. When nearly at the end of his resources a vessel arrived from America with a cargo of breadstuff, nobly sent by the people for the relief of the famine-stricken. A portion of this cargo was placed at the disposal of Father Mathew.

In 1849 he sailed for New York. He was welcomed by thousands, and entertained at the White House by President Taylor.

In 1851 he returned to Ireland and settled down in the house of his brother near Cork. In February, 1852, his friends were alarmed by a sudden attack of apoplexy. In October, 1854, he was ordered by his physician to visit Madeira. In August, 1855, an improvement in his health and an earnest desire to resume his duties encouraged him to return to Cork. Here he rapidly grew weaker, and died on Dec. 8, 1856.

THE APOSTLE OF TEMPERANCE IN DUBLIN.

My dear Friends,—It is unnecessary for me to enumerate the many advantages to be derived from giving up the use of intoxicating liquors, which is the cause of all evil, of the crimes and outrages which have degraded this country. The drunkard will readily commit crimes which in his sober moments he would abhor.

By becoming members of the Teetotal Society you will become respectful of the laws of God and man. I am proud to tell you that since the formation of our society no member of it has committed a crime in Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Clare, or Kerry, that has brought him before either judge, recorder, or barrister. I expect that, besides abstaining from drunkenness, you will give up all other vicious habits—night-walking, outrages, threatening notices, and combination oaths. You must not belong to any secret society, nor entertain any political or religious animosity towards your fellow-man. It is now time to wipe off the foul stigma on the name of Irishmen, and cease those religious and political dissensions which have hitherto distracted the land. There will be no necessity when you become good and useful members of society for you leaving your native country. Your landlords, seeing you worthy and industrious, will assist you. The landed proprietors are anxious to befriend you.

I know a landed proprietor of the County Cork, who gave ground to a number of persons and gave them stock to enable them to succeed; but they became idlers and drunkards, and erected private stills to make whisky, so that at the end of seven years, when he expected to get at least five shillings an acre for his land, they could not pay him, and he was obliged to drive them off; so that landlords are not so much to blame as they are represented.

The spectacle that presents itself this day is very edifying. It is very delightful to see persons of all religious persuasions co-operating in the one grand cause of charity. No one has any sinister motive in this object; we have no ill-will towards any man; we do not wish to injure distillers; I myself have brothers and brothers-in-law distillers; but there can be no general good effected without a partial injury. Distillers were not to blame; but you are, for you would not purchase any article without having whisky on the bargain; but now you will buy clothes, and bread, and meat, and, instead of seeing bottles of whisky and barrels of beer by the roadside, we will see cups of coffee, and bread, and meat, which will be of more benefit to you, assist in saving your money and preserving your health.

Recollect the words of Dr. Franklin:—"Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." One of the great objects of this society is that there shall be no religious animosity, every man shall worship his God according to his own conscience, and any one who violates this principle is not worthy to be a member, and shall be expelled from the society. . . . It is particularly gratifying to see so many women, not that they now require it, but that it may make them examples to the other sex, and prevent themselves from becoming drunkards. I knew a respectable lady who was a model of all virtues until a domestic calamity befell her, and she sought mental relief in the indulgence of intoxicating liquors. I was called up one morning early about three o'clock to go and visit her; but before I reached her house she was dead, and an empty whisky-bottle was lying by her side.

No one is debarred from enjoyment by taking the pledge; on the contrary, they secure many comforts unknown to them while they gave themselves up to indulge in the use of unhallowed liquor. Now it requires much more fortitude in a man to stop at one tumbler of punch, or at one pint of porter, than is required of a teetotaler to abstain altogether. By refraining entirely from the use of these liquors your health will not suffer; on the contrary, it will be infinitely benefited.

There is one circumstance I beg leave to offer a remark upon. Some members of the tetotalers' societies have preached up such exaggerated accounts as are calculated

to lead people astray, so that, in visiting many parts for the purpose of administering the pledge, several imagined that I could heal diseases. I need not observe that nothing could possibly be more mistaken than such a notion as this. It is a source of much trouble to me, and serves no other purpose whatever than to give an opportunity for something like an air of superstition to be thrown over the proceedings. This, I repeat, has given me infinite trouble, and is altogether discountenanced by me, as it should be by all. . . .

Many persons held back from us because they thought that total abstinence would be injurious to health; and again, because they dreaded that the movement would be only momentary, not permanent, and that the relapse would be worse than the original degradation of drunkenness. But now there is no difficulty about either. It is known that abstinence is not injurious, and it has been fully proved, now that the pledge has been so inviolably kept for several months, that there is no danger of a relapse. Drunkenness will never again be triumphant in this country; it has got its death-blow. Even those who have not taken the pledge must now be temperate, because they have not got any one to indulge with.

WILLIAM HAMILTON MAXWELL.

(1794—1850.)

WILLIAM HAMILTON MAXWELL, who has been called the "father of the military novel," was born in Newry in 1794. At fifteen he entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he was graduated with honors in his nineteenth year. For five years, being unable to decide upon a profession, he occupied himself chiefly with country sports. He made a lengthened tour, in the course of which he visited many of the victorious fields of Wellington. During these travels, doubtless, he collected many of the incidents so graphically described in 'The Bivouac, or Stories of the Peninsular War.' Afterward, being obliged to choose a profession, he decided on taking full orders—he was already a deacon—and became rector of Ballagh. In 1819 he married a lady of good family. His new residence was situated in a wild and romantic district, eminently suited to his tastes as a sportsman and novelist, and his parochial duties did not altogether prevent him from following his natural bent. At his shooting-lodge in Balycroy he wrote his first novel, 'O'Hara,' which was published anonymously. In 1829 appeared 'Stories of Waterloo,' his first acknowledged work, which at once gained the popularity which it still maintains.

He drew largely on his experience as an enthusiastic lover of the country and of field sports. His first venture as a sporting novelist was 'Wild Sports of the West,' which soon became exceedingly popular. It was of these delineations that Christopher North wrote: "They contain many picturesque descriptions of the wildest scenery in Connaught, many amusing and interesting tales and legends, and much good painting of Irish character."

He was a contributor to *The Dublin University Magazine* and *Bentley's Magazine*. It is said that his later days were much embarrassed by pecuniary difficulties. He died at Musselburgh near Edinburgh, Dec. 29, 1850.

"Among the essayists, sketchers, story-tellers, and novelists, Maxwell's name shines brightly," says Lover in his 'Poems of Ireland.' "The soldier, the sportsman, and the man of the world formed a triumvirate in his person which gave a racy variety to his works; and his 'Stories of Waterloo,' his 'Wild Sports of the West,' and that stirring and most amusing tale, 'My Life,' display that triplicity. His pen was prolific—or I should rather say his pencil; for it is a fact, within my own knowledge, that he dashed off his copy for the press with a black-lead pencil, which he declared was a much pleasanter and more facile mode of rapid writing than pen and ink."

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

Ah! God be with you, old Trinity. Green is your memory, and fondly do I recall the merry days and jovial nights

I passed within your honored precincts. You were then a seat of learning fit for a prince, and, take you all in all, a pattern for colleges at large. In many a stiff hurling-match and heavy drink have I shared with as true Corinthians as ever slept upon the guard-bed of a watch-house, or tossed a bailiff in a blanket. Companions of my youth —where are they now? Stretched beneath the sward of some half-forgotten field, or gone to their account by the certain, though less sudden, maladies to which the flesh is heir.

My father was a true Milesian. He had a long pedigree and a light purse, for hounds and horses were "the spoil" of him. He lived as a gentleman should live, and died after a grand-jury dinner, drinking Baron Botherem to a stand-still, although the worthy justice could carry off his fourth bottle, and sentence a malefactor next morning as steadily as a Christian judge should do.

Two sons blest my father's bed, of whom the younger was my unworthy self. We were both destined for professions, and Father Prendergast was our preceptor. Tom, as my brother was named, progressed marvelously in learning, while I, alas! was but a sorry disciple, although the honest churchman followed Solomon's directions to the letter; and whatever timber might be wanting at Killbrannagher, upon my conscience, there was no scarcity of birch. Notwithstanding unfavorable reports, my father fancied I had talents, and it was his pleasure to destine me for the bar. The bar, Michael Prendergast opined, I would in good time reach, and that, too, by a less expensive road than the one proposed by my sire, concluding his observations with, "Never mind; push him, the devil, into college, anyhow. Bigger boobies have cut a figure there before now."

Well, the point was carried; Tom and I entered the university, and we were consigned to the care of Doctor Blundell, as dry a professor as ever produced a thesis. Our Gamaliel was a short, stout, bullet-headed dwarf, his face so fat, and cheeks so flaccid, that, *en profile*, no nose was visible; and it was necessary for him to give, at least, "a quarter front," before the organ of smell could be discovered. His figure was in good keeping; the body resembled a porter-butt on a reduced scale, and was mounted on two

thick props, whose extreme curvature obtained for the professor the *sobriquet* of "Parenthesis." Such was the learned Theban to whom the hopes of the O'Briens were intrusted.

Tom, from the very start, promised to be a genius of the first order; while my career, I lament to say, was rather bustling than brilliant. Indeed, Doctor Blundell declared we were, in every respect, opposite as the antipodes. I never could comprehend the beauty of a "sorites"—mathematics were altogether beyond my reach—astronomy, in my opinion, only fitted for a fortune-teller—while as to mechanic powers, the only one I ever meddled with was the screw, or an occasional exercise of the lever on the person of a dun or watchman.

Indeed, the honest professor's estimate of character was correct, for no brothers were ever more dissimilar; Tom would lose his rest to prove that crab-apples did not grow upon a cherry-tree, and fret himself into a fever to discover the parallax of a star. No wonder he was a first-class premium-man, and bore college "honors thick upon him." Yet there were people in the world who considered him little better than a fool, forgetting that to be a philosopher a man must be dirty and eccentric. Certainly Tom had been frequently encountered in the streets with a consequential garment missing; and he puzzled a country postmaster by requiring letters after forgetting his own name. As to his meals, they were at times totally forgotten; and in his annual migrations to and from the university he was usually consigned to the custody of a fellow-traveler, or handed with a half-crown to the guard, and a request that he should be delivered as addressed.

It was fortunate that Tom's virtues and acquirements acted as a set-off against my delinquency. Yet my career was not unnoticed, and I contrived to obtain the marked attention of my superiors. More than once I was admitted to a conference with the board; and on account, I suppose, of the insalubrity of the city, was recommended by those worthy personages country air for a term of six months; and that, too, so pressingly, that no demurrer on my part would be listened to.

Three years passed over, when one evening, returning from a tavern dinner, a row was kicked up at the gate, and

a desperate assault and battery ensued. A stupid citizen knocked his head against a blackthorn stick, and the accident was so awkward as to occasion a fracture of the occiput, and give the coroner the trouble of impaneling a jury to inquire into the cause of the same. The affair occasioned a sensation, and a score of us unfortunates were summoned before the board. As the defunct was unhappily a common-councilman, the authorities were loud in their denunciations. The newspapers called us Mohawks and murderers: some said we should be hanged, while others more mercifully declared that the punishment should be mitigated to transportation. In this dilemma, Doctor Blundell, when transmitting the quarter note, apprised my father of the occurrence, "assured him that all hope of my ever doing good was desperate; and, to evade the gallows, which he proved to a demonstration must be my end, he recommended that I should be permitted to follow my own bent, and enter the cut-throat profession, for which it was *a sequitur* that nature had intended me." Next post a letter from my father was received. He "concurred with the learned professor; affectionately informed me that I was at liberty to go to the devil as I pleased; sent me some money, and intimated that he had applied for a commission in the militia." This was as it should be. His application was successful; and in a few days I was one of the fraternity of the sword, and duly gazetted to the —— regiment.

The corps I was attached to was at that time encamped at Leighlinstown, four or five miles from the capital; and, as in duty bound, I set out next morning to visit my commanding officer in proper form.

My father had an old acquaintance in the corps, to whose protection I was, by letter, regularly committed. Of course it was to him that I applied for an introduction to Colonel Mahony. I was graciously received by my patron, presented in due form to the commander, and until I could obtain accommodations hospitably invited *pro tem.* to take up my quarters in a corner of the hovel which Peter Fogarty, as my patron was called, had constructed for his abiding-place while remaining in the field.

Peter was a singular personage—a strange, shrewd sort of oddity, and in his own way an excellent fellow. He had

been bred an apothecary, married a woman who ran away, failed in business, found favor in the colonel's sight, and through his interest, when the militia was embodied, obtained the surgeoncy of the regiment to which I had been just gazetted.

Peter Fogarty's outward man was not remarkably attractive. He was short and corpulent, with a bull-neck and square shoulders, a small and twinkling gray eye, and a nose snubbed and efflorescent as the nose of a man delighting in whisky punch should be. Peter was fond of a race or cock-fight, would go twenty miles to be present at a duel, loved a rubber of whist dearly; but cribbage was his delight, cribbage was the road to his affections, and I soon discovered it.

I mentioned that my regiment was under canvas when I joined, and formed a part of some six or seven thousand men, who, pending the explosion of "ninety-eight," were encamped in the vicinity of the metropolis. The officers were generally provided with tents, but some of them had erected temporary habitations, and among the number were Colonel Mahony and his medical adviser. Indeed it was absolutely necessary that Peter's domicile should be contiguous to the commander's. From conjugal regard, the lady had accompanied the colonel to the field, although her health was indifferent; and the extreme delicacy of her constitution rendered the frequent attendance of Doctor Fogarty indispensable.

Peter's habitation was a wooden hut; one end, screened from vulgar gaze by an old blanket, formed his dormitory, while the other corner was curtained off for me. The center was used for all the purposes of the body politic. There our *déjeûner* was laid; there, if a sick officer applied, the prescription was written; there, when dinner ended, and we left the mess-tent, on a small deal table the cribbage board was found—and, better still, an abundant supply of the *matériel* for fabricating that pleasant beverage, which Peter averred to be both safe and wholesome, to wit—whisky punch—was duly paraded for our refreshment.

As the world went, Peter Fogarty should have been a happy man. His means were equal to his expenditure, his wife had run away, and his professional cares were trifling. "The villains," as he termed his "charge of foot," were

healthy; their principal infirmity being corns—a disease to which they were subject, from a majority of the corps, prior to their enlistment, having considered shoes a superfluity. Yet Peter had his own troubles; for below, as schoolmen declare, there is no happiness without alloy. Woman, that source of evil, was his bane; and, as in the fulness of his heart he would acknowledge after his sixth tumbler—" but for Mrs. Mahony, he would be as happy as the day was long."

Mrs. Mahony had been for many years a wife, but, unhappily, as yet had never been made a mother. The colonel was anxious for an heir. Hopes were frequently excited, and they were as often deferred, until the heart was sick. Yet why should Mrs. Mahony despond! her grandmother had a son at fifty-two; she was but forty-seven, and why should she despair?

All this, however, was ruinous to the peace of Doctor Fogarty. The least alarm in the day, the slightest movement after night, agitated his interesting patient. Ether had often failed; and even a teaspoonful of brandy at times would hardly prove a sedative. These unfortunate attacks generally took place at an advanced period of the evening, and, of course, Peter was required. Then the ill-starred practitioner was invariably at whist or cribbage;—the colonel's bat-man, a foster-brother of the lady, would be dispatched to our wooden habitation, and with nine scored, and the odd trick actually in his hand, the unhappy doctor has been obliged to abandon his own fortunes for the desperate chance of endeavoring to continue the ancient lineage of the Mahonys.

Had success crowned his efforts, Peter was not the man to repine. In the triumph of his art, his toils and labors would have found their reward. But, alas! matters daily became more unpromising; and, like the wolf-cry, Mrs. Mahony's ceased to interest or alarm. Peter Fogarty, though a good Catholic, was nearly driven to desperation; and before he cut his first honor, he usually prayed from the bottom of his soul for Mrs. Mahony's repose temporal and eternal, and the sooner her beatitude was completed, he as a Christian man opined would be all the better.

It was for the season a dark and blusterous night. More than one tent-pole had given way—pegs and cords

were tried and found wanting; and in the joy of his heart, my host congratulated himself and me on the stability of our wooden dwelling. The last batch of whisky was inimitable; and so said the doctor, after submitting the liquor to a fair test of six tumblers. The cards were decidedly in his favor—fortune smiled upon him every cut—and since the night his wife had bolted he never had been so happy. It was just ten;—the deal was mine;—but Peter's cards were beautiful. Suddenly a hurried foot approached the door. Peter remarked it. "It 's the lobsters, after all;—I knew the devil would not fail me." Knock—knock.—"Come in." It was not the lobsters, but Murty Currigan, the colonel's bat-man. The doctor looked dark as Erebus, the bat-man as if he had been running for his life. The former coughed to conceal vexation. "Ha, ha;—hum;—anything wrong?"

"Wrong? You may say that;—the mistress is dying," responded Murty.

"Dying! What the devil would make her die?" said the doctor.

"Sorra one o' me knows," returned the bat-man. Now, Murty Currigan being deaf, save when Peter Fogarty elevated his voice to an extraordinary pitch, his remarks touching the diagnostics of his mistress's disease were lost upon the bothered bat-man.

"What 's the matter with her now?"

"It 's a kind of pain about her heart."

"Pish!" said the docor, testily; "that 's a Connaught symptom for a sprained ankle. Anything else?"

"Her head 's dizzy, and she 's at times astray," replied the lady's foster-brother.

"Humph! so should mine be after a pint of brandy."

"She 's as wake as a cat," quoth the envoy. "She can't move without help."

"Seldom people can when they 're regularly smothered," said the leech.

"She has a sort of a twisting in her stomach," added the fosterer.

The doctor's patience gave way. "Arrah, silence, ye ommadawn! Would you give her as many ailments as would kill a priest? Off with ye, Murty. Tell them to keep her quiet, and come back in half an hour, and tell me

how she is." The bat-man vanished. "She'll be fast asleep then, and we'll not be troubled with her capers. Come—I lead. Fifteen two—fifteen four—a pair make six—and a pair make eight;" and on he went with the jargon of the game.

Now, though the honest doctor counted with some confidence on sleep, that "sweet mediciner," abating the complicated diseases with which Mrs. Mahony was afflicted, still he had sore misgivings to disturb him, and these could occasionally be detected from his confused allusions to the patient and the game.

"Stop, Pat;—let me cut. I couldn't have made more of that hand, unless we played the double flush. Your father and I always flushed. Jasus! I wonder what's come over the woman! Every night smothered; and then me tattered out, wet or dry. Asy, Pat, you're pegging too fast;—let me see what I have got. Lord! if it was once or twice a week; but every night nothing but 'Run for Doctor Fogarty!' I wish she was safe in heaven, or in the County Clare, for my heart's fairly broke. Shuffle them, man;—I cut. Give me the bottle;—devil a drop of spirits I put in my tumbler, that woman, bad luck to her, bothered me so."

All this time I observed that no preparatory steps were taken for the composition of the healing draft, for which the fosterer had been directed to return; and I hinted, that as the hospital tent was at some distance, the sooner Peter started for his "galenicals" the better. My remark appeared to astonish the worthy man; for he laid down his cards, and looked at me with a broad stare.

"The hospital tent! Is it to go a long half-mile, and a storm raging that would blow the buttons off my jacket? Arrah, what a fool ye take me for, Pat! And yet, blessed Virgin! if Murty comes again, what am I to do with him? Was there ever a dacent practitioner so teased by an ould besom as myself, Peter Fogarty? If I had but some simple for her. Oh, murder! not a squig of physic in the house, unless you have it."

I shook my head.

"Death an ouns! have ye nothing—salts, senna, cinnamon, rhubarb, scammony, magnesia?"

I nodded a negative.

"Have you no neglected draught—nothing in the shape of powder?"

"Nothing," I replied, "but tooth-powder."

"Phew!" and Peter whistled. "Beautiful! and, by the best of luck, I have a bottle."

Up he rose, bolted for a moment behind the blanket, and speedily reappeared with a small phial. In it he deposited a spoonful of my dentifrice, filled it from the kettle, and shook it, as he said, "*Secundum artem.*" The infusion produced a liquid of bright pink, with an aromatic odor; and Peter, having submitted the mixture to the double test of taste and smell, was loud in his admiration.

"Beautiful!" he exclaimed; "I have spent a winter's morning over the mortar, and not produced a more palatable anodyne. Don't cut yet; I 'll just label the bottle, and then for the flats." Accordingly, he inscribed upon a slip of paper the following directions for the use of his new-invented julep, and affixed them carefully to the potion: "*A teaspoonful of the mixture to be taken every half-hour until the patient is relieved—shaking the bottle. —For Mrs. Mahony.*"

It was fortunate for Peter that his nostrum was in readiness. Before he had dealt a second hand, a loud tap at the door announced the return of the fosterer; and bad as Murty's first report was, his second bulletin was infinitely more alarming.

"Well, is she better?"

"Better?" repeated the fosterer, with a wild stare.

"Ay—better!" returned the physician in a tone of voice that mimicked Murty's like an echo.

"Arrah! she never was bad till now," said the fosterer. "Ye can't tell a word she says, good or bad, and she wouldn't know her own maid from the black drummer."

"Ah! regularly sewed up. Here," and he handed him the bottle, "mind the directions; can ye read?"

"If I can't, sure, Biddy Toole can."

"Away with ye, then; every moment ye lose may be fatal;—bathe her feet and shake the bottle, and be sure ye tell me how she is, early in the morning."

"Anything else, doctor?"

"Nothing;—only don't let her get cold, if ye can help it, and now run, ye devil!"

Murty made his salaam and vanished; and soon after Peter and I retired to our respective cribs.

Betimes next morning the bothered bat-man reported that his lady was convalescent; and, after breakfast, the doctor departed to his hospital, and I to attend a garrison parade.

On my return, as captain of the day, it was necessary for me to call upon my commanding officer, and accordingly I repaired to the wooden erection in which Colonel Mahony had deposited his household gods. After being paraded through a sort of ante-room, I found the commander inditing an epistle upon a three-legged table, before a port-hole which it was his pleasure to call a window, while divers cloths and coverlets were suspended from a line stretched across the apartment, and excluded from the gaze of vulgar eyes "the lady of his love." The commander, having duly apologized for detaining me a few minutes while he concluded his letter, pointed to a camp-stool, and I seated myself and took up the *Evening Post.* But the newspaper was unheeded—voices behind the curtain told that there were others in the chamber of state—and in the speakers I easily recognized Peter and his patient, Mrs. Mahony, while a feeble piano in a flat key thus continued:—

"Yes, doctor, I will ever acknowledge that, under Providence, I owe my life to you. The first spoonful gave relief, and the second acted like a charm."

"Indeed! Ha!—hem!—hem! Allow me: pulse full—a *leetle* feverish—must keep very quiet."

"But, dear Mr. Fogarty, I must, you say, be very careful to avoid cold. No doubt the medicine I took last night with such happy effect was very powerful?"

"Most powerful, madam," replied the leech, with unblushing effrontery. "The arcana of pharmaceutics could not afford a more effective combination."

"God bless me!" ejaculated the lady—"but for it, I should have been dead——"

"As Julius Cæsar, madam," responded the doctor, with a solemn cough.

"I have been reflecting on your advice, doctor. These

constant alarms are too much for my nervous sensibility. Would you believe it, ether and a dessert-spoonful of brandy had no effect upon me last night?"

"Indeed!—hem!—hem!"

"Ay, doctor, you may well shake your head. I would not fret the poor dear colonel; but——"

"I know your feelings, and they do honor to your heart, madam."

"Well, as I was saying, doctor, to leave Colonel Mahony——"

"Madam," returned the false physician, "I can appreciate the strength of your attachment; but there are other and important considerations"—and Peter dropped his voice to a half-whisper, that prevented me from hearing anything beyond detached words. "Delicate situation—hopes of an honorable house—colonel's partiality for children—native air—happy result—bark and sea-bathing." And before the commander had finished his dispatch the villain Peter, under false hopes, had persuaded the colonel's helpmate to bundle off to Clare, "by easy stages." Whether she carried a bottle of the pink tincture in the carriage, I forget; but, I presume, that she would hardly, when there was balm in Gilead, depart without an extensive supply.

Time passed; and four years after I had left the militia, and volunteered to the line; I had occasion to run up to London, and there encountered my old commander in the Strand. He was a friendly little fellow, and expressed great pleasure at our meeting. I remarked that he was habited in deep mourning; and when I inquired for Mrs. Mahony, he sighed heavily, shook his head, and informed me that he had buried her a month before in Cheltenham.

"Ah! my dear O'Brien; it was a black day when I was persuaded to leave home. Fogarty was the only man that understood poor dear Mrs. Mahony's constitution. You may remember, when we lay in Leighlinstown camp, the desperate attack she had. You and Peter were hutted together at the time." I nodded an affirmative. "Just such another fit carried her off at Cheltenham. Had Peter Fogarty been near us I should not now be a disconsolate widower as I am, for Biddy Mahony would have been alive."

We dined together at the Blue Posts in Cork-street. "Sorrow is dry," and the commander was in trouble. At twelve I conveyed him to his lodgings in a hackney coach; and on our way home, as well as I could understand him —for there was "a ripple" in his delivery—he did nothing but lament, in poor dear Mrs. Mahony's last attack, the absence of Peter and his "pink tincture."

THE LOAN OF A CONGREGATION.

From 'Wild Sports of the West.'

Och hone! isn't it a murder to see the clargy making such fools of themselves, now! When I was young, priest and minister were hand and glove. It seems to me but yesterday, when Father Pat Joyce, the Lord be good to him! lent Mr. Carson a congregation.

Everything went on beautiful, for the two clargy lived together. Father Pat Joyce minded his chapel and the flock, and Mr. Carson said prayers of a Sunday, too, though sorrow a soul he had to listen to him but the clerk —but sure that was no fault of his.

Well, in the evening, I was brought into the parlor, and there were their reverences as *cur coddiogh*[1] as you please. Father Pat gave me a tumbler of rael stiff punch, and the divil a better warrant to make the same was within the province of Connaught. We were just as comfortable as we could be, when a courier stops at the door with a letter, which he said was for Mr. Carson. Well, when the minister opens it, he got as pale as a sheet, and I thought he would have fainted. Father Pat crossed himself. "Arrah Dick," says he, "the Lord stand between you and evil! is there anything wrong?" "I'm ruined," says he; "for some *bad member* has wrote to the bishop, and told him that I have no congregation, because you and I are so intimate, and he's coming down to-morrow, with the *dane,* to see the state of things. Och, hone!" says he, "I'm fairly ruined." "And is that all that's frettin' ye?" says the priest. "Arrah, dear Dick"—for they

[1] *Cur coddiogh,* comfortable.

called each other be their *Christen* names,—"is this all? If it 's a congregation ye want, ye shall have a dacent one to-morrow, and lave that to me;—and now we 'll take our drink, and not matter the bishop a fig."

Well, next day, sure enough, down comes the bishop, and a great retinue along with him; and there was Mr. Carson ready to receive him. "I hear," says the bishop, mighty stately, "that you have no congregation." "In faith, your holiness," says he, "you 'll be soon able to tell that,"—and in he walks him to the church, and there were sitting three-score well-dressed men and women, and all of them as devout as if they were going to be anointed; for that blessed morning, Father Pat whipped mass over before ye had time to bless yourself, and the clanest of the flock was before the bishop in the church, and ready for his holiness. To see that all behaved properly, Father Pat had hardly put off the vestments, till he slipped on a *cota more*,[1] and there he sat in a back sate like any other of the congregation. I was near the bishop's reverence; he was seated in an arm-chair belonging to the priest.—"Come here, Mr. Carson," says he. "Some enemy of yours," said the sweet old gentleman, "wanted to injure you with me. But I am now fully satisfied." And turning to the dane, "By this book!" says he, "I didn't see a claner congregation this month of Sundays."

A LETTER FROM GALWAY.

From 'Captain Blake.'

DEAR JACK: You will expect, no doubt, to hear the news of the neighborhood.

Father Roger has got the parish of Ballyboffin. The people were sadly neglected by the old priest, who was bedridden for years. Father Roger has turned over a new leaf with them, and the first Sunday he cursed them out of the face with bell, book, and candle, to show them that they must look to their souls in future.

Tony, poor man! broke his leg last Tuesday by a fall

[1] *Cota more*, a green coat.

from the switch-tailed mare. It was a great blessing, when he was to break a bone, that it happened at the end of the season.

A set of Ballybooley boys, the other night, took off Sibby M'Clintock, the schoolmaster's daughter. There is a great hullabaloo in consequence, but no tidings yet. I 'm glad she 's gone, for your cousin Jack was eternally dropping in. It 's not right to put temptation in a young man's way; and as he 's in delicate health his mother won't allow him to be contradicted in anything.

Denis Corcoran burned powder for the first time, last week, in a field near Ballinasloe. It is allowed on all hands that he behaved prettily, and hit his man the second shot. One is interested naturally for a friend's child, and indeed I always thought that Denis was a promising boy.

Poor Darby Moran,—a decent boy he was,—him you may remember that they called "Darby Dhu" (black), was hanged last Monday for shooting at a peeler. It was hard enough upon him, as he only lamed the fellow for life. As he was a tenant's son, your aunt, out of respect, sent the maid upon the jaunting-car to attend the execution. He died real game, and pleased the priest greatly before he came out upon the drop. We gave him a good wake and a fine funeral.

Dr. Stringer was fired at in mistake when leaving Mount Kirwan after dinner; they shot his horse dead; and when they discovered he was the wrong man, they made him an ample apology. They took him in the dark for Parson Milligan, who rode a gray cob, and had on a dark cottamore.

Father Roger is breaking fast, and you 'll be sorry to hear it. You remember what a head he had. Two bottles of port now make him talk thick, and the third smothers him totally. More 's the pity! A better Christian never cursed a flock; and a companion—one might drink with him in the dark and ask no questions.

Ever your affectionate uncle, MANUS BLAKE.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

(1823—1867.)

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, one of Young Ireland's most brilliant orators, was born Aug. 3, 1823, in Waterford, which his father had represented for some time. He gained a high reputation at the colleges of Clongowes-Wood and Stonyhurst, where he was educated. After a tour in Europe, he returned to Ireland to find the country in the full fever of the Repeal agitation ; and he joined the more fiery spirits of the Young Ireland party, giving to it all the benefit of his brilliant eloquence.

He was one of the deputation to Paris in 1848 to congratulate France on the establishment of the republic ; on his return he presented with a glowing speech an Irish tricolor flag to the citizens of Dublin. In May of the same year he was arrested for seditious language, but, the jury being unable to agree, he was discharged. When the passage of the treason-felony act drove the Young Ireland leaders into open insurrection, Meagher was among those who took the field. He was arrested, tried, and sentenced to death. The sentence was afterward commuted to transportation, and he was sent to Tasmania with O'Brien and Macmanus.

He escaped in 1852 and landed in this country, where he was enthusiastically received. For a time he was a public lecturer ; in 1855 he was admitted to the bar. The outbreak of the civil war opened up to Meagher another career. From the beginning he was an enthusiastic supporter of the cause of the North. First he raised a body of Zouaves, who were incorporated in the famous 69th New York Regiment under the command of Colonel Corcoran. He distinguished himself at the battle of Bull's Run, where his horse was shot under him. Afterward he raised the famous Irish Brigade, of which he was elected first General. The services which this gallant force rendered to the arms of the Union are well known, and have been admitted by historians of the civil war. The brigade especially distinguished itself in the seven days' fighting around Richmond ; its conduct at Antietam was made the subject of flattering notice in an order of the day by General McClellan.

The terrible battle of Fredericksburg gave the General and his troops an opportunity of still further adding to their laurels. Seven times they charged up to the crest of the enemy's breastworks. The best proof of their desperate courage was that out of 1,200 men whom the General led into battle only 280 appeared next day on parade. In this engagement Meagher himself was wounded in the leg, and for a while had to retire from active service. In May following, however, he was able once more to lead his forces, and at Chancellorsville the destruction of the broken brigade was completed. Meagher now came to the conclusion that it was no longer desirable to drag the phantom regiment into action, and resigned. Criticism was freely passed on Meagher's skill as a General, but there was complete agreement of opinion that he had proved himself

a gallant soldier, of a courage at once cool and reckless. After he had resigned his command he was appointed by President Lincoln Brigadier-General of volunteers, and also had charge of the district of Etowah.

After the war he was made acting Governor of the Territory of Montana. He had a tragic end. While traveling in a steamer on the Mississippi, July 1, 1867, he fell overboard and was drowned. His body was never recovered.

He published a volume of his speeches, and also essays under the title 'Recollections of Ireland and the Irish.' The latter displays a keen sense of humor and some powers of description; but his work as a writer was far inferior to his achievements as an orator. He was at his best when he was the youthful mouthpiece of the passions and dreams of the "Young Irelanders."

ON THE POLICY FOR IRELAND.

From a Speech in Dublin, February 5, 1848.

My friend, Mr. Mitchel—whom I shall never cease to trust and admire—has brought the real question at issue, most conveniently for me, into the smallest possible space. "The real question," he says, "which we have to decide is, whether we are to keep up the constitutional and Parliamentary agitation or not: for my part" (he adds) "I am weary of this constitutional agitation." Now, this is precisely the question, and most neatly reduced to a nutshell. You have to decide whether this constitutional agitation is to be given up or not. You are to say whether you, too, are weary of it or not. Previous, however, to our going into the merits of this constitutional agitation, I think that upon one point we are quite agreed—quite agreed that, whatever policy we may adopt, all this vague talk should cease with which your ears have been vexed for so long a period. All this vague talk about a crisis at hand—shouts of defiance—Louis Philippe is upwards of seventy—France remembers Waterloo—the first gun fired in Europe—all this obscure babble—all this meaningless mysticism—must be swept away. Ten thousand guns fired in Europe would announce no glad tidings to you if their lightning flashed upon you in a state of disorganization and incertitude.

Sir, I know of no nation that has won its independence by an accident. Trust blindly to the future—wait for the

tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune—envelop yourselves in mist—leave everything to chance, and be assured of this, the most propitious opportunities will arise and pass away, leaving you to chance—masters of no weapons—scholars of no science—incompetent to decide—irresolute to act—powerless to achieve. This was the great error of the Repeal Association. From a labyrinth of difficulties there was no avenue open to success. The people were kept within this labyrinth—they moved round and round—backwards and forwards—there was perpetual motion, but no advance. In this bewilderment are you content to wander until a sign appears in heaven, and the mystery is disentangled by a miracle? Have you no clear intelligence to direct you to the right path, and do you fear to trust your footsteps to the guidance of that mind with which you have been gifted? Do you prefer to substitute a driftless superstition in place of a determined system—groping and fumbling after possibilities, instead of seizing the agencies within your reach? This, indeed, would be a blind renunciation of your powers, and thus, indeed, the virtue you prize so justly—the virtue of self-reliance—would be extinguished in you. To this you will not consent. You have too sure a confidence in the resources you possess to leave to chance what you can accomplish by design. A deliberate plan of action is, then, essential—something positive—something definite. This you require, and upon this you have this night to determine.

From what suggestions, then, are we to shape our course? Is it not come to this—that we have to choose between a constitutional policy and an insurrection? Is an insurrection probable? If probable, is it practicable? Prove to me that it is, and I, for one, will vote for it this very night. You know well, my friends, that I am not one of those tame moralists who say that liberty is not worth a drop of blood. Men who subscribe to such a maxim are fit for out-door relief, and for nothing better. Against this miserable maxim the noblest virtue that has served and sanctified humanity appears in judgment.

From the blue waters of the Bay of Salamis—from the valley over which the sun stood still and lit the Israelites to victory—from the cathedral in which the sword of Po-

land has been sheathed in the shroud of Kosciusko—from the convent of St. Isidore, where the fiery hand that rent the ensign of St. George upon the plains of Ulster has crumbled into dust—from the sands of the desert, where the wild genius of the Algerine so long had scared the eagles of the Pyrenees—from the ducal palace in this kingdom, where the memory of the gallant and seditious Geraldine enhances, more than royal favor, the nobility of his race—from the solitary grave which, within this mute city, a dying request has left without an epitaph—oh! from every spot where heroism has had its sacrifice, or its triumph, a voice breaks in upon the cringing crowds that cheer this wretched maxim, crying out—"Away with it, away with it." Would to God, sir, that we could take every barrack in the island this night, and with our blood purchase the independence of the country. It is not, then, a pedantic reverence for common law—it is not a senseless devotion to a diadem and scepter—it is not a whining solicitude for the preservation of the species—that dictates the vote I give this night in favor of a constitutional movement. I support this constitutional policy, not from choice, but from necessity. My strongest feelings are in favor of the policy advised by Mr. Mitchel. I wish to God that I could defend that policy. It is a policy which calls forth the noblest passions—it kindles genius, generosity, heroism—it is far removed from the tricks and crimes of politics—for the young, the gallant, and the good, it has the most powerful attractions. In the history of this kingdom the names that burn above the dust and desolation of the past—like the lamps in the old sepulchers of Rome—shed their glory round the principles of which a deep conviction of our weakness compels me this night to be the opponent; and in being their opponent, I almost blush to think that the voice of one whose influence is felt through this struggle more powerfully than any other—one who unites the genius of Madame Roland with the heroism of the Maid of Orleans, and whose noble lyrics will bid this cause to live for ever—I almost blush to think that this voice which speaks to us in these glorious lines—

"And the beckoning angels win you on, with many a radiant vision,
Up the thorny path to glory, where man receives his crown"—

should be disobeyed, and, that for a time at least, we must plod on in the old course, until we acquire strength and discipline, and skill—discipline to steady, skill to direct, strength to enforce the claim of a united nation. Just look for a moment to our position. To an insurrectionary movement the priesthood are opposed. To an insurrectionary movement the middle classes are opposed. To an insurrectionary movement the aristocracy are opposed. To give effect to this opposition, 50,000 men, equipped and paid by England, occupy the country at this moment.

Who, then, are for it? The mechanic and the peasant classes, we are told. These classes, you will tell us, have lost all faith in legal agencies, and through such agencies despair of the slightest exemption from their suffering. Stung to madness—day from day gazing upon the wreck and devastation that surround them, until the brain whirls like a ball of fire—they see but one red pathway, lined with gibbets and hedged with bayonets, leading to deliverance. But will that pathway lead them to deliverance? Have these classes, upon which alone you now rely, the power to sweep like a torrent through that pathway, dashing aside the tremendous obstacles that confront them? You know they have not. Without discipline, without arms, without food—beggared by the law, starved by the law, diseased by the law, demoralized by the law—opposed to the might of England, they would have the weakness of a vapor. Yes, but you have said so; for, what do you maintain? You maintain that an immediate insurrection is not designed. Well, then, you confess your weakness; and, then, let me ask you, what becomes of the objection you urge against the policy we propose? The country cannot afford to wait until the legal means have been fully tested—that is your objection. And yet you will not urge an immediate movement—you will not deal with the disease upon the spot—you will permit it to take its course—your remedy is remote. Thus it appears there is delay in both cases—so, upon this question of time, we are entitled to pair off. But at no time, you assert, will legal means prevail—public opinion is nonsense—constitutional agitation is a downright delusion. Tell me, then, was it an understanding when we founded the Irish Confederation, this time twelvemonth, that if public opinion

failed to repeal the Act of Union in a year, at the end of a year it should be scouted as a "humbug"?

When you established this Confederation in January, 1847—when you set up for yourselves—did you agree with public opinion for a year only? Was that the agreement, and will you now serve it with a notice to quit? If so, take my advice and break up the establishment at once. After all, look to your great argument against the continuance of a parliamentary or a constitutional movement. The constituencies are corrupt—they will not return virtuous representatives—the tree shall be known by its fruits. The constituencies are knaves, perjurers, cowards, on the hustings—they will be chevaliers, *sans peur et sans reproche,* within the trenches. The Thersites of the polling booth will be the Achilles of the bivouac. Your argument comes to this, that the constituencies of Ireland will be saved "so as by fire"—they will acquire morality in the shooting gallery—and in the art of fortification they will learn the path to paradise. These constituencies constitute the *élite* of the democracy; and is it you, who stand up for the democracy, that urge this argument?

To be purified and saved, do you decree that this nation must writhe in the agonies of a desperate circumcision? Has it not felt the knife long since? And if its salvation depend upon a flow of blood, has it not poured out torrents into a thousand graves, deep enough and swift enough to earn the blessing long before our day? Spend no more until you are certain of the purchase. Nor do I wish that this movement should become a mere democratic movement. I desire that it should continue to be what it has been—a national movement—a movement not of any one class, but of all classes. Narrow it to one class—decide that it shall be a democratic movement, and nothing else—what then? You augment the power that is opposed to you—the revolution will provoke a counter-revolution—Paris will be attacked by the emigrants as well as by the Austrians. You attach little importance to the instance cited by Mr. Ross—Poland is no warning to you. The Polish peasants cut the throats of the Polish nobles, and before the Vistula had washed away the blood the free city of Cracow was proclaimed a dungeon. So much for the war of classes.

No; I am not for a democratic, but I am for a national movement—not for a movement like that of Paris in 1793, but for a movement like that of Brussels in 1830—like that of Palermo in 1848. If you think differently, say so, If you are weary of this "constitutional movement"—if you despair of this "combination of classes"—declare so boldly, and let this night terminate the career of the Irish Confederation. Yet, upon the brink of this abyss, listen for a moment to the voice that speaks to you from the vaults of Mount Saint Jerome; and if you distrust the advice of the friend who now addresses you—one who has done something to assist you, and who, I believe, has not been unfaithful to you in some moments of difficulty, and perhaps of danger—if you do not trust me, listen, at least, to the voice of one who has been carried to his grave amid the tears and prayers of all classes of his countrymen, and of whose courage and whose truth there has never yet been uttered the slightest doubt:—"Be bold, but wise—be brave, but sober—patient, earnest, striving, and untiring. You have sworn to be temperate for your comfort here and your well-being hereafter. Be temperate now for the honor, the happiness, the immortality of your country—act trustfully and truthfully one to another—watch, wait, and leave the rest to God."

THE GLORY OF IRELAND.

From an Address delivered in the People's Theater, Virginia City, on St. Patrick's Day, 1866.

On this day, nearly 1,300 years ago, the lurid fire of the Druid began to pale, and the Cross appeared in the kindly Irish sky. The celebration we Irishmen make to-day is the celebration of love, of pride, of sorrow. Were Ireland an ill-favored country—were it sterile, bleak, inhospitable—were there no scenes there to delight the eye and captivate the heart—were there no sweet valleys, no laughing rivers, none of the graces and grandeur of Nature such as have inspired the melodies of Moore and given to the pencil of Maclise some of its finest themes; had the country no picturesque history, no great name illuminating her

annals, no halls that had echoed to a superior eloquence, no fields on which heroism had fought for liberty—were it a desert in the light of an unpropitious sun, and a blank in the literature of the world—even so, as the place of our birth—as the place where we first knew a mother's smile and a father's blessing—we should love it, be jealous of it, and cling to it all the more devotedly on account of the deprivations with which it had been stricken. But our love for Ireland has no such rigorous conditions to test and vindicate it. Heaven has been most bountiful to that land. As it came from the hand of God, it has all the rare excellence that makes it a singularly favored land. Under a government of its own sons—partial and generous as they would be to it—no land would be happier—no land be more profitable to its people; for it has been endowed with all advantages—serenity of climate and wealth of soil, safe and spacious harbors indenting the whole circle of its coast, the more essential minerals and superabundant water—all which, under a genial administration and favoring laws, would not only make it prosperous, but give it greatness.

I have spoken of the means which Ireland abundantly possesses to be a strong and prosperous nation. Her intellectual wealth is fully commensurate with her physical. The fame of her more gifted sons revolves with the planet, and it is no exaggeration to say that it has a recognition which is co-extensive with civilization. Has not the Vicar of Wakefield gone round the world? Does not Edmund Burke loom up in political history with a stature too colossal not to be seen from every quarter of the globe? 'Lalla Rookh' has been translated, and is a volume of gold in the land of the Fire Worshipers themselves. Sheridan has written his name in letters of inextinguishable light upon the desecrated temples and plundered palaces. Never in any country was there so superb an assembly of orators and wits, statesmen, and gallant gentlemen, as the Irish Parliament was in the few years of independence. There was Harry Flood, of whom it was grandly said by his great rival that, like Hercules, he failed with the distaff, but with the thunderbolt he had the arm of a Jupiter. There was Henry Grattan, of whom Lord Brougham declared that no orator of any age was his

equal, and who, communicating to Ireland the pentecostal fire with which he himself was inflamed, beheld his country, to use his own magnificent phrase, rising from her bed in the ocean and getting nearer to the sun. There was Curran—the most thorough Irishmen of them all—the exhaustless wit, the dauntless and defiant advocate, whose marvelous eloquence threw over the darkest cause the most copious streams of splendor and enchantment, and who was as true to Ireland as he was to the saddest client who sought the shelter and defense of his blazing shield. In art Maclise has won an imperial crown. Davis said of him that his pencil was as true as a sunbeam. Barry was in his studio what Burke was in the Senate—a prodigy of genius. In his vast painting of the Last Judgment he has "shaken one world with the thunders of another."

But it is said that the educated intelligence, to say nothing of the property of Ireland, has, unless in some eccentric instances, become imperialized, and that to the independence of the country it is haughtily hostile. Here an argument is advanced against Irish independence. With me that argument goes for nothing. Shall a nation postpone her liberty in deference to an erudite slavery? Is the liberty of a nation a usurpation unless the menials of political life, the painted butterflies of fashion, varlets, harlequins, and vassals, concur in the claim? Give me the people—the democracy—the men who till the fields, the men who build ships and cities, the men who subjugate the wilderness, train and rear it into a noble civilization, and, so far, consummate the Divine purpose of creation.

From this element have some of the most powerful intellects and potentates of the world sprung. Homer, Shakespeare, Michael Angelo, the great jurists of England, the great statesmen of America, the marshals of Napoleon, were from the democracy. Give me the people, the democracy of Ireland! Should they demand the liberty of Ireland, I shall not wait on any lord or pedant, nor on any lord's or pedant's flunkey, to ratify the claim. Give me the peasantry—the reviled, scorned, ignored peasantry of Ireland! Their wretched cabins have been the holy shrines in which the traditions and the hopes of Ireland have been treasured and transmitted. In the adverse days —in the days of cowardice, debasement, and despair—the

spirit of Ireland has lived in them and become immortal. In the fiercest storms they have never once winced or wavered. In the bloodiest times they have been dauntless and heroic. The hills of Wexford, the plains of Kildare, the mountain passes of Wicklow—all are vital with their desperate courage under the shock and scourge of battle. Never, never let the Irish heart give up the hope of seeing, on Irish soil, the fatal destiny of centuries reversed, and a restored nation, wisely instructed and ennobled in the school of sorrow, planted there. Think, think, what this hope has been to Ireland. It has been the light of her darkness, the jewel of her poverty, the music of her tribulation, the bright companion of her exiles. It has been the main nerve of her industry abroad; on the field of death it has been the fire of her heart and the magic of her flag.

Now comes the question—is this festival of love, of pride, of sorrow, celebrated here, incompatible with Irish loyalty in America? The question—an ignominious one—would not surely emanate from me were it not that there are some vicious bigots—men of small brains and smaller hearts—men of more gall than blood—who, even here, assert that love for Ireland, devotion to her cause, active sympathy with the protracted contest for her redemption, involve an equivocal allegiance to the United States. Out upon the bastard Americanism that spews this imputation on the gallant race whose blood, shed in torrents for its inviolability and its glory, has imparted a brighter crimson to the Stripes, and made the Stars of that triumphant flag irradiate with a keener radiance. I appeal not to the burning sands, the cactus-circled fortresses, the causeways. the volcanic heights, the gates and towers of Mexico.

Let the woods and swamps of the deadly Chickahominy, the slopes of Malvern Hill, the waters of the Antietam, the defiant heights of Fredericksburg, the thickets of the Wilderness—a thousand fields, now billowed with Irish graves, declare that love for Ireland blends in ecstasy with loyalty to America, and that America has been served by none more truly than by those who carried in their impetuous hearts the memories and hopes of Ireland. No true American looks otherwise than with full trustfulness

and the heartiest fellowship upon such manifestations of Irish heart, Irish piety, and Irish remembrance of the Irish birthplace as to-day animate this city. The true American knows, feels, and with enthusiasm declares, that of all human emotions, of all human passions, there is not one more pure, more noble, more conducive to good and great and glorious deeds, than that which bears us back to the spot that was the cradle of our childhood, the playground of our boyhood, the theater of our manhood.

Has the Holy Book a passage more deeply touching than that which pictures to us the daughters of a captive race, in their desolation of soul, weeping by the waters of Babylon when they remembered their lost homes and the vanished towers of Zion? Has profane verse a line more exquisitely eloquent than that which tells us of the brave young Greek—beautiful and radiant as his native land—bleeding and dying on the plains of Latium, with his darkening eyes fixed on Greece? Has political history a grander incident than that of Warren Hastings, the Dictator of India, in the midst of all his ambitious schemes—all through his struggles, his contests, his triumphs, his crimes, and splendors—ever and always cherishing in his purer heart the hope and purpose of returning to his ancestral domain, and spending there in calmness and goodness the evening of his stormy life? Has our own bright poet, Moore, with all the wealth of his melody and fancy, given the world a scene in the presence of which kindlier, sweeter, holier sympathies arise than that which shows the captive girls of the East, amid all the luxuries of their perfumed and golden bondage—amid all the deadening enchantments of their voluptuous vassalage—winging their way back in tender thought to the scene of their free and spotless childhood?

SPEECH FROM THE DOCK.

My Lords,—It is my intention to say only a few words. I desire that the last act of a proceeding which has occupied so much of the public time, shall be of short duration. Nor have I the indelicate wish to close the dreary

ceremony of a state prosecution with a vain display of words. Did I fear that hereafter, when I shall be no more, the country which I have tried to serve would think ill of me, I might, indeed, avail myself of this solemn moment to vindicate my sentiments and my conduct. But I have no such fear. The country will judge of those sentiments and that conduct in a light far different from that in which the jury by which I have been convicted have viewed them; and by the country, the sentence which you, my lords, are about to pronounce, will be remembered only as the severe and solemn attestation of my rectitude and truth. Whatever be the language in which that sentence be spoken, I know that my fate will meet with sympathy, and that my memory will be honored. In speaking thus accuse me not, my lords, of an indecorous presumption. To the efforts I have made in a just and noble cause, I ascribe no vain importance, nor do I claim for those efforts any high reward. But it so happens, and it will ever happen, that they who have tried to serve their country—no matter how weak their efforts may have been—are sure to receive the thanks and blessings of its people.

With my country, then, I leave my memory—my sentiments—my acts,—proudly feeling that they require no vindication from me this day. A jury of my countrymen, it is true, have found me guilty of the crime of which I stood indicted. For this I feel not the slightest feeling of resentment towards them. Influenced as they must have been by the charge of the lord chief-justice, they could have found no other verdict. What of that charge? Any strong observations on it I feel sincerely would ill befit the solemnity of the scene; but I earnestly beseech of you, my lord—you who preside on that bench—when the passion and the prejudices of this hour have passed away, to appeal to your own conscience, and ask of it, Was your charge as it ought to have been, impartial and indifferent between the subject and the crown?

My lords, you may deem this language unbecoming in me, and perhaps it might seal my fate. But I am here to speak the truth, whatever it may cost. I am here to regret nothing I have ever done, to retract nothing I have ever said. I am here to crave with no lying lips the life I consecrate to the liberty of my country. Far from it. Even

here—here, where the thief, the libertine, the murderer, have left their foot-prints in the dust—here, on this spot, where the shadows of death surround me, and from which I see my early grave in an unanointed soil open to receive me—even here, encircled by these terrors, that hope which first beckoned me to the perilous sea upon which I have been wrecked, still consoles, animates, and enraptures me. No, I do not despair of my old country—her peace, her glory, her liberty! For that country I can do no more than bid her hope. To lift this island up, to make her a benefactor to humanity, instead of being the meanest beggar in the world—to restore her to her native power and her ancient constitution—this has been my ambition, and my ambition has been my crime. Judged by the law of England, I know this crime entails the penalty of death; but the history of Ireland explains this crime and justifies it. Judged by that history I am no criminal, you (addressing Mr. Macmanus) are no criminal, you (addressing Mr. O'Donoghue) are no criminal. Judged by that history, the treason of which I stand convicted loses all its guilt, is sanctified as a duty, and will be ennobled as a sacrifice!

With these sentiments, my lords, I await the sentence of the court. Having done what I felt to be my duty, having spoken what I felt to be the truth, as I have done on every other occasion of my short career, I now bid farewell to the country of my birth, my passion, and my death, —a country whose misfortunes have invoked my sympathies—whose factions I sought to quell—whose intelligence I prompted to a lofty aim—whose freedom has been my fatal dream. To that country I now offer as a pledge of the love I bore her, and of the sincerity with which I thought and spoke and struggled for her freedom, the life of a young heart; and with that life, the hopes, the honors, the endearments of a happy, a prosperous, and honorable home. Pronounce then, my lords, the sentence which the law directs. I trust I shall be prepared to meet its execution. I shall go, I think, with a pure heart and perfect composure to appear before a higher tribunal—a tribunal where a Judge of infinite goodness, as well as of justice, will preside, and where, my lords, many, many of the judgments of this world will be reversed.



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LOUGH SWILLY

From a photograph

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ALICE MILLIGAN.

ALICE MILLIGAN was born in Omagh, County Tyrone. She is the daughter of the well-known Irish antiquarian, S. F. Milligan. She was educated at the Methodist College, Belfast, and at King's College, London, and wrote for the Irish National press for some years under the *nom de plume* "Iris Olkyrn." Her ballads are either of a political nature or founded on native history and legend, and are in very stirring strain. Indeed, she has an excellent gift for ballad poetry; many of her songs have been set to music by her elder sister. She has written Irish plays for the Irish Literary Theater, and has identified herself with Irish National feeling in its widest sense.

In 1888 she wrote with her father 'Glimpses of Erin,' and she has published a novel entitled 'A Royal Democrat.'

RAMBLING REMINISCENCES.

From 'The Shan Van Vocht.'

The Donegal border comes so near to Derry city that we had only to take the road that runs north and go along it for some twenty minutes; then passing a boundary stone we knew that we had reached the enchanted ground. Once in the territory of the Gael, life seemed to hold possibilities of adventure that were out of the question in the realm of Derry of the Londoners, from which we were separated by no more than a stride. If we went right on along that road for some seven miles we would come to Lough Swilly's shore, and sometimes, when time permitted, we made the journey.

I remember the first time. Previously I had made the journey always by train to Fahan or Buncrana, but Mademoiselle Juliette (whom I shall call in these pages "La Marseillaise," since her home is now in Marseilles) was all for long adventurous rambles on foot, and she it was who first urged me to tramp on the northward running road to Lough Swilly's shore. She had arrived in our country with most romantic ideas about the Irish, and the staid, steady-going character of Derry Presbyterians disappointed her expectations.

"*Patriot*," she said to me, "these Irish people are even so placide and uninteresting as the English. I haf alvays

heard one say that they were quite indeed, *comme les Français. Vifs, intelligents! charmants!*"

"Mademoiselle," I explained, "these people whom you have been meeting are not Irish; they are colonists from England and Scotland. To see the Irish Gaelic people, who are like the Celts of France, you must go to the South and West, or to Donegal, there behind the mountains," and I pointed away to the range of hills in the northwest, under which I knew Lough Swilly sheltered.

"The true Irish people, *ma chere* Meeligano, is it that they live there?" I assented.

"*Allons,*" said Mademoiselle, starting to her feet from the low stone wall where we had been seated. "Come, my dear, let us go there and look for them."

I urged in vain that the dark came soon in February, and that we could never go so far as the hills. She insisted that we should at least go as far as possible in that direction, and so for a couple of miles we tramped along quite merrily, and I described in glowing words the beauty of the land beyond the hills and the kindly nature of the people dwelling there.

Suddenly there came in sight the white smoke of a train on the line from Derry.

"Where goes that train?" said Mademoiselle.

"It goes right to the shores of Lough Swilly," said I, "and I wish we were in it."

"It vill stop! See a station there. Let us run." And leaving no time for discussion, La Marseillaise flew like the wind to reach the little wayside station before the train reached it and departed. She looked quite comic dashing along with her short plaid skirts flying upon the breeze, her fur toque planted firmly upon her little dark head, and her long pointed boots covering the ground, oh, so quickly. I came some paces behind, my long serpentine boa floating on either side as I ran. The occupants of the train regarded our race with interest, and the engine-driver considerately waited for us. We dashed across the line at the rear of the train, were hauled up to the platform by a policeman, and regardless of tickets, jumped into the hindermost carriage. The train moved, and the station-master ran along questioning us, "Where are you for, ladies?"

"Fahan," I panted.

He laughed outright and shook his head, shouting, as we rattled off, "Ye were in too great a hurry, that train 's for Letterkenny."

"*Qu' importe!*" said La Marseillaise. "We shall go to this Letterkenny."

"Oh, impossible, we could not come home to-night. We must alight at the next station."

So we alighted at the next station, where the line branches towards Letterkenny.

"And now," I said, "the question is how are we to get home again." We questioned the station-master, found there was no train for some hours.

"We must walk back," I said, "and had better start at once."

La Marseillaise stamped her foot. "Let us razer go on—on till we get to ze Irish people vat you speak of. Demand of this man how far."

I ascertained that Fahan Pier on the shore of Lough Swilly was some three miles ahead, and that late in the evening, about eight, we could get a train back. It was now about sunset time, and the evening was chilly, but quite hopeful we faced the road up the hills. "We would be late for tea in the school now, anyhow," said I, "and this eight o'clock train will bring us back in time for prayers." Every ten minutes we asked how far. Now, it was of a woman carrying water-cans, now of a plowman riding his horses home. They were polite, but in no way cordial.

"Meeligano, is it that these are the Irish of whom you told me? They talk not different from that strange accent of Derry, and they all say it is yet two miles."

I explained that the people were not the uncontaminated Irish, while, on the other hand, the miles were, and that Irish miles were superior to the English.

"*Mais oui*—but it is alvays, alvays two miles—see, here is an old man—demand how far. I make sure he vill respond *comme toujours* 'two miles.'"

I hailed the venerable peasant, asking "How far?" To my horror he answered in broadest Doric.

"About two miles, lassie, gin ye tak yin turnin' tae the right, aboon the brae."

"He talks very strange. Is dat ze Irish tongue?"

"No—he is Scotch, a descendant of Scotch settlers."

"*Au nom d'un chien que fait il ici?* What does he here?"

I explained that there were all sorts of people in Ireland who had no right to be there, lectured on confiscations and plantations under Elizabeth, James the First, and Cromwell, told the romance of Sir Cahir O'Doherty, in whose territory we were marching, and of the flight of the Princess from Lough Swilly. "I will show you where they sailed from if it is not too dark," I concluded.

On we tramped. The surroundings became more civilized instead of wilder. We passed pretty villas with neat gardens.

"Meeligano," said La Marseillaise, "where are your wild tribes of ze mountains? You have me much misled."

I pointed up to the hills on our right. If we went over those mountains, there are miles and miles of moorland. The people there speak Irish. Or if we cross Lough Swilly."

"*Parbleu,* let us cross ze lough."

"But there is no boat," I urged.

She panted angrily. "I am tired, have tramped so far, and see a station house quite like England; no Irish people, no speaking of ze Gaelic."

"It was your own fault, Mademoiselle. You ran for that train without waiting to think."

We were at quarreling point and ravenously hungry.

"At least," I said, "here is a refreshment room; we can have tea."

We crossed the railway bridge and descended wooden steps to the station, entered the refreshment room, and clattered on the counter till an attendant came. She looked most unpleasantly surprised at the sight of customers.

"Tea for two," I said, "bread, butter, cake, jam, anything you have got."

She explained that she would make tea if we insisted, but would prefer us to take beer, or lemonade, which would give no trouble.

Mademoiselle almost sobbed "*I must* have tea. Meeligano, you have brought me here to famish."

"Mademoiselle, *you* brought *me* here. I am as hungry as you are."

"Here is no room to wait to sit. We have three hours to stay."

Two rough men entered at this moment and ordered whisky. The attendant, seeing her services required by her usual class of customers, told us a fact she had not intended to disclose, till she found whether we could not be forced to satisfy our cravings with ginger beer and stale sponge cake.

"There is a house down on the pier where you can get tea and sit till the train comes."

We departed and went out into the darkness down towards the pier. We could only see the water of the Lough glimmering faintly, the outline of a luggage crane, some railway wagons, and a ticket house on the pier. Rain commenced to drizzle down on us, a cold wind came in from the sea.

I pointed rapturously outward. "Here is one of the loveliest views in Ireland. You come in sight of the sea quite suddenly. Yonder are glorious mountains of hard granite, all jagged against the sky. Rathmullan lies on a point opposite three or four miles across. That is where Wolf Tone and the French—"

La Marseillaise stamped her foot. "Meeligano, I want no lecture on your Wolfe Tone, I want my tea, dir-r-r-rrectly. You have brought me here. It is all nonsense. There are no mountains."

"There are glorious mountains."

"*Qu' importe!* I see them not. There is no beautiful lake! No Irish tribes."

"Come then," I said, "let us see if there is anything to eat." We approached the door of a red-brick house.

A cheerful voice bade us enter. I lifted the latch, and oh, joy! Here was a picture more pleasing to even me than the mountains and waves. A neat kitchen with a roaring fire, a kettle swinging on the crook, a table spread with a white cloth, brown bread, white bread, biscuits, baps, and the mistress of the premises, a tidy little woman in snowy apron smiling to greet us. I felt proud of my country. In truth I had not seen a tidier interior in all Ireland.

"We have valked from Derry all the vay," said Mademoiselle.

"Except one mile or so in the train," I put in, wishing to be strictly truthful, "and we want our tea."

She put forward chairs, then ran to the foot of the stairway and called up to her husband.

"Cross, come down! 'Ere are two pore lidies as 'ave walked all the way from Derry. 'Urry hup and get them some butter."

Alas, alas! My hopes of showing Mademoiselle a good specimen of an Irish woman were dashed to the ground. Our hostess was an undiluted Londoner. However, the tea was excellent, and we were made much of and asked to relate the incidents of our journey. The wind now shook the window pane and the rain slapped against it. Tea over, we drew over to the fire. A hoarse heugh from a steamer entering at the jetty told that the little vessel, which runs twice a week to Portsalon, had come in.

"Where that steamer comes from," I said, "the people are all Irish."

"*Tais toi,*" said Mademoiselle, smiling. "There are no Irish different from those of Derry. You are a poet, a writer of stories, Meeligano. You have well invented all that you have said."

I hung my head and was silent, little dreaming that a witness in my behalf was even then on the threshold.

We all started and rose to our feet, when the door was flung open and he staggered rather than walked into our midst; but even in that moment he had recovered so far as to remove his hat and say a courteous greeting. My heart leaped at the few words of Gaelic with which he prefaced it.

Of course, we thought he was drunk—but anyhow, I said to myself, he is a true Donegal man—a picturesque specimen of the Gael.

He was clad all in homespun gray; his hair black as night, hung down round his neck and curled inwards in one smooth roll. His soft hat was held in one hand and a knotted stick in the other.

His features were contorted with pain and pallid as death, his eyes blue gray as the mountain lakes under the gray crags of Tir-conal.

He muttered something about the Feur Gortya, which is the Irish myth which accounts for the spasms and weak-

ness which sometimes come upon the strongest who make a long journey fasting.

"Brandy," said Mrs. Cross. "Run quick to the refreshment room for it, Cross."

"Thank ye, ma'am, but 't is not brandy I can take at all. A vow is on me not to touch the like." He ordered a substitute in the shape of hot milk and red pepper, which gave instant relief, and then was silent, muttering a prayer of gratitude for his recovery. "'T is thankful to God I should be, aye, thankful, that there was the kindly shelter and the warm hearth to come to. It is by the mercy of God it did not come on me when I was driving the beasts over the mountain road far from home and help."

He spoke slowly, with that distinct, careful utterance usual to the Gaelic Irishman speaking the unaccustomed foreign tongue, that pleasant slow accent, which failing the melting tones of Connacht and Munster has a charm all its own, and after the harsh, horrible speech of the Northern Colonists was pure music to my ears. He asked pardon for his abrupt entrance, feared we had thought him drunk, and hoped he had not startled "the gentle young ladies."

"You talk Irish," I said, eager to establish an immediate bond of sympathy. "Talk for me now, I am trying to learn it."

He beamed all over with delight, and poured forth a few vehement sentences in his native tongue. "But 't is not manners to the company for me to be talking and they not knowing the way of it. 'T is all Irish and nothing else at all, at all, we be speaking at Clonavaddock." I glanced in triumph at Mademoiselle. She clapped her hands and rattled forth some expressions of delight in merry French. He looked at her doubtfully, then at me. "It is no Irish, and no English at all she has, but a strange tongue; what is it at all, at all! Sure it 's a sweet and purty one anyway."

"It 's French," I said. "This lady is from France."

"Is it from France ye are? From France, all the way, no less!" In his unbounded enthusiasm he had rushed from his seat and seizing her hand shook it vehemently. "Is it from France the beautiful lady is?"

The "beautiful lady" beamed with delight.

"Sure the French were always the great, grand, noble-hearted people and the true friends to us. The young lady has heard, I am thinking. Maybe that was what brought her here in the dark winter. On the Lough yonder the French were fighting for us." His voice rose, and he was evidently on the point of a glorification of France and Ireland.

He remembered his kindly hosts and I marked a conflict between his patriotism and courtesy.

"Oh, yes," I said, "I brought Mademoiselle here to see the place where Wolfe Tone was taken, and where the Hoche fought the battleships of England."

She shook her head at me. "Meeligano, you are wise to bring me in the dark to see these wonders. I heard the water splash; I suppose there is sea there, but I have seen nothing, nothing. *Vraiment,* I have enjoyed myself all the same. I will *retourner.*"

The Fannet man stolidly refused to return to the subject of Wolfe Tone or the French, but chatted pleasantly, telling us about the country he lived in, mightily entertaining Mademoiselle.

At length train time drew near, and bidding good evening to our hosts we went up to the station together. Our friend, it seems, had a wagon full of cattle to attend to, but he joined us in the carriage. There he explained his reticence.

"The good people there are English," he said, "and I could not say what I wanted. The French were always and ever against the English and friendly to us. I was wanting to ask the beautiful young lady if they talk of Ireland yet over there in France!"

"We love the Irish. *A bas l'Angleterre.*" Mademoiselle waved her handkerchief in triumph.

"There is an old phrophecy made about the French," said the Fannet man. "I don't rightly know that it was Columcille made it. Father John says there were no Frenchmen in Columcille's day."

"Eh," said Mademoiselle, fiercely. "He is very ignorant, this Fader John."

The Fannet man smiled at her wrath. "Oh no, he has a power of learning, has Father John, and was in Paris

himself on a journey once, and has read all the books that ever were written."

"In Irish," I interposed, eagerly.

"No," he said sadly, "'t is only the Prosletysers that are at reading the Irish up our way. 'T is Latin, of course, and Greek maybe, and French, I think, Father John has. Anyway, he says there were no Frenchmen in Columcille's day."

"I tell you, your Father John is von great humbug."

"But wait, lady! Sure he says the French and the Irish were one race that time and Gaels they were all called, and Irish Kings out of Aileach, up yondher, went with armies the length of France and brought Sent Pathrick himself over an' had him instruchted and rared an Irishman out and out at Ballymena!"

"But your prophecy!"

"Well, it 's this was the way I got it from an old ancient man in Clonavaddock yondher that saw the French fighting, and defeated by the powerful English!"

"Twice," he said, "the French were foretold to come into Lough Swilly, and the first time they would be beaten with sore and sorrowful loss."

"Wolfe Tone," I said. "But what about the second time?"

"Oh, then, they 'll win all before them, and Ireland will be free for evermore."

"*Vive l'Irlande!*" said Mademoiselle. "May we live to see it," said I.

"May God grant it," said the Fannet man, solemnly and reverently. "Here we are at Derry." And our time had come to part.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

Scene, a winter night, Dunfanaghy, County Donegal, 1891.

Over moving water and surges white
Which no star illumines and no moonlight,
A ship comes shoreward sailing, without wind blown
To a Northern strand of Eri from a land unknown.

"Keeper of the beacon that warns from Fannet's coast,
Say if there went by you a vessel like a ghost,
And told she by signal her port and her name?"
"The weird ship you ask for not this way came."

"Watchers o'er the billows from sea-girt Tor-I,
Say if at early night any ship went by?
And came she from the Northland, or came she from the West?
Or rose she like a phantom from Ocean's gray breast."

"We saw e'er utter darkness gloomed on our isle,
When the sea in twilight silver glimmered awhile;
The gulls rise up screeching from their roosts by the sea
As if a ship went by them, but no ship saw we."

The first place we saw her, was at the harbor bar,
The light at her mast-head burst like a star;
Over whitening surges she moved towards the strand.
God that ruleth Ocean, she sailed upon the land!

An old man among us crossed himself in dread:
"I alone have seen her, I and others dead.
Black woe shall follow, the ship of doom is here—
She hath not sailed the Irish hills since the famine year."

On past the sandhills, through the waving bent,
Right up the village street the tall specter went;
And watchers by the windows saw towering sail and mast,
And a low sound of water and wind seethed past.

Like a dust-cloud of summer that whirlwinds left,
On past the houses they watched the vessel drift,
Till she rose and then sank again on a hill top high,
And the lights of her hull vanished mid the stars of the sky.

What ship is this? Is her name on earth known
That can pass without piercing of the granite stone,
Which can sail o'er the mountains and pause not nor reel,
With Errigal's crest tossed skyward, like a wave below her keel?

In this Isle of sorrow, she is known since days of old,
No storm wind can stay her, no mountain wall withhold.
Her name is Calamity, she can come by land or sea,
And she is here, oh Eri, dear, for anchorage in thee!

THE BURIED FORESTS OF ERIN.

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them."

There were trees in Tir-Conal of the territories
In Erin's ancient yet remembered days,
Where now to clothe the leagues of bogland lonely
Is only heather brown or gorse ablaze:
Where rivers go from source to sea unshaded,
Where shine in desolate moors the scattered lakes,
And sedges only, where once were willows,
And curlews where were deer in woodland brakes.

The spades of peasants oft the peat uplifting
Strike bog-black roots of oak or red of fir,
And then 't is known, here the primeval forest
Was murmurous to all winds with leaves astir,
Where to the sky's blue rim the heath unending
Lies bare, before the honey-searching bees.
O'er camping hosts, once spread the giant branches
Of oaks in autumn sounding like the seas.

There was no mountain of our many mountains,
There was no voiceful-watered purple glen,
Without its share of scarlet-berried ashes,
Without its nut-trees by the river then;
Round every dún of every royal chieftain
White apple-boughs shook down their blossomy showers,
And up to craggy heights like armies climbing
Went pine trees, straight as spears and tall as towers.

Fallen in Erin are all those leafy forests,
The oaks lie buried under bogland mold;
Only in legends dim are they remembered,
Only in ancient books their fame is told.
But seers who know of things to come have promised
Forests shall rise again where perished these,
And of this desolate land it shall be spoken:
"In Tir-Conal of the territories, there are trees."

FIONNUALA.

Among the reeds, round waters blue
White wings are spread,
And she is seen, who should have been
For ages dead;

She who ice-pierced on perilous coasts
To land and sky
Lifted the swan-song of her grief,
Yet could not die.

Enchantment fell and powerful spell
Of envious hate
Had robbed her of her maiden robes,
Her regal state,
And she in halls of kindred kind
Could walk no more,
But floated far a phantom pale
From shore to shore.

And yet the spell of hatred fell
Through centuries long
Harmed not the everlasting soul
Or power of song,
And we who grieve for bleeding breast
And broken wing,
Shall see her rise in beauty yet,
The Child of the King.

A MAY LOVE SONG.

It is far and it is far
To Connemara where you are,
To where its purple glens enfold you
As glowing heavens that hold a star.

But they shall shine, they yet shall shine,
Colleen, those eyes of yours on mine,
Like stars that after eve assemble
And tremble over the mountain line.

Though it be far, though it be far,
I 'll travel over, to where you are,
By grasslands green that lie between
And shining lakes at Mullingar.

And we shall be, we yet shall be,
Oh Colleen lonely, beloved by me,
For evermore on a moor of Mayo,
Mid heather singing like the sea.

RICHARD ALFRED MILLIKIN.

(1767—1815.)

Richard A. Millikin, attorney, painter, and musician—from none of which pursuits he derived profit or renown—wrote 'The Groves of Blarney' and became famous. He was born at Castle Martyr, County Cork, in 1767. Like most of his countrymen, he possessed a keen sense of humor and was the life and center of convivial society in his native town, earning for himself the name of "Honest Dick Millikin." On the breaking out of the rebellion in 1798 he joined the Royal Cork Volunteers, and became a conspicuous member of that corps. In 1795 several of his poetical pieces appeared in a Cork magazine. In 1797 he published jointly with his sister—who was the authoress of several historical novels—*The Casket, or Hesperian Magazine*, which appeared monthly until the troubles of the following year terminated its existence. Besides many short poems Millikin wrote a long one in blank verse, entitled 'The River Side,' two dramatic pieces, and a story called 'The Slave of Surinam,' but none of them is remembered now.

The genesis of the song which made him famous is worth recording. At a convivial party a piece written by an itinerant poet in praise of Castle Hyde was discussed. This poem, from its ludicrous character, had attained great popularity, but Mr. Millikin declared he would write a piece which for absurdity would far surpass it. With this view he wrote the well-known and popular 'Groves of Blarney.' With much tact and cleverness he has introduced into this song local and historic truth dressed in burlesque.

Blarney was forfeited by Lord Clancarty in 1689, and did pass into the hands of the Jeffers family. Millikin makes Cromwell the bogie who assaults the ill-used Lady Jeffers, and makes a breach in her castle. This may be true or not, but it is certain Lord Broghill took the castle in 1646. Millikin died in December, 1815. A small volume entitled 'Poetical Fragments of the late Richard Alfred Millikin' was printed in 1823.

THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

The Groves of Blarney
They look so charming,
Down by the purling
  Of sweet silent streams,
Being banked with posies,
That spontaneous grow there,
Planted in order
  By the sweet rock close.

'T is there 's the daisy
And the sweet carnation,
The blooming pink,
  And the rose so fair;
The daffodowndilly—
Likewise the lily,
All flowers that scent
  The sweet fragrant air.

'T is Lady Jeffers
That owns this station;
Like Alexander,
  Or Queen Helen fair;
There 's no commander
In all the nation,
For emulation,
  Can with her compare.
Such walls surround her,
That no nine-pounder
Could dare to plunder
  Her place of strength;
But Oliver Cromwell,
Her he did pommel,
And made a breach
  In her battlement.

There 's gravel walks there,
For speculation,
And conversation
  In sweet solitude.
'T is there the lover
May hear the dove, or
The gentle plover
  In the afternoon;
And if a lady
Would be so engaging
As to walk alone in
  Those shady bowers,
'T is there the courtier
He may transport her
Into some fort, or
  All under ground.

For 't is there 's a cave where
No daylight enters,
But cats and badgers

Are for ever bred;
Being mossed by nature,
That makes it sweeter
Than a coach-and-six,
Or a feather-bed.
'T is there the lake is,
Well stored with perches,
And comely eels in
The verdant mud;
Besides the leeches,
And groves of beeches,
Standing in order
For to guard the flood.

There 's statues gracing
This noble place in—
All heathen gods
And nymphs so fair:
Bold Neptune, Plutarch,
And Nicodemus,
All standing naked
In the open air!
So now to finish
This brave narration,
Which my poor geni'
Could not entwine;
But were I Homer,
Or Nebuchadnezzar,
'T is in every feature
I would make it shine.

[There is an additional verse to this song by Father Prout, relating to the famous Blarney Stone. Samuel Lover says any editor who would omit it deserves to be hung up to dry on his own lines. To avoid this fate here they are:]

There is a boat on
The lake to float on,
And lots of beauties
Which I can't entwine;
But were I a preacher,
Or a classic teacher,
In every feature
I 'd make 'em shine!
There is a stone there,
That whoever kisses,
Oh! he never misses
To grow eloquent;

'T is he may clamber
To a lady's chamber,
Or become a member
  Of parliament.
A clever spouter
He 'll soon turn out, or
An out-and-outer,
  To be let alone.
Don't hope to hinder him,
Or to bewilder him,
Sure he 's a pilgrim
  From the Blarney Stone!

JOHN MITCHEL.

(1815—1875.)

JOHN MITCHEL was born at the manse in Dungiven, County Derry, Nov. 3, 1815. He was educated at Newry and at Trinity College, Dublin. He spent some years as apprentice and assistant to a solicitor in Newry, and in 1835 he married the daughter of Captain Verner, a young lady of great beauty. Shortly afterward he settled down to the practice of his profession on his own account, in Banbridge, a town a few miles distant from Newry. From the establishment of *The Nation* newspaper in 1842 Mitchel had been an occasional contributor. His clear and forcible style and strong expressions on national grievances soon brought him into notice as a man of literary promise, and at the request of Mr. Duffy, the publisher of 'The Irish Library,' he contributed one of its standard works, 'The Life of Aodh O'Neill, called by the English Hugh, Earl of Tyrone.'

In 1845, on the death of Thomas Davis, Mr. Mitchel was invited to take his place as editor of *The Nation*. He at once accepted the offer, and removed with his wife and family to Dublin. In 1846 the Irish Confederation was formed in opposition to the peace policy of O'Connell. *The Nation* was found at this crisis not sufficiently advanced for Mitchel's purpose, and in December, 1847, he resigned the editorship. He then started *The United Irishman*, for the openly avowed purpose of rousing into activity what he called "the holy hatred of English rule." He instructed the people in the tactics of street warfare, devoting a considerable portion of the paper to the purpose. He represented to the farming classes how very small the proportion of the fruits of their toil they could call their own, and for the peace policy by which they had been so long deceived he asked them to accept "Liberty ! Fraternity ! and Equality !"

Mitchel was arrested, tried on the charge of treason-felony and although defended with rare tact and eloquence by Robert Holmes, brother-in-law to Robert Emmet, the verdict, as every one expected, was guilty, and the sentence fourteen years' transportation. To prevent any possible rescue and to free the country of this fearless and outspoken rebel—a host in himself—on the evening succeeding the sentence, May 27, 1848, he was heavily ironed and conveyed in a van, with a mounted escort, to the North Wall pier, where he was at once put on board the Shearwater, lying alongside with steam up, ready to receive him, and conveyed to Spike Island. Thence he went to Bermuda and the Cape of Good Hope, and on April 7, 1850, reached his destination, Van Diemen's Land. Here he was permitted to reside with his brother-in-law, John Martin, and in a short time his family joined him. In 1853 Mr. P. J. Smyth, afterward Member for Westmeath, arrived from America for the purpose of assisting Mr. Mitchel to make his escape. After many adventures graphically described in his 'Jail Journal,' he reached California and shortly afterward settled in New York.

In 1854 Mr. Mitchel established *The Citizen* newspaper. He sub-

sequently edited the *Southern Citizen*, and during the American civil war conducted the *Richmond Examiner*. 'The History of Ireland, from the Treaty of Limerick to the Present Time' appeared in 1868. In 1867 Mr. Mitchel had started the *Irish Citizen* in New York, but after conducting it energetically for several years his health gave way, and he was forced to resign his literary labors. In 1875 he visited Ireland; he was everywhere received with marks of public respect, and as a testimonial of regard a large sum of money was presented to him. He then returned to this country, but was recalled to contest the seat for County Tipperary. On his arrival in Cork on the 17th of February he found that he had been elected without opposition on the previous day, and he was greeted by all classes with enthusiasm. Mr. Disraeli objected to the election on legal grounds, as the Member was a felon who had not completed his term of sentence. Another election ensued and Mr. Mitchel was again returned.

While the awkward question was pending the whole difficulty was solved in an unexpected way. When Mitchel was starting for Ireland he was a dying man, and he knew it. When he landed in Cork he was almost helpless. The excitement, perhaps, hastened the end; and shortly after his election his last illness came. He retreated to the scene where he had passed his early and more tranquil days, and March 20, 1875, at the residence of his brother-in-law, "Honest John Martin," his stormy spirit at last found rest.

Besides the books referred to, he published 'The Last Conquest of Ireland (Perhaps),' and a series of scathing replies to the calumnious attacks on the Irish people by an English historian, under the title 'Froude from the Standpoint of an Irish Protestant,' as well as 'The Repeal Agitation' and 'The Nurseries of the Famine.'

MACAULAY AND BACON.

From 'John Mitchel's Jail Journal.'

JUNE 17, 1848.—Reading, for want of something better, Macaulay's Essays. He is a born Edinburgh reviewer, this Macaulay, and indeed a type reviewer—an authentic specimen page of nineteenth century "literature." He has the right omniscient tone, and air, and the true knack of administering reverential flattery to British civilization, British prowess, honor, enlightenment, and all that—especially to the great nineteenth century, and its astounding civilization—that is, to his readers. It is altogether a new thing in the history of mankind, this triumphant glorification of a current century upon being the century it is:—no former age before Christ or after, ever took any pride in itself, and sneered at the wisdom of its ancestors:—and the new phenomenon indicates, I believe, not higher

wisdom, but greater stupidity. The nineteenth century is come, but not gone; and what, now, if it should be, hereafter, memorable among centuries for something quite other than its wondrous enlightenment? Mr. Macaulay, however, is well satisfied with it for his part, and in his Essay on Milton penny-a-lines thus:—"Every girl who has read Mrs. Marcet's little dialogues on political economy, could teach Montague or Walpole many lessons on finance. Any intelligent man may now, by resolutely applying himself for a few years to mathematics, learn more than the great Newton knew after half a century of study and meditation," and so on. If Pythagoras, now, could only have been introduced to Mrs. Marcet—or even to one of her premium girls—how humbly would he have sat at her feet! Could Aristotle or Hipparchus but have seen Mr. Pinnock before they died, how would they have sung *nunc dimittis!* This nineteenth century man, and indeed the century generally, can see no difference between being told a thing—conning it in a catechism, or "little dialogue"—and knowing it; between getting by heart a list of results, what you call facts, and mastering science.

Still more edifying even than Edinburgh wisdom is the current Edinburgh ethics. Herein, also, the world has a new development, and as I am now about to retire a little while from the great business of this stirring age, to hide me, as it were, in a hole of the rock, while the loud-sounding century, with its steam-engines, printing-presses, and omniscient popular literature, flares and rushes roaring and gibbering by—I have a mind to set down a few of Macaulay's sentences, as a kind of landmarks, just to remember me where the world and I parted. For I do, indeed, account this reviewer a real type and recognized spokesman of his age; and by the same token he is now, by virtue of his very reviewing, too, a Cabinet-minister.

In his Essay on Lord Bacon, he freely admits the treacherous, thoroughly false, and unprincipled character of the statesmen of that age; thinks, however, we must not be too hard on them; says, "it is impossible to deny that they committed many acts, which would justly bring down, on a statesman *of our time,* censures of the most serious kind [as that a man is a liar, an extortioner, a hypocrite, a suborner]—but when we consider the state of morality in

their age, and the unscrupulous character of the adversaries against whom they had to contend," etc.

And the state of morality, it seems, varies, not with the age only, but with the climate also, in a wonderful manner. For the Essayist, writing of Lord Clive, and his villainies in India, pleads in behalf of Clive, that "he knew he had to deal with men destitute of *what in Europe is called honor;* with men who would give any promise, without hesitation, and break any promise without shame; with men who would unscrupulously employ corruption, perjury, forgery, to compass their ends." And *they* knew that they had to deal with men destitute of *what in Asia is called honesty*, men who would unscrupulously employ corruption, perjury, forgery, etc.—so, what were the poor men to do, on *either* side?—the state of morality was so low! When one is tempted to commit any wickedness, he ought apparently to ascertain this point—what is the state of morality? How range the quotations? Is this an age (or a climate) adapted for open robbery? Or does the air agree better with swindling and cheating? Or must one cant and pray, and pretend anxiety to convert the heathen to compass one's ends? But to come back to Lord Clive, the great founder of British power in India: when the Essayist comes to that point at which he cannot get over fairly telling us how Clive swindled Omichund by a forged paper, he says:—"But Clive was not a man to do anything by halves [too much British energy for that]. We almost blush to write it. He forged Admiral Watson's name." *Almost* blush, but not just quite. Oh! Babington Macaulay. This approximation to blushing on the part of the blue-and-yellow Reviewer, is a graceful, touching tribute to the lofty morality of our blessed century.

For morality *now*, Lord bless you! ranges very high—and Religion, also: through all our nineteenth century British literature there runs a tone of polite though distant recognition of Almighty God, as one of the Great Powers; and though no resident is actually maintained at His court, yet British civilization gives Him assurances of friendly relations; and our "venerable church," and our "beautiful liturgy," are relied upon as a sort of diplomatic Concordat, or Pragmatic Sanction, whereby we, occupied as we are in grave commercial and political pursuits, car-

rying on our business, selling our cotton and civilizing our heathen—bind ourselves, *to let Him alone, if He lets us alone*—if He will keep looking apart, contemplating the illustrious Mare-milkers and blameless Ethiopians, and never minding us, we will keep up a most respectable church for Him, and make our lower orders venerate it, and pay for it handsomely, and we will suffer no national infidelity, like the horrid French.

For the venerable Church of England, and for our beautiful liturgy, the Essayist has a becoming respect; and in his Essay on Hallam's 'Constitutional History,' I find a sentence or two on this point worth transcribing. He is writing about the villains who reformed religion in England, and the other miscreants who accomplished the Glorious Revolution, and he says: "It was, in one sense, fortunate, as we have already said, for the Church of England, that the Reformation in this country was effected by men who cared little about religion. And in the same manner it was fortunate for our civil government that the Revolution was effected by men who cared little about their political principles. *At such a crisis*, splendid talents and strong passions [by strong passions he means any kind of belief or principle] might have done more harm than good." But, then, he immediately adds, for we must keep up an elevated tone of morality now—"But narrowness of intellect, and flexibility of principle, *though they may be serviceable,* can never be respectable." Why not? If scoundrels and blockheads can rear good, serviceable, visible churches for the saving of men, and glorious constitutions for the governing of men, what hinders them from being respectable? What else *is* respectable? Or, indeed, what is the use of the splendid talents and the strong passions at all?——

I am wasting my time and exasperating the natural benignity of my temper, with this oceanic review of the Edinburgh reviewer. But my time, at least, is not precious just now, and I will plunge into the man's Essay on Lord Bacon, which cannot fail to be the most characteristic piece of British literature in the volumes. . . .

18TH.—After breakfast, when the sun burned too fiercely on deck, went below, threw off coat and waistcoat for coolness, and began to read Macaulay on Bacon—"the great

English teacher," as the reviewer calls him. And to do the reviewer justice, he understands Bacon, knows what Bacon did, and what he did not; and therefore sets small store by that illustrious Chimera's new "method," of investigating truth. He is not ignorant: but knows that Lord Bacon's discovery of the inductive "method," or *Novum Organum*, is the most genuine piece of mare's-nesting recorded in the history of letters. And, to do Bacon himself justice, for all the impudence of his title (*Instauratio Scientiarum*) and the pretentiousness of his outrageous phraseology, he hardly pretended to be the original discoverer of wisdom, to the extent that many Baconians, learned stupid asses, have pretended for him. Apart from the "induction" and the "method," and the utterly inexcusable terminology (far worse even than the coinage of Jeremy Bentham), Bacon's true distinction as a "philosopher" was *this*—I accept the essayist's description: "The philosophy which he taught was essentially new. Its object was *the good of mankind*, in the sense in which the *mass of mankind* always have understood, and always will understand, the word *good*. The aim of the Platonic philosopher was to raise us far above vulgar wants; the aim of the Baconian philosophy was to supply our vulgar wants. The former aim was noble; but the latter was attainable." What the mass of mankind understand by the word good, is, of course, pudding, and praise, and profit, comfort, power, luxury, supply of vulgar wants—all, in short, which Bacon included under the word *commoda;* and to minister to mankind in these things is, according to the great English teacher, the highest aim—the only aim and end—of true philosophy or wisdom. Oh, Plato! Oh, Jesu!

"The former aim was noble, but the latter was attainable." On the contrary, I affirm that the former aim was both noble, and, to many men, attainable; the latter not only ignoble, but to all men unattainable, and to the noblest men most.

The essayist makes himself very merry with the absurdities of what they called philosophy in times of ante-Baconian darkness. "It disdained to be *useful*, and was content to be stationary. It dealt largely in theories of moral perfection, which were so sublime that they never could be more than theories; in attempts to solve insoluble

enigmas; in exhortations to the attainment of unattainable frames of mind. It could not condescend to the humble office of ministering to the *comfort* of human beings."

Now, the truth is, that Plato and Pythagoras did not undervalue comfort, and wealth, and human *commoda* at all; but they thought the task of attending to such matters was the business of ingenious tradespeople, and not of wise men and philosophers. If James Watt had appeared at Athens or Crotona, with his steam engine, he would certainly have got the credit of a clever person and praiseworthy mechanic—all he deserved; but they never would have thought of calling him philosopher for *that.* They did actually imagine—those ancient wise men—that it is true wisdom to raise our thoughts and aspirations above what the mass of mankind calls good—to regard truth, fortitude, honesty, purity, as the great objects of human effort, and *not* the supply of vulgar wants.

What a very poor fool Jesus Christ would have been, judged by the "new philosophy"—for his aim and Plato's were one. He disdained to be useful in the matter of our little comforts;—yes, indeed, "he could not condescend to the humble office of ministering to the comfort of human beings." On the contrary, "whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are holy, if there be any virtue"——

Why, good Messiah, this is the mere Academy over again. Have you considered that these are unattainable frames of mind? You offer us living bread, and water which he that drinketh shall not thirst again;—very beautiful, but too romantic. Can you help us to butter the mere farinaceous bread we have got—to butter it first on one side, and then on the other?—to improve the elemental taste and somewhat too paradisiac weakness of this water? These are our vulgar wants; these are what the mass of mankind agrees to call *good.* Whatsoever things are snug, whatsoever things are influential—if there be any comfort, if there be any money, think on these things. Henceforth we acknowledge no light of the world which does not light our way to good things like these.

Almost this sounds profanely; but the profanity belongs to the essayist. His comparison of Plato's philosophy with modern inventive genius is exactly as reasonable as

if he had compared the Christian religion—with the same. Ancient philosophy was, indeed, natural religion—was an earnest striving after spiritual truth and good; it dealt with the supersensuous and nobler part of man; and its "aim" was to purify his nature, and give him hope of an immortal destiny amongst the enthroned gods on sainted seats.

Just so, says the essayist; that was what they called wisdom—*this* is what I, Lord Bacon and I, call wisdom. "The end which the great Lord Bacon proposed to himself was the *multiplying of human enjoyments and the mitigating of human sufferings.*" Anything beyond this we simply ignore;—let all the inquirings, all the aspirings of mankind stop here. Leave off dreaming of your unattainable frames of mind, and be content with the truth as it is in Bacon.

I can imagine an enlightened inductive Baconian standing by with scornful nose, as he listens to the Sermon on the Mount, and then taking the preacher sternly to task—"What mean you by all this—"bless them that curse you"—"love your enemies"—"be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect!" What mortal man ever attained these frames of mind? Why not turn your considerable talents, friend, to something useful, something within reach? Can you make anything?—improve anything? You are, if I mistake not, a carpenter to trade, and have been working somewhere in Galilee. Now, have you invented any little improvement in your own respectable trade? Have you improved the saw, the lathe, the plane? Can you render the loom a more perfect machine, or make a better job of the potter's wheel? Have you in any shape economized materials, economized human labor, added to human enjoyment? Have you done, or can you show the way to do, any of all these things? *No!* Then, away with him! Crucify him!"

Ah! but, the enlightened Briton would say, now you talk of religion; that is our strong point in this admirable age and country. Is not there our venerable church?—our beautiful liturgy? There is a *department* for all that, with the excellent Archbishop of Canterbury at the head of it. If information is wanted about the other world, or salva-

tion, or anything in that line, you can apply at the head-office, or some of the subordinate stations.

True, there is a department, and offices, and salaries, more than enough; yet, the very fact is, that modern British civilization (which may be called the child of this great British teacher) is not only not Christian, but is not so much as Pagan. It takes not the smallest account of anything higher or greater than earth bestows. The hopeless confusion of ideas that made Bacon and Macaulay institute a comparison between ancient philosophy and modern ingenuity, is grown characteristic of the national mind and heart, and foreshadows *national death.* The mass of mankind agree to call money, power, and pleasure, good; and behold! the Spirit of the Age has looked on it, and pronounced it very good. The highest phase of human intellect and virtue is to be what this base spirit calls a philanthropist—that is, one who, by new inventions and comfortable contrivances, mitigates human suffering, heightens human pleasure. The grandest effort of godlike genius is to augment human power—power over the elements, power over uncivilized men—and all for our own comfort. Nay, by tremendous enginery of steam, and electricity, and gunpowder—by capital and the "law of progress," and the superhuman power of co-operation, this foul Spirit of the Age does veritably count upon scaling the heavens. The failure of Otus and Ephialtes, of Typhæus and Enceladus, of the builders of Shinar, never daunts him a whit;—for why?—*they* knew little of co-operation; electricity and steam, and the principle of the arch, were utterly hidden from them; civil engineering was in its infancy; how should they not fail?

The very capital generated and circulated, and utilized on so grand a scale by civilized men nowadays, seems to modern Britons a power mighty enough to wield worlds; and its *numen* is worshiped by them accordingly, with filthy rites. The God of mere nature will, they assure themselves, think twice before He disturbs and quarrels with such a power as this; for indeed it is faithfully believed in the City, by the moneyed circles there, that God the Father has money invested in the three-per-cents, which makes Him careful not to disturb the peace of the world, or suffer the blessed march of "civilization" to be stopped.

Semble them, first, that the peace of the world is maintained so long as it is only the unmoneyed circle that are robbed, starved, and slain; and, second, that nothing civilizes gods or men like holding stock.

But I am strong in the belief that the portentous confusion, both of language and thought, which has brought us to all this, and which is no accidental misunderstanding, but a radical confounding of the English national intellect and language, a chronic addlement of the general brain, getting steadily worse now for two hundred years, is indeed more alarming than the gibbering of Babel, and is symptomatic of a more disastrous ending. By terrible signs and wonders it shall be made known that comfort is not the chief end of man. I do affirm, I—that capital is not the ruler of the world—that the Almighty has no pecuniary interest in the stability of the funds or the European balance of power—finally, that no engineering, civil or military, can raise man above the heavens, or shake the throne of God.

On that day some nations that do now bestride the narrow world will learn lessons of true philosophy, but not new philosophy, in sackcloth and ashes. And other nations, low enough in the dust now, will arise from their sackcloth, and begin a new national life—to repeat, it may be, the same crimes and suffer the same penalties. For the progress of the species is circular; or possibly in trochoidal curves, with some sort of cycloid for deferent; or more properly it oscillates, describing an arc of a circle, pendulumwise; and even measures time (by æons) in that manner; or let us say, in one word, the world wags. . . .

19TH.—One other observation upon the "great English teacher," and then I bid him farewell. Try to measure the value of him and his teaching, even in respect of human comfort, and power, and luxury, the great *end* of it all. First, he never discovered, or even thoroughly learned, or, properly speaking, knew, anything himself. He had a smattering, like Lord Brougham, of the science of his age; of the one chancellor it might be said, as it has been of the other, "if he had known a little law, he would then have known a little of everything." But I crave his lordship's pardon—his, now I remember, was a nobler mission—not to toil, himself, amidst laboratory fumes, forges, and fur-

naces, but to direct others how to toil; to survey and lay out great leading paths of investigation; to take a vast comprehensive view of the whole field of science, and allot the laborers their tasks. This man, then, living in an age of extraordinary intellectual and experimental activity—shortly after Galileo had demonstrated the true solar and planetary motions, and Kepler had fixed their laws—after the telescope, and the mariner's compass, and the printing-press had been invented (and all *without* the *Organum*) —this smattering chancellor, who never himself discovered anything, except his law, is supposed to have shown quite a new way, given quite a fresh impulse and a worthy aim to "philosophy." I want the evidence, but there is none. Therefore, I dogmatically affirm that no chemist, no geologist, no mechanist, physician, astronomer, engineer, or other "philosopher," ever since Bacon's day, in any investigation or series of experiments, thought once of the *instantiæ,* or the *vindemiæ,* or any of the other uncouth verbiage which makes up that preposterous book. I affirm further, that of those men who have really carried forward science and the arts, not one in forty ever read that book —that of those who read it, not one in forty understood it—and that of those who understood it, not one at all made use of it.

Hereupon the essayist, you may be sure, would tell me that although, indeed, they did not read, understand, or value the teachings of that book, or know the things treated of therein by Bacon's names, yet they did pursue their inquiries, and conduct their experiments with due regard to the very instantiæ of the *Organum*, and gather in their vintages by the very process our great teacher taught—yes, they did so, just as Tubal-cain and Dædalus, Archimedes, Aristotle, Columbus, and Kepler, did before them, and not otherwise.

What Lord Bacon really *did* then, the whole result and upshot of his teaching—if anything at all—was this, to cause mechanical ingenuity and experimental or empiric investigations into the laws of bodies (with a sole view to use and comfort), to be substituted for *Philosophy*, and dignified with that venerable name. And the popular essayist, not being an ill-formed man, nor behind, nor before his age, acknowledges that this is what Bacon did, and pronounces that he did well.

Now, I am tired of Macaulay and his Essays, and see with surprise that I have filled up some ten pages with a tirade against him. He is, after all, a very clever and dexterous artificer in words; one of the deftest of the nineteenth century. His Lay of Horatius, and his Ballad of Naseby might be imposed at first upon anybody for poems, for true song. I took them for such myself not long ago; but the thing is impossible.

> "And what 's impossible can't be,
> And never, never, comes to pass."

A RHAPSODY ON RIVERS.

From 'John Mitchel's Jail Journal.'

As we descended we soon heard the murmurous dashing of a river hidden yet by the trees. It is the Shannon—a rushing, whirling, tumultuous stream that derives its waters from the "Big Lake," a noble reservoir some thirty miles farther to the northwest, lying high on a plateau of Tasmania. It is the greatest lake in the island, and is said to measure ninety miles round. Through the whole of its course this river runs very rapidly, having a fall of two thousand feet in those thirty miles; and, like all the other Van Diemen's Land rivers, it is icy cold.

All my life long I have delighted in rivers, rivulets, rills, fierce torrents, tearing their rocky beds, gliding, dimpled brooks kissing a daisied marge. The tinkle, or murmur, or deep-resounding roll, or raving roar of running water is of all sounds my ears hear even now the most homely. Nothing else in this land looks or sounds like home. The birds have a foreign tongue; the very trees whispering to the wind whisper in accents unknown to me; for your gum trees are all hard, horny, polished as the laurel—besides, they have neither upper nor under side, but are set with the plane of them vertical; wherefore they can never, never, let breeze pipe or zephyr breathe as it will, never can they whisper, quiver, sigh, or sing as do the beeches and sycamores of old Rosstrevor. Yes, all sights and sounds of nature are alien and outlandish—suggestive of

the Tropic of Capricorn and the Antarctic Circle—save only the sparkle and the music of the streams. Well I know the voice of this eloquent river; it talks to me and to the woods and rocks in the same tongue and dialect wherein the Roe discoursed to me a child; in its crystalline gush my heart and brain are bathed, and I hear in its plaintive chime all the blended voices of history, of prophecy, and poesy, from the beginning. Not cooler or fresher was the Thracian Hebrus; not purer were Abana and Pharpar; not more ancient and venerable is Father Nilus. Before the quiet flow of the Egyptian river was yet disturbed by the jabber of the priests of Meröe—before the dynasty was yet bred that quaffed the sacred wave of Choaspes, "the drink of none but kings"—ere its lordly namesake river in Erin of the streams reflected yet upon its bosom a Pillar Tower or heard the chimes from its seven churches, this river was rushing through its lonely glen to the southern sea—was singing its mystic song to these primeval woods.

"Oh! sun-loved river, wherefore dost thou hum,
Hum, hum, alway, thy strange, deep mystic song
Unto the rocks and strands?—for they are dumb,
And answer nothing as thou flowest along.
Why singest so all hours of night and day?
Ah, river!—my best river! thou, I know, art seeking
Some land where souls have yet the gift of speaking
With Nature in her own old wond'rous way!"

I delight in poets who delight in rivers, and for this do I love that sweet singer through whose inner ear and brain the gush of his native Aufidus for ever streamed and flashed. How some perennial brook of crystal glimmered for ever through all his day-dreams! How he yearned to marry his own immortality with the eternal murmuring hymn of that bright Blandusian fount! Wisely, too, and learnedly did Clarence Mangan discourse with the rivers, and attune his notes to their wondrous music. How gloriously he interprets the German Moerike and his melodious theme:—

"What on cold earth is deep as thou? Is aught?
Love is as deep—love only is as deep;
Love lavisheth all, yet loseth, lacketh naught;
Like thee, too, love can neither pause nor sleep.

"Roll on, thou loving river, thou! Lift up
Thy waves, those eyes bright with a riotous laughing!
Thou makest me immortal. I am quaffing
The wine of rapture from no earthly cup!"

So, too, with Mueller; he delivers himself and you up to the entrancement of the Naiad:—

"There danceth adown the mountain
The child of a lofty race:
A streamlet fresh from its fountain
Hies through the valley apace.

"Some fairy hath whispered 'Follow!'
And I have obeyed her well;
I thrid the blossomy hollow,
With my pilgrim staff and shell.

"On, on, behold me straying,
And ever beside the stream,
As I list its murmurous playing,
And mark how its wavelets gleam.

"Can this be the path I intended?
Oh! sorceress, what shall I say?
Thy dazzle and music blended
Have wiled my reason away!

"No mortal sounds are winging,
Their wonted way along;
Oh, no, some Naiad is singing
A flattering Summer song!

"And loudlier doth she flatter,
And loudlier, loudlier still"——

But behold! plump into the water, just under the bank, tumbles a *Platypus,* uncouth, amphibious quadruped, with broad duck-bill; and shrill from a neighboring gum tree yells the "laughing-jackass"—a noisy bird so named by profane colonists.

We are in Australia, then! Knox has been sitting on the bank, musing with dreamy eyes on the passing waters; but now we awake, and see that the dusk is approaching—a dusk that will call forth stars that never glassed themselves in the *other* Shannon. So we mount for our "registered lodgings" in Bothwell, and reluctantly leave that most lovely glen.

JAMES LYMAN MOLLOY.

(1837 ——)

JAMES LYMAN MOLLOY, one of the most popular composers and song-writers of the present day, is the son of Dr. K. J. Molloy, of Cornolare, King's County, where he was born in 1837. He was educated at the Catholic University, Dublin, London University, and at Paris and Bonn. He was called to the bar at the Middle Temple, London, in 1872, but does not practice. In addition to the words of a large number of songs, he published in 1879 a work entitled 'Our Autumn Holiday on French Rivers.' His 'Kerry Dance,' 'Thady O'Flynn,' 'Darby and Joan,' 'Just a Song at Twilight,' and 'Bantry Bay' have had great vogue.

THE KERRY DANCE.

O, the days of the Kerry dancing, O, the ring of the piper's tune!
O, for one of those hours of gladness, gone, alas! like our youth too soon;
When the boys began to gather in the glen of a summer night,
And the Kerry piper's tuning made us long with wild delight,
O, to think of it, O, to dream of it, fills my heart with tears.

O, the days of the Kerry dancing, O, the ring of the piper's tune!
O, for one of those hours of gladness, gone, alas! like our youth too soon.

Was there ever a sweeter colleen in the dance than Eily Moore?
Or a prouder lad than Thady, as he boldly took the floor?
"Lads and lasses to your places; up the middle and down again."
Ah! the merry hearted laughter ringing through the happy glen!
O, to think of it, O, to dream of it, fills my heart with tears!
O, the days, etc.

Time goes on and the happy years are dead,
And one by one the merry hearts are fled;
Silent now is the wild and lonely glen,
Where the bright glad laugh will echo ne'er again,
Only dreaming of days gone by, fills my heart with tears!
O, the days, etc.

Loving voices of old companions, stealing out of the past once more,
And the sound of the dear old music, soft and sweet as in days of yore,
When the boys began to gather in the glen of a summer night,
And the Kerry piper's tuning made us long with wild delight,
O, to think of it, O, to dream of it, fills my heart with tears!
O, the days, etc.

THE CLANG OF THE WOODEN SHOON.

Oh! the clang of the wooden shoon,
Oh! the dance and the merry tune,
Happy sound of a by-gone day,
It rings in my heart for aye,
When the boats came in,
With the sailors all aglow,
And the moon shone down on the glistening tide below.

"Now my lads, with a merry will,
Up with hatch and the baskets fill,
Winsome lassies above ye stand,
Ready with eager hand;"
Then the sails came down,
And all was taut and clear,
And a wild, glad dance lit up the wooden pier.
Oh! the rush of the tripping feet,
Oh! the lightsome hearts that beat;
Wild and sweet the merry tune and the clang of the wooden shoon.

But they are gone a weary while, ah me,
And he, my own, came home no more from sea.
The sea looks black,
The waves have all a moan,
And I am left to sit and dream alone,
To sit and dream alone.
Still I see them on the pier,
All the kindly faces near,
Hear the wild and merry tune,
And the clang of the wooden shoon,
When the boats came in with the sailors all aglow,
And the moon shone down on the rippling tide below.

THE FIRST VOYAGE.

"My little one's going to sea,
It's lonely my heart will be;
O, pitiless wind,
For once be kind,
And bring him again to me."
"But mother, it's not for long,
And see, I am brave and strong;
The stars of the night
Are clear and bright,
And hark, the old Bréton song!"
"The sea is great and our boat is small,
But heaven is greater than sea and all,
Ave Maria! Ave Maria!"

The little one lightly sprang
On board as the sailors sang,
And leaving the pier,
His parting cheer,
Half gayly, half sadly rang.
He looked at his mother there,
Her hands ever clasped in prayer,
While steady and strong
The old Bréton song,
Rose through the midnight air.
"The sea is great and our boat is small,
But heaven is greater than sea and all,
Ave Maria! Ave Maria!"

WILLIAM MOLYNEUX.

(1656—1698.)

WILLIAM MOLYNEUX was born in Dublin, April 17, 1656. Owing to tender health, he was educated at home till the age of fifteen, when he was placed in the University of Dublin, under the care of Dr. Palliser. After taking his degree he went to London, and entered the Middle Temple in June, 1675.

In 1678 he returned to Ireland, and married Lucy, the daughter of Sir William Domville, Attorney-General.

Always deeply interested in mathematics and physical science, he established a philosophical society in Dublin with Sir William Petty as President, and in 1685 he was elected a member of the Royal Society ; but we cannot follow here the details of his career as a scientist. He became a member of the Irish Parliament, and began to take notice of and study the fight for independence which that body had begun in 1690 by the rejection of a money bill which had not originated with themselves. In 1696 and 1697 the English Parliament, desiring to destroy the Irish woolen manufactures, then in a most thriving state, introduced prohibitory laws to prevent their exportation. These enactments seemed to Molyneux not only cruel and unwise, but unjust and tyrannical, and he immediately set himself to produce his 'Case of Ireland Stated.' This appeared in 1698, with a manly yet respectful dedication to William III.

In size little more than a pamphlet, this work created a great sensation in England. The English House of Commons declared "that the book published by Mr. Molyneux was of dangerous tendency to the crown and people of England, by denying the authority of the King and Parliament of England to bind the kingdom and the people of Ireland, and the subordination and dependence that Ireland had, and ought to have, upon England, as being united and annexed to the imperial crown of England," and the book was committed to the hands of the common hangman, by whom it was glorified by being "burnt with fire."

It is noteworthy that he opens his case by laying down the principles set forth at the beginning of our own Declaration of Independence in almost identical phraseology.

In addition to the works we have named, Molyneux wrote a reply to one of Hobbes' works under the title of 'Metaphysical Meditations on God and Mind,' and a considerable number of articles and papers which appeared in 'Philosophical Transactions' and elsewhere. He died Oct. 11, 1698.

A NATION'S RIGHT.

From 'The Case of Ireland Stated.'

All men are by nature in a state of equality in respect of jurisdiction and dominion: this I take to be a principle in

itself so evident that it stands in need of little proof. 'T is not to be conceived that creatures of the same species and rank, promiscuously born to all the same advantages of nature, and the use of the same faculties, should be subordinate and subject one to another; these to this or that of the same kind.

On this equality in nature is founded that right which all men claim, of being free from all subjection to positive laws, till by their own consent they give up their freedom, by entering into civil societies for the common benefit of all the members thereof. And on this consent depends the obligation of all humane laws, insomuch that without it, by the unanimous opinion of all jurists, no sanctions are of any force. For this let us appeal, amongst many, only to the judicious Mr. Hooker. . . .

No one or more men can by nature challenge any right, liberty, or freedom, or any ease in his property, estate, or conscience, which all other men have not an equally just claim to. Is England a free people? so ought France to be. Is Poland so? Turkey likewise, and all the eastern dominions, ought to be so. And the same runs throughout the whole race of mankind. Secondly, 't is against the common laws of England, which are of force both in England and Ireland, by the original compact before hinted.

It is declared by both houses of the parliament of England, 1 Jac. cap. i., That in the high court of parliament all the whole body of the realm, and every particular member thereof, either in person or by representation (upon their own free elections) are by the laws of this realm deemed to be personally present. Is this, then, the common law of England, and the birthright of every free-born English subject? And shall we of this kingdom be denied it, by having laws imposed on us, where we are neither personally nor representatively present? My Lord Coke in his fourth inst. cap. i. saith, that all the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and all the Commons of the whole realm ought *ex debito justiciæ* to be summoned to parliament, and none of them ought to be omitted. Hence it is called General Concilium in the Stat. of Westmins. i., and the Commune Concilium, because it is to comprehend all persons and estates in the whole kingdom. And this is the

very reason given in the case of the merchants of Waterford foregoing, why statutes made in England should not bind them in Ireland, because they have no representatives in the parliament of England.

My Lord Hobbart, in the case of Savage and Day, pronounced it for law, that whatever is against natural equity and reason, that act was void. Whether it be not against equity and reason, that a kingdom regulated within itself, and having its own parliament, should be bound without their consent by the parliament of another kingdom, I leave the reader to consider. . . .

It is against the statute laws both of England and Ireland; this has been pretty fully discussed before; however, I shall here again take notice, that in the 10th of Henry the Fourth it was enacted in Ireland that statutes made in England should not be of force in Ireland unless they were allowed and published by the parliament of Ireland. And the like statute was made the 29th of Henry the Sixth, and in the tenth year of Henry the Seventh, cap. xxiii., Irish statutes. The parliament which was held at Drogheda, before Sir Christopher Preston, deputy to Jasper, Duke of Bedford, lieutenant of Ireland, was declared void, for this reason amongst others, that there was no general summons of the said parliament to all the shires, but only to four. And if acts of parliament made in Ireland shall not bind that people, because some counties were omitted, how much less shall either their persons or estates be bound by those acts made in England, whereat no one county or person of that kingdom is present.

In the 25th of Edward the First, cap. vi., it was enacted by the parliament of England, in these words, "Moreover, from henceforth we shall take no manner of aid, taxes, or prizes, but by the common assent of the realm." And again in the statute of liberty by the same king it is enacted, "No tollage or aid shall be taken or levied by us or our heirs in our realm, without the good-will and assent of archbishops, bishops, earls, barons, knights, burgesses, and other freeman of the land." . . .

Fifthly, it is inconsistent with the royalties præeminence of a separate and distinct kingdom. That we have thus a distinct kingdom has been clearly made out before. 'T is plain the nobility of Ireland are an order of peers

clearly distinct from the peerage of England; privileges of the one extend not into the other kingdom; a lord of Ireland may be arrested by his body in England, and so may a lord of England in Ireland, whilst these persons remain sacred in their respective kingdoms.

A voyage royal may be made into Ireland, as the year book and Lord Coke tell us, and King John, in the twelfth year of his reign of England, made a voyage royal into Ireland; and all his tenants in chief which did not attend him in that voyage did pay him escuage at the rate of two marks for every knight's fee which was imposed, as appears by the pipe roll, which shows that we are a complete kingdom within our selves, and not little better than a province, as some are so extravagant as to assert, none of the properties of a Roman province agreeing in the least with our constitution. 'T is resolved in Sir Richard Pembrough's case, that Sir Richard might lawfully refuse the king to serve him as his deputy in Ireland, and that the king could not compel him thereto, for that were to banish him into another kingdom, which is against Magna Charta. Nay, even though Sir Richard had great tenures from the king, for that was said must be understood within the realms of England. And in Pilkengton's case aforementioned Fortescue declared that the land of Ireland is and at all times hath been a dominion separate and divided from England. How then can the realms of England and Ireland, being distinct kingdoms and separate dominions, be imagined to have any superiority or jurisdiction the one over the other? 'T is absurd to fancy that kingdoms are separate and distinct merely from the geographical distinction of territories. Kingdoms become distinct by distinct jurisdictions and authorities legislative and executive, and as a kingdom can have no supreme, it is in itself supreme within itself, and must have all jurisdictions, authorities, and præeminences to the royal state of a kingdom belonging, or else 't is none. But that Ireland has all these is declared in the Irish statute 33 Henry the Eighth, cap. i. The chief of these most certainly is the power of making and abrogating its own laws, and being bound only by such to which the community have given their consent. . . .

To conclude all, I think it highly inconvenient for England to assume this authority over the kingdom of Ireland.

I believe there will need no great arguments to convince the wise assembly of English senators how inconvenient it may be to England to do that which may make the lords and people of Ireland think that they are not well used, and may drive them into discontent. The laws and liberties of England were granted above five hundred years ago to the people of Ireland, upon their submission to the crown of England, with a design to make them easy to England, and to keep them in the allegiance of the King of England. . . .

The rights of parliament should be preserved sacred and inviolable wherever they are found. This kind of government, once so universal all over Europe, is now almost banished from amongst the nations thereof. Our king's dominions are the only supporters of this noble Gothic constitution, save only what little remains may be found thereof in Poland. We should not, therefore, make so light of that sort of legislature, and as it were abolish it in one kingdom of the three, wherein it appears; but rather cherish and encourage it wherever we meet it.

PR 8833 .M3 1904 v.6 SMC
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